JUNE
1945

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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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by SINCLAIR LEWIS
with
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS REVOLUTION
. . . page 76

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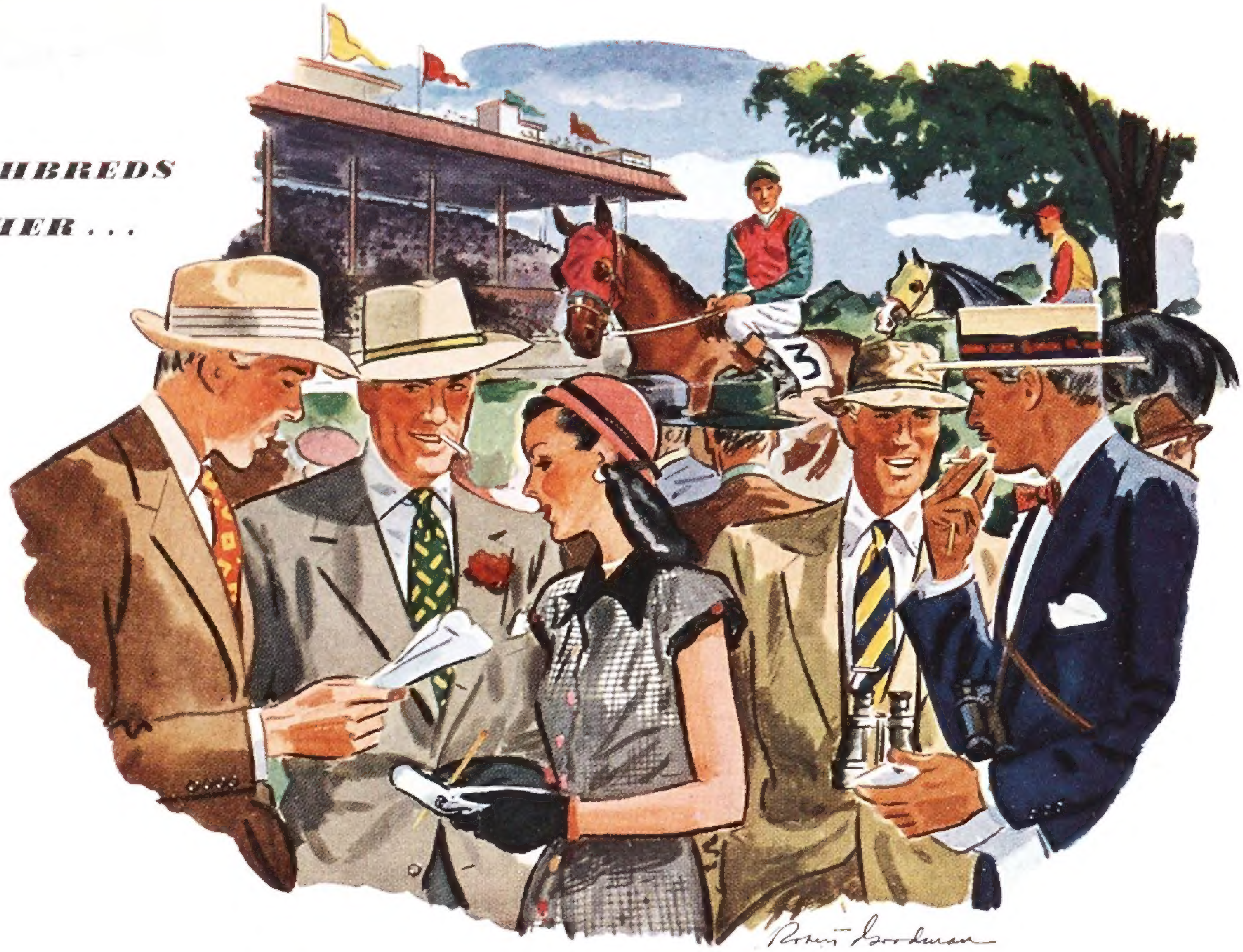

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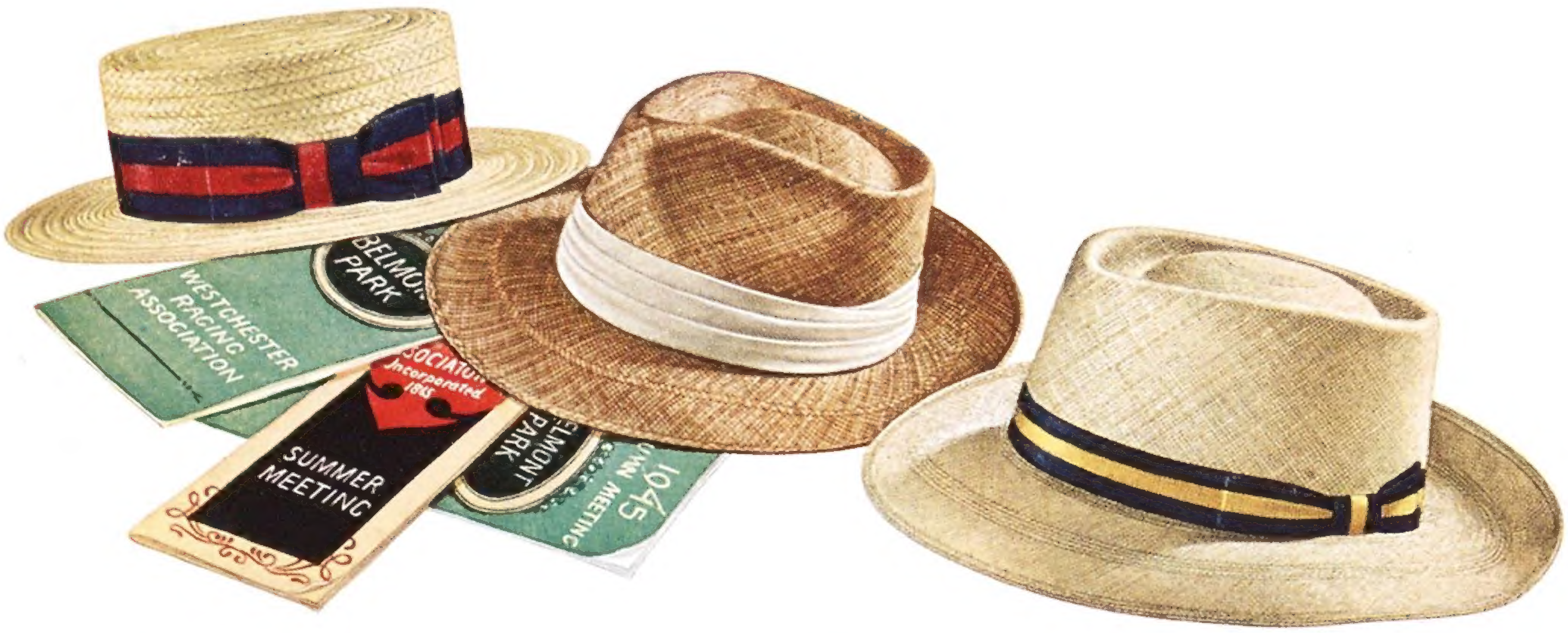
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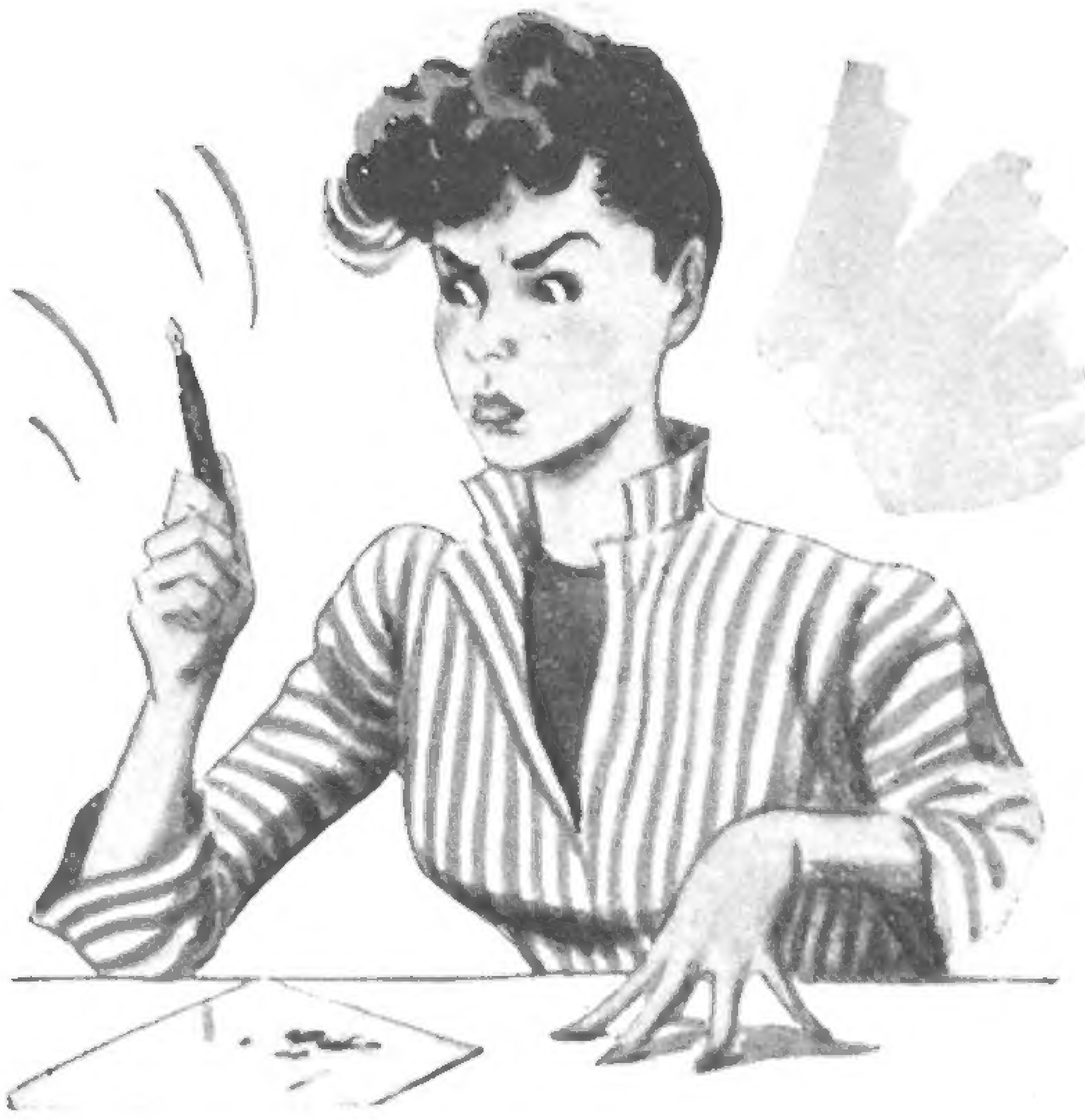
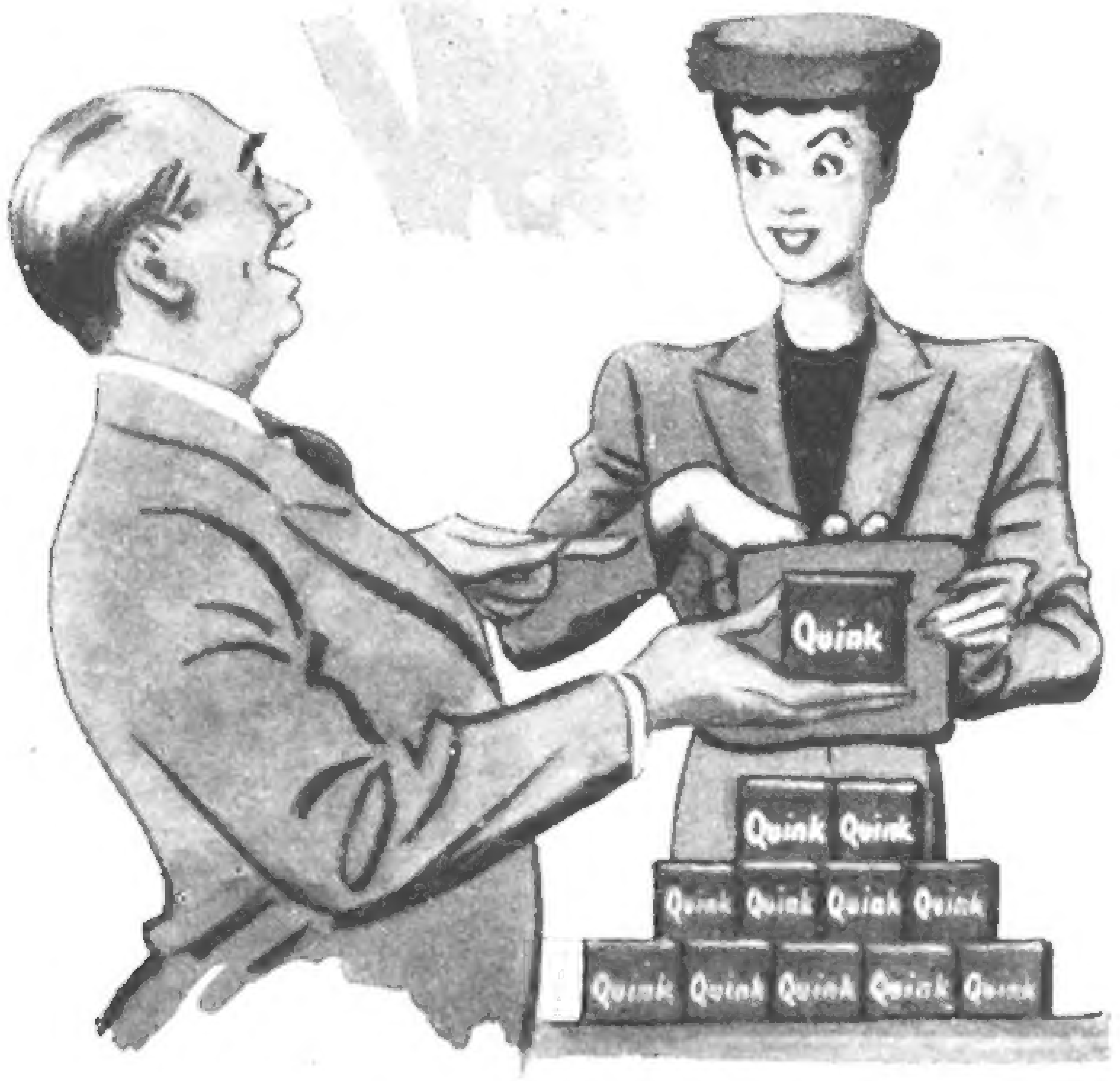
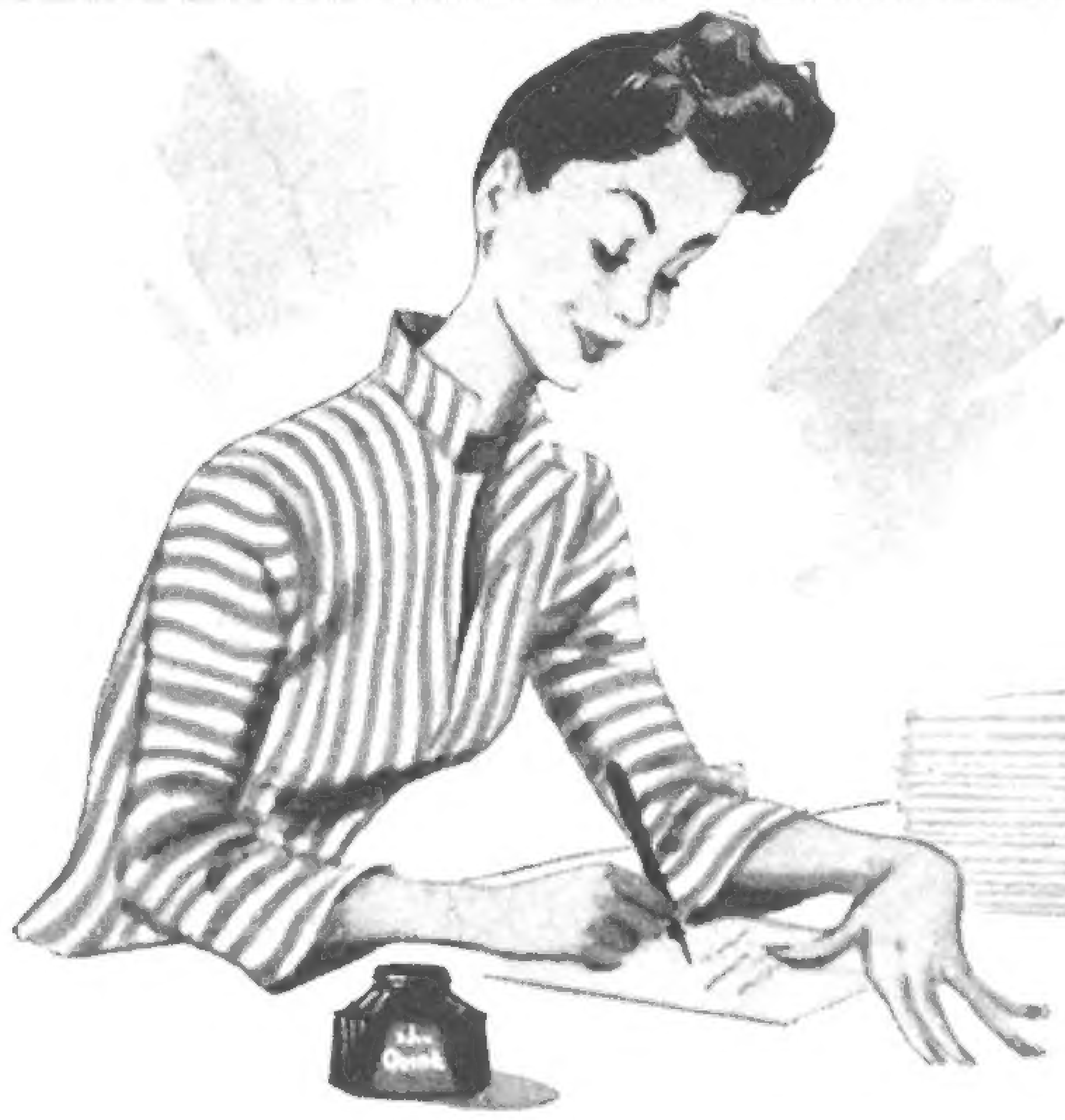


Her pen was getting her quite vexed—
It clogged, it gummed, it acted hexed!



'Twas then she heard of Parker Quink
And tried this pen-protecting ink...



The solv-x in it cleaned her pen—
So Quink's the ink she'll buy again!

➡ Stop most pen troubles before they start—switch to protective Quink today. Quink is the only ink containing *solv-x*, yet it costs no more than ordinary inks! Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying. Perfect for every type of pen. 7 permanent colors. 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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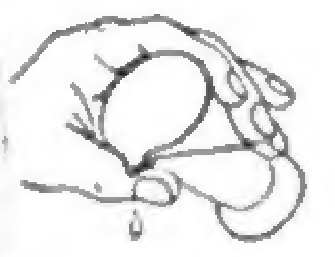

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes . . . keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
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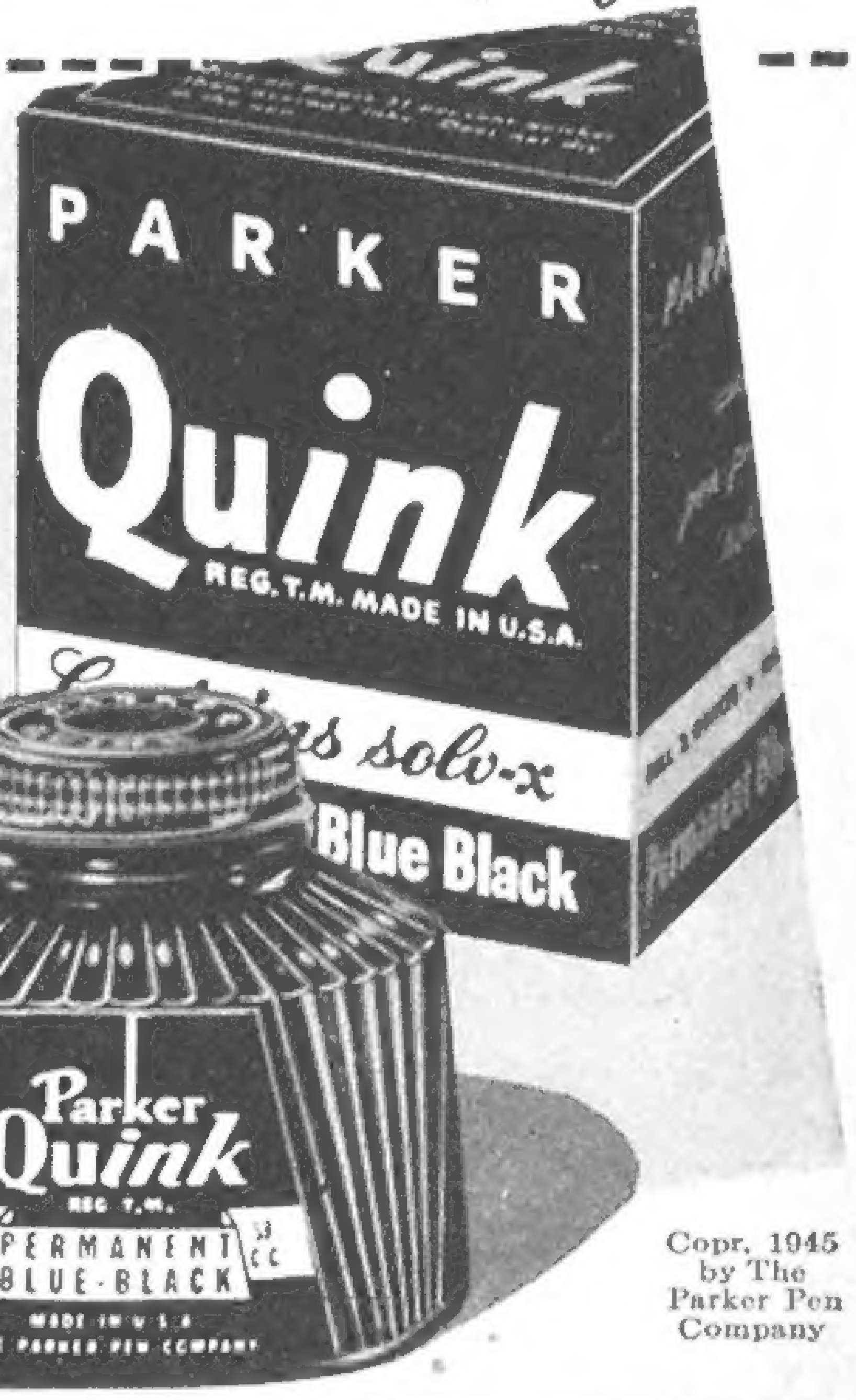
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Blue Black
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Quink
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THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

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Whichever service he's in he's glad there's a *Martin Mariner*

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Serving as Transports, Mariners have speeded mail and supplies to remote Marine garrisons, evacuated wounded, trained Marine paratroopers. With the Naval Air Transport Service, Mariners pioneered routes in the Pacific and the Atlantic . . . carried in one year nearly 6,000,000 pounds of cargo 25,000 passengers.

Many Rescues are credited to Mariners and their Coast Guard or Navy crews. Landing in 15-foot waves to pick up 48 survivors of a troop transport . . . effecting rescues under enemy fire . . . giving courage and confidence to valiant Navy airmen by flying with carrier-based planes to rescue airmen downed in combat.

They're in up to their necks . . . are you only ankle-deep in this war? Buy War Bonds! Take a war job! Buy only the things you need!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD., U.S.A.

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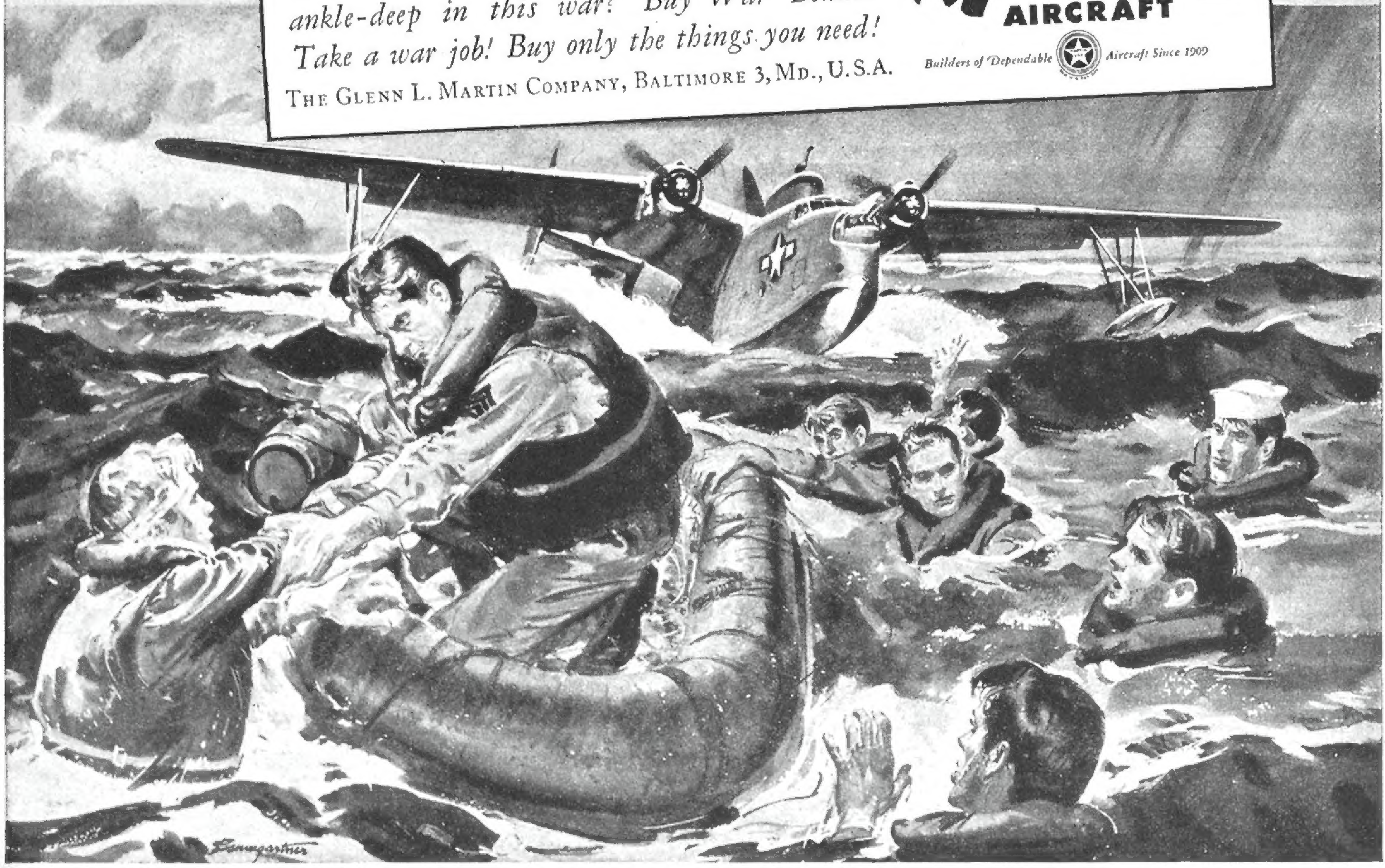

S. O. S.! Sturdy construction, high gull wings and a 3000 mile range make Martin Mariners tops at high-seas rescue work . . . heavy firepower and bombload make them bad news to the enemy. Ranging the world's sea lanes, these big 24-ton patrol bombers are blazing trails for tomorrow's overocean airliners.

Is It Tough Enough for You?

We were almost as much impressed by the letter that came to us from out in the Pacific by Lt. (j. g.) R[illegible]. Goggin as we were by the poem he enclosed with it, which appears on page 57 of this issue. Lt. Goggin is the Commanding Officer of one of those craft which are seldom identified more specifically than by the phrase "auxiliary vessels." As such, he tells us that he has a peculiar deal:he's in the Coast Guard, gets paid by the Navy and works for the Army! He says the Marines are the only ones who have not yet put in an appearance. But we've fixed that up, with the painting on that same page 57, done by Sgt. Harry Jackson Marine combat artist. Anyway, the point of the letter which we wanted to pass on to you is this:

"Many people have seen this poem, or blank verse, or what-have-you, since it was written soon after D-Day. Servicemen liked it, liked it passionately, and believed in it, because they know it's true. Some other people said it would never be published because it was 'too tough' for civilian consumption. 'Too tough!' My God! If five pieces of paper are tough, what would bullets and bayonets, rocket guns and rifles, tanks and terror, disaster and destruction and death be called? By comparison, the English language has no words to express it.

"I have never been one who has thrilled to the 'wonderful sacrifices' of the home front . . . not when I've been in shipyards, not when I've heard about airplane factories, not when I've read the front page! Not when I have read, as I did in *Life*, that 'it has become increasingly clear that we just missed finishing off the German armies in the west this summer. Some generals think that if it had been possible to deliver another 8,000 to 10,000 tons of gasoline and ammunition—the approximate cargo weight of one Liberty ship—to General Patton's Third Army early in September when a few of his unsupported patrols ranged far beyond Metz, the German war would now be over.' I wonder how many Sunday, holiday and everyday drivers those 8,000 to 10,000 tons of gasoline took care of. I wonder how many American soldiers they 'took care of.' This 'dying in vain' is no joke, no phrase to be idly tossed about. It's too damned real, too damned *personal* to those on the battle front. A man, if he has to die, wants to die for something that has meaning to *him*. It's a mockery if he has to die for a pound of butter bought without points, a gallon of gasoline paid for twice over, for time-and-a-half on Saturdays or double time on Sundays, for nylons lending sheen to a graceful leg.

"Well, how about it? Is it too tough for Esquire?"

We could hardly wait for the word to get back to him that it wasn't too tough for Esquire. And perhaps if you turn to it now, right after reading his letter, you'll wonder if it's even tough enough.

David A. Smart
Publisher

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T.M.REG.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

June, 1945 Vol. XXIII. No. 6 Whole No. 139

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EDITORIAL: Wherein we both try [illegible] this page

OVER the past dozen years or so we've pursued a rather slap-happy policy, or lack of policy, concerning the use of this page. We have dared to devote it to some pretty serious appeals, on occasion, to the better side of our readers' natures. Then again we've just sort of tossed it up for grabs, letting it concern itself with any random bits of trivia that happened to catch our fancy at the moment.

It is because of these latter instances that we find ourself somewhat mentally muscle-bound, as we consider how best to devote this page to the support of the message which is inset within it. That message, as you will see at a glance, is the appeal of the heads of our global fighting forces, beseeching your fullest possible participation in the Seventh War Loan Drive which gets under way just about the day this issue of this magazine is supposed to come into your hands.

The way we would have liked to publish this five-star manifesto of supreme importance, if it could have been left to our own devices, would have been to blazon it forth across this issue's front cover, regardless of any considerations of congruity with the continuing antics of Esky to which that space is habitually devoted. But this message didn't reach us in time to make that possible. Due to the necessity of preprinting, before the regular edition's normal press run, an extra overseas edition of well over two hundred thousand copies of each issue to be given to the members of the armed forces who are beyond the reach of normal magazine distribution facilities, our cover goes to press even earlier now than it ever has in the past. And the added strain of wartime conditions upon our production schedules, even apart from the added load of providing these extra copies for the armed forces, has for a long time been driving our deadlines back farther and farther away from publication day. The result, as regards this issue, was that this page, which is normally the last one to close in the last form going to press, was the only one still open for this message at the time of its receipt.

So we've inset it on this page, given a second color to its five stars, to help catch your eye as you leaf past this page, and surrounded it with our most earnest hopes that you will not only read it, but that you will react to it with appropriate actions as well as emotions.

But how best to express those earnest hopes? How would you do it, if you were writing it instead of reading it? We've always tried, every way we could think of, to make it as much your page as ours. Suppose we trade places then, for the moment. Come on around on this side of the desk.

* * *

You say you wouldn't start out by apologizing for the page it's on?

Well, maybe that was a negative approach. But wait a minute—there's nothing wrong with this page, in itself, as a producer of results. The few times we've been able to get a direct check on it, when it has carried some appeal to action that might at some other time have been expressed elsewhere in the magazine, say as an advertisement, it has outpulled—

Then why not give it the whole page?

We could, as well as not, but that would make an ad out of it, and with all due respect to the advertisers, this page is supposed to work harder on the readers than any single advertising page. We've got to make people read that boxed message beneath the five stars, think about it, and act on it. We've got to call attention to it, support it with persuasive argument, and somehow dramatize it and make it come alive.

You say why not print the one word "please," over and over again, all over all the space around it?

Hey, now you're talking. We could paragraph it, here and there, and set it up just like the regular editorial page, with occasional italics for emphasis, and space breakers now and then to divide it up into sections, but all it would say would be that one word "please," over and over. Let's talk to Gus about that, and meanwhile thanks very much, it's a very good idea.

Oh, Gus says that because this is monotype it would take a week to get together that many e's and a's and p's and l's, and that he doesn't think it's any good anyway because people would resent it, feel they're being pushed and wonder who's doing the pushing —Gus must've thought it was our idea, not yours.

You say you wouldn't resent it?

Well, that just goes to show that no matter how hard we try we'll never get to know you as well as we should know you, because come to think of it we might have had that same feeling of diffidence about pushing too hard. After all, it's up to you to decide for yourself whether you can manage any extra War Bonds right now, and all our "pleases" wouldn't mean a thing if you can't swing it. What shall we say, then?

You say that five-star message is beginning to "pull its rank" on you and you're tongue-tied? What business has a lousy civilian got unbuttoning his lip in the presence of five-star generals and admirals when a lieutenant, for instance, wouldn't dare open his mouth if he were in the same room with them?

That's a very human reaction and we're glad you've felt it. It's undoubtedly a good part of the mental block we felt, too, when we sat down to the job of trying to put in our two cents worth to try to get you to buy an extra Bond for this drive. What can we hope to say that Marshall, Leahy, MacArthur, King, Eisenhower, Nimitz and Arnold, all together, haven't said better?

You say it isn't as if it were addressed to you personally, that there's nothing about it to make it mean you?

Man, that's the very missing link we're both knocking ourselves out looking for. Of course, if all that gold braid came to call on you personally to collect your contribution to the Seventh War Loan Drive you'd hock the kitchen sink to make the biggest possible purchase of War Bonds. But as it is, it's just a sort of form letter, not meaning you, or us either, more than anybody else. Gosh, why can't we all be like the Englishman who was astonished, on his first day in this country, to see a sign saying "this means you." He wondered how those clever Yanks even knew he was here.

You say you've heard that one before, and that we're [illegible] naïve and boring about the whole thing?

The only point we were trying to make is that you yourself have to adopt the manner of a form letter whenever you talk to more than one person at the same time, even at home in your own living room, or at your own dinner table, in that you have to say the same thing to everybody present. But all right, we'll pipe down, and you say in this space whatever would mean the most to you personally, by way of emphasizing the importance of this message on this page.

* * *

Stuck, huh?

Well, then, if that won't work, let's try to do it together.

Have you some one special place that you'd rather be, say in the summers, than any other place you've ever been? A place where you've spent some of the happiest days of your life? We have, and we imagine you must have, too.

Then why don't we both buy an extra Bond for this Seventh War Loan Drive, if for no better reason than just out of sheer gratitude that the place was never bombed?

Or have you some one specially prized possession that means a lot more to you than the common run of things you own? It could be anything from a first edition to a fiddle or a catboat or a snazzy convertible or, for all we know, some such uncommon collector's item as a porcelain stove, or maybe something as simple as a particularly cherished pipe or gun. We could certainly match you on something in that category. Couldn't we both very well buy an extra Bond in simple token of thanksgiving that in five years of world warfare we've never yet had to hit the highway and run for our lives, with or without that one prized possession?

Or isn't there some one person you'd rather be with, now or anytime, than anybody else you can possibly think of? And can't you make yourself come very close to being actually physically sick by picturing how that special somebody would look behind the barbed wire of a prison camp?

You say we don't have to pile it on?

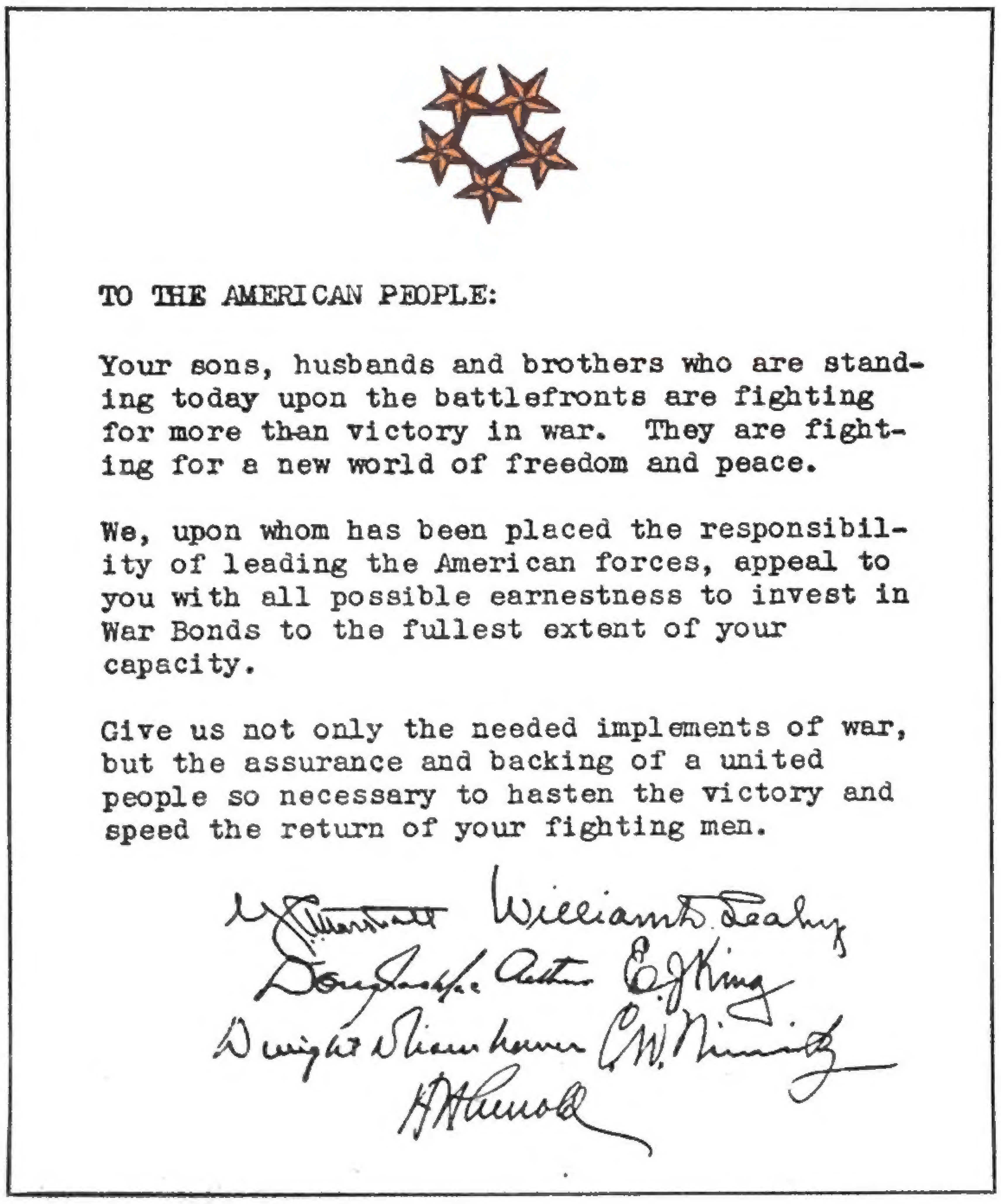
Sorry. Take that one back.

Did you, by any chance, see that Navy movie, *Fighting Lady*? What scene? Practically any scene, but how about that one where the Jap torpedo plane keeps on coming at the carrier, keeps on coming right at you, keeps on coming right through a veritable Niagara of tracer bullets, coming so persistently that you can't figure whether the pilot's dead or whether his torpedo-releasing mechanism is stuck—

We don't know about you. Maybe we've only messed up this page as far as you're concerned. But, brother, by this point we've managed to accomplish one thing with it anyway. We've certainly sold ourself an extra War Bond, and just after we'd decided we couldn't possibly see how we could swing any more. Gangway for the nearest Bond booth.

You say we can darn well line up and wait our turn?

Okay, then, after you!



TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

G C Marshall William D. Leahy
Douglas MacArthur E J King
Dwight D Eisenhower C W Nimitz
H H Arnold

SOMEDAY

DOWN ROADS WHERE TALL SHADOWS LEAN

Redwood Highway, approaching Eureka, California

HOLD tight to those travel memories. Peace will come. And with it a new Lincoln motorcar—the smartest and finest ever built . . . Then go adventuring. There's that trail where the shadows are blue as berries and the deer move secretly. There's that canyon half-way to the sky where a whisper startles a dozen echoes. This Lincoln will be filled with wanderlust . . . Here will be a car whose brilliant styling will again set new standards for the industry—a car which will be precision-engineered in the world-famous Lincoln tradition. Indeed, in every detail of comfort, elegance and performance, it will justly deserve this praise—"Nothing could be finer."

Nothing could be finer

LINCOLN

A PRODUCT OF
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PVT. INCHGOT DOES A BRODY!

While having breakfast in bunk the other morning and teasing the 1st Sgt. over a certain lack of creaminess in the dijon-mustard-dressing which he had thoughtfully mixed for the sausage cakes, we read Iles Brody's "Man the Kitchenette" wherein Mr. Brody advised us we'd be a smooth man of the world in the eyes of our beloved if we followed his hints forthwith when we took her to dinner.

We forthwithed accordingly but by proxy, designating our man, Pvt. Inchgot, to sound out the Iles edicts, initial of which was "Dress formally." Our man threw a leg over this hurdle without strain, belonging to a group which has simplified the complicated amenities of wardrobe via the simple expedient of classifying one ensemble both formal, informal and as you were.

"Take her to a restaurant at least one grade above the rank of eating places she is used to frequenting and where the help will know you by name," continued Mr. Brody, adding diabolically, "Go first and speak to the headwaiter at lunch time." Our man Inchgot did just this with the result that when he and his swamp angel, name of Agnes, entered "The Buzzard's Error," the best as well as the only dine-dance spot within a night's cruising range of the camp, the waiter, after peering and making horrible faces at Inchgot, scratching his head and searching his cuffs, suddenly bawled, "Over here, Tinchgut, you old dog!"

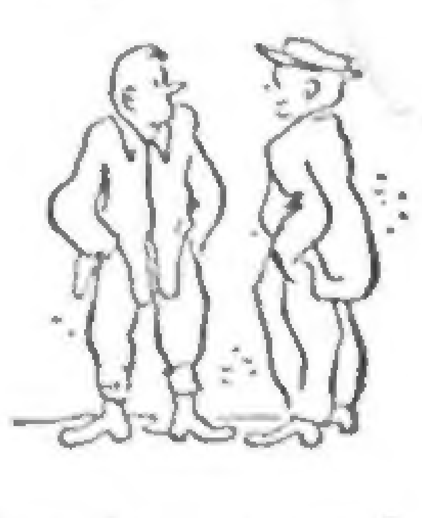
Advised Iles, "Confer about a cocktail," but Inchgot told us Agnes was an old four-finger-rum girl and there was no point in trying to change her. Following Brody like a panther, Inchgot asked Agnes would she like a mellon with sliced parma ham instead of an hors d'oeuvres and he says the way she slapped his face embarrassed him.

"Take a breath and ask for the wine steward," was the next step. This brought a mad whoop of laughter from the waiter who shook a finger at Agnes and said she'd better shut off the drinks. This embarrassed Agnes and, despite the fact that Iles predicted with parting breath, "Even if she took little notice of you before, she will be well disposed toward you forever," (or words to that effect) Inchgot tells us he and Agnes take opposite sides of the road these days. Well . . . Mr. Brody . . . ?

T/Sgt. Jack Warfel
Sq T Perry AAF, Fla.

MATING CALL TO "SEVENTEEN"

I and a lot of other "Solid-Joes" (fellows, if you are not hep to the talk of the teen-agers) think there are altogether too many magazines on the market for our "teen-queens," such as *Seventeen, Calling All Girls, Miss America* and a few others, and our complaint is why doesn't someone publish a magazine for all the "Prince-Charmings" in this country?



The idea that I am trying to pass on to you is that Esquire, being the leading men's magazine with fashions and stories for the older fellows, would be in a swell position to start a "pint-sized" edition for us, and call it the Esquire Jr. or a name of that sort.

The book for girls tells them how to act, talk and dress to be a "Solid Jill" in the high school crowd, so why not a magazine for boys on the same principles? Tell them how to act on dates, what to do and where to go on dates, the money problem, and show them the latest high school trends. You may laugh and think this funny when I talk about fashions for boys, but we want to wear the right thing to school and on dates just as much as the girls do.

We do not want to be "off-the-cob-characters" and wear a two-tone loafer coat to school when the latest trend is a plaid shirt, (with the tail out, of course), checked pants and dirty saddle shoes. Do you dig me?

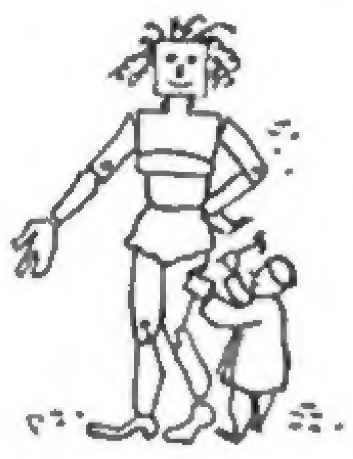
I sincerely hope you will consider this idea and adopt it. I think it will certainly further Esquire's reputation for being "Johnny-on-the-spot" with the latest trends in satisfying the public, I'm positive you will find the response terrific.

Frank J. Zioncheck
Chicago, Ill.

OPEN QUESTION

This man Varga. Or to be specific, this Varga girl. Isn't she a bit overrated?

Varga is a superb architect. His creations are exquisite dolls.



But is it asking too much for fifty cents, to expect at least a semblance of individual personal appeal in the mathematically proportioned physiognomy of this notorious paper doll?

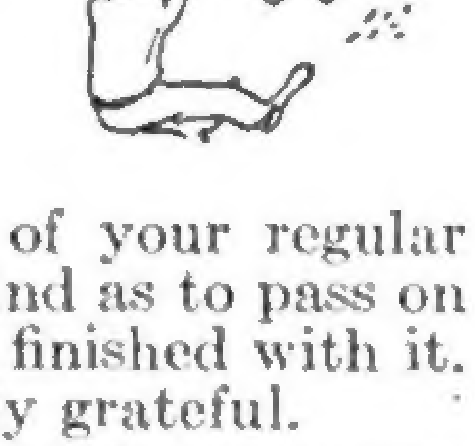
I suspect that Varga uses dummies for models. Or mannequins from Orbach's window display.

(No hard feelings Varga, old man, but your babe is *not* winning this war singlehanded. Haven't the Marines told you?)

Richard J. Craig
South Pacific 1st Lt. C.A.C.

ADD REQUESTS FOR THE ESKY POOL

I have recently had the great pleasure of reading your September last, issue of Esquire, and may I say how much I admired all the stories, articles and pictures contained therein. It is now being diligently devoured by yet another of your new-found fans.



Copies of this famous magazine are most difficult, if not almost impossible to obtain, so I have taken this liberty, and on behalf of my pals, of writing to you to know whether you can help us to get hold of some copies. Perhaps one of your regular readers would be so kind as to pass on his copy when he has finished with it. We would be extremely grateful.

Wishing you even greater successes in the future, if that is possible.

Driver, R. J. Quimby
Royal Engineers, C.M.F.

Editor's Note: *In our December issue we reproduced one of a score of letters from British servicemen asking for back copies of Esquire, offering to supply their mailing addresses to readers willing to pass on their back numbers. The response was gratifying, and all the requests were soon filled. However, the offer itself attracted a flood of additional requests from other British servicemen. We realize that this can go on forever and rapidly advance us backward. But, even at that risk, we print the above letter as a reminder that we have this and a host of other British service units now patiently waiting to receive back numbers from our big-hearted subscribers. So will some of you please help pull us out of this hole we got ourselves into with our rash offer?*

PEN PAL WANTED

I hope you will excuse my writing to you with the following request, but seeing that I was a former reader of Esquire before the war and now unfortunately exiled from reading it, as it is no longer on sale in England, I think you might be able to help me.

I would like to correspond with an American about my own age and exchange news, points of view, magazines and newspapers, and if possible exchange Esquire for an English magazine, although ours are cut down in size and thickness on account of the paper control. Could you please put me in touch with such a person?

Now about myself—I am 5 ft. 10 in. tall, 31 years of age, am married, with a baby daughter. I am not a rich man, just an ordinary Englishman of average intelligence and education.

I am interested in books, films, radio, sports (boxing, running and football), men's dress and current affairs.

My thanks and regards to you.

23 Rhodes Street Jas. Green
Warrington
Lancashire, England

BACK TRACK ON SAFE WATER

I have an abject apology to make. In reviewing The Life of Mark Twain I accused the producers of a gross error in their interpretation of the meaning of the hero's name. Mark Twain *does* mean "safe water."

I was misled by the tricky way in which the words are used in one of the great scenes of Life on the Mississippi. But that is no excuse. I extend my apologies to the makers of the film, my thanks to several members of the services who called my attention to the error, and I repeat my judgment that the film as a whole was a desperately bad job.

New York, N.Y. Gilbert Seldes

GENTLE REMINDER TO JAZZ ATAVISTS

As an ardent jazz fan I feel compelled to write at least a little thanks for your very literate although fractional coverage of the jazz scene—

Also I wish to protest against the "Moldy Fig" genre of music lovers.

There seems to be some perverse streak in critics such as Avakian or "Moldy Fig" which prevents them from liking anything but the very oldest available; for years they revered King Oliver—the oldest available, and then when a Buddy Bolden contemporary arrives Oliver is forgotten in favor of something older—Bunk Johnson with whom they can have only a very slight acquaintance at best, due to his long obscurity and the scarcity of the perfectly foul recordings he made.

As a further objection to a critical viewpoint such as Avakian's it seems to me that critics have no right to condemn an art form (i.e. swing as they interpret it—modern big bands) simply because they don't like it or some such equally arbitrary standard. The critical position is to adjudge which is the good and bad, not which kind is best, especially as only time will tell which is trivial and which is not. And certainly it seems unwise when what they so derisively cast aside is the perfectly legitimate outgrowth of the early jazz.

Perhaps some of their objections to modern jazz are based on the premise that skill and technique abolish inspiration, as in the polished graceful and mournfully boring paintings of Fragonard. It might do them good to recall the vigor that lies under the technique and polish of a Grant Wood or Georgia O'Keeffe painting.

It often seems to me that critics could be a little broad-minded and concentrate more on getting *good* jazz, swing or what you will, a wider audience and leave the academic squabbles until later.

Sam Platt
USNTC, Farragut, Idaho

FOR A UNITED FRONT AGAINST THE SQUARE

I get a big kick out of the pro and con arguments about your jazz critic, Mr. Leonard Feather.

A. H. E. from Cornell is all hot and bothered because Mr. Feather might pollute the minds of your readers towards The Hawk and Roy Eldridge rather than Bud Freeman or Muggsy Spanier, A. H. E.'s ideals.

And Lt. J. R. Walsh, Jr., in the course of thanking Esquire for Mr. Feather's department, expresses his like for Tatum et al. but his distinct dislike for James' trumpet. (I might ask, Lt., have you as yet, dug The Horn's platter of *Sleepy Time Gal*, one of the best hunks of jazz to be waxed in recent years?)

I'm not pro-Feather or con-Feather, as I have been able to find great enjoyment in some works of all the aforementioned musicians; and I am quite sure that criticism by Mr. Feather will not alter my likes or dislikes. True, I have my favorites as have Mr. Feather, A. H. E. and J. R. Walsh, Jr., but it is my contention that anyone not able to get some enjoyment out of most all of our great musicians of today, is more of a square than any longhair who does not dig our common love, Jazz, at all.

Here's for more about jazz and a bigger and better Rhythm Section.

Pfc O. C. Schlueter
Det. of Patients
U. S. Army Hospital
Overseas

POTENCY OF PIN-UP OF MAXINE FIFE

My aspirations floated on the doldrums of despair. The grey English skies camouflaged my morale perfectly, and the sunken pit in my stomach slipped one notch below bottom. Written by a certain American maiden and transported in a pretty blue envelope, a terse ultimatum terminating the longevity of a beautiful courtship, toppled my loftiest pinnacle of ambition. Blindly I picked up the January issue of Esquire, thumbing through the contents with an air of complete indifference. Suddenly, before my moody metamorphosis burrowed wrinkles on my crestfallen face, I was caught in the paralytic grip of Miss Maxine Fife's arresting figure, face and bewitching attire, a grip, gentlemen, possessing the uncanny power of crumbling a blue envelope into a wad of paper and bearing dead love to the crypt of forgetfulness. Amen. Amen. Plus three lusty "Wows" for Miss Fife.

Overseas Pvt. Charles Ness

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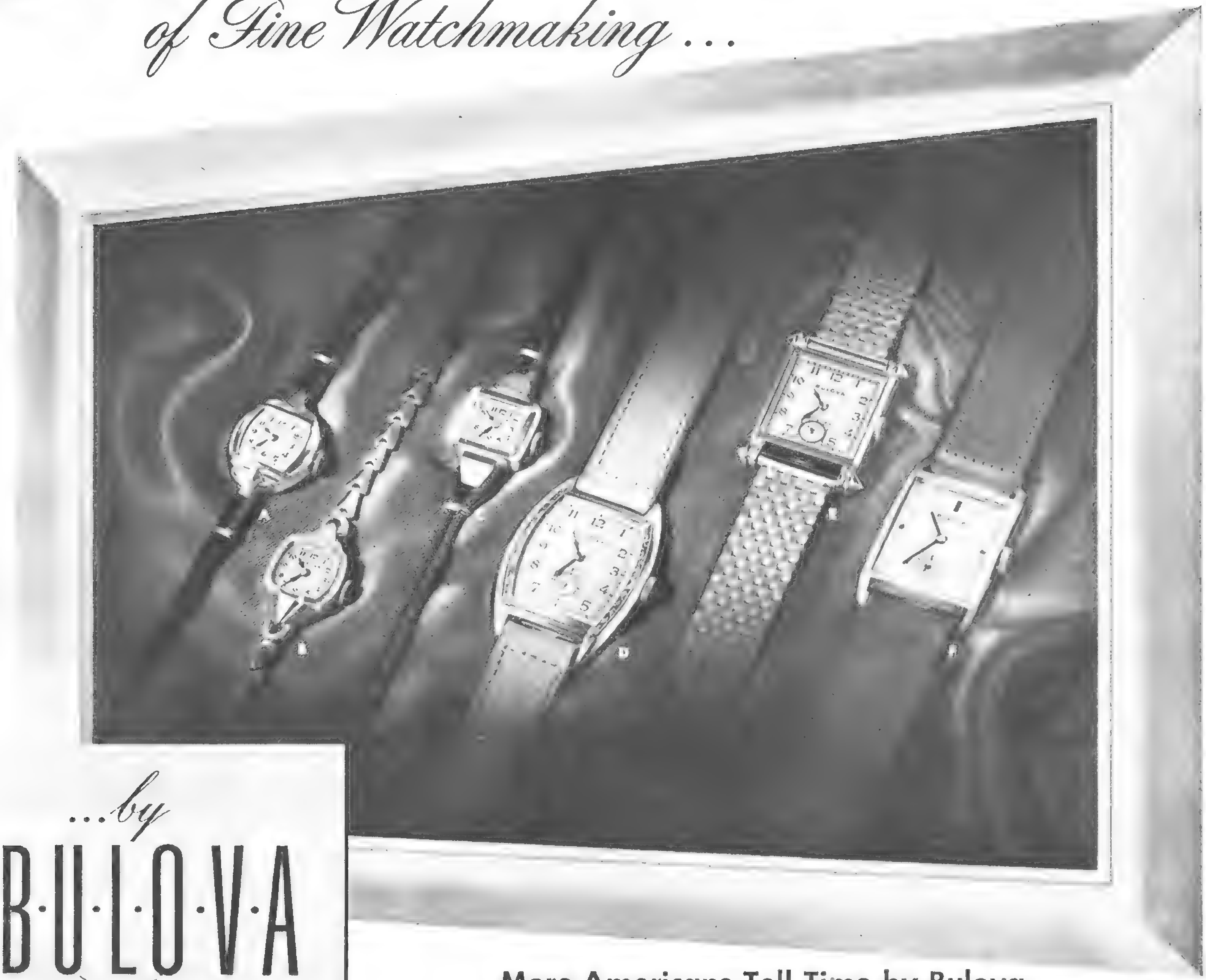

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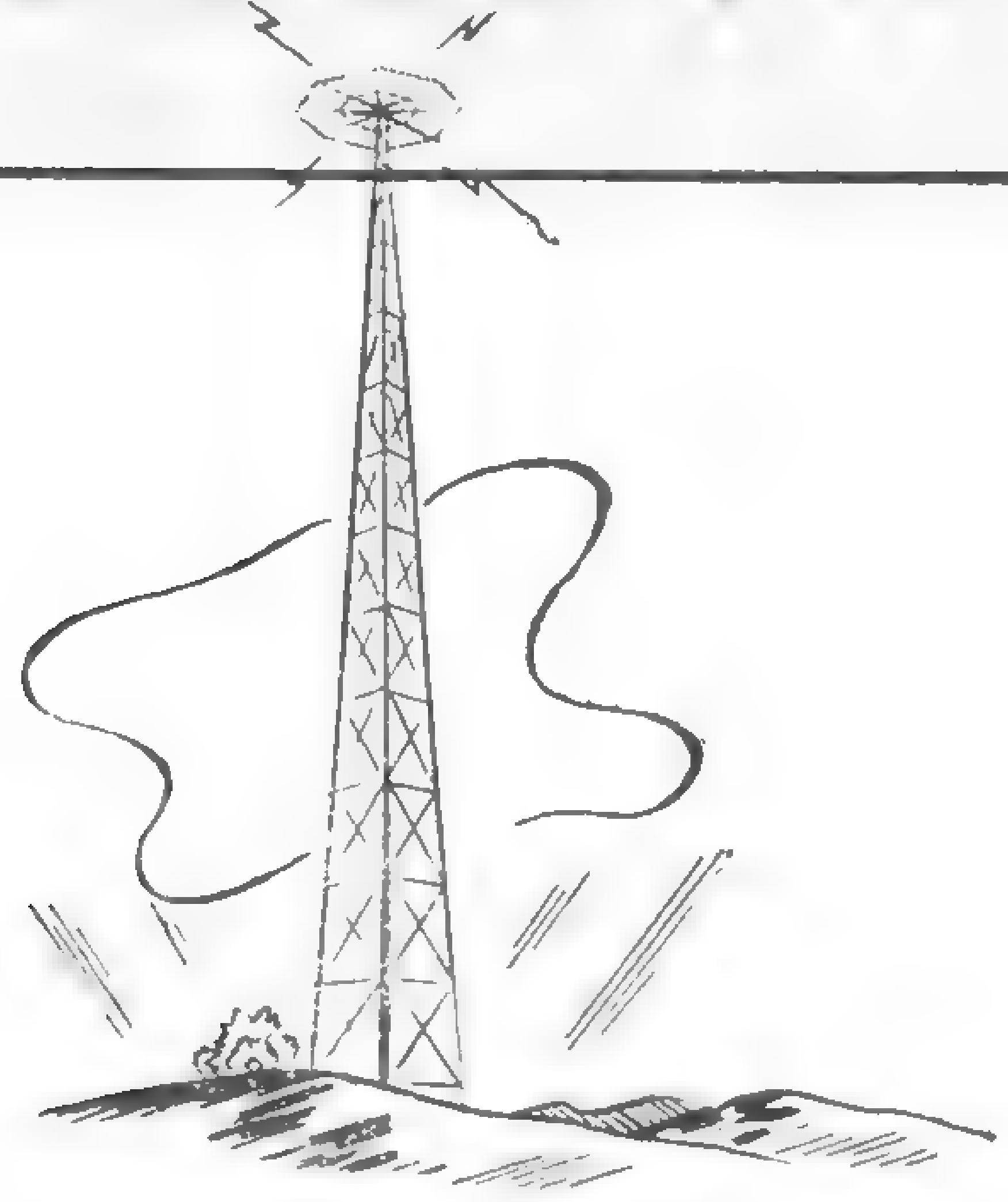

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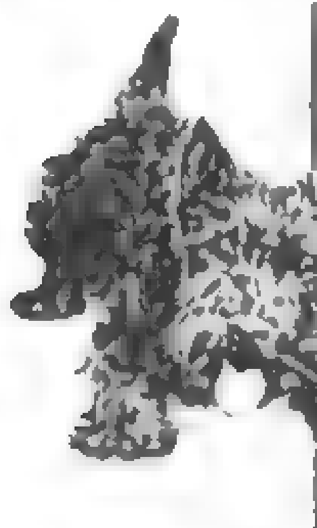

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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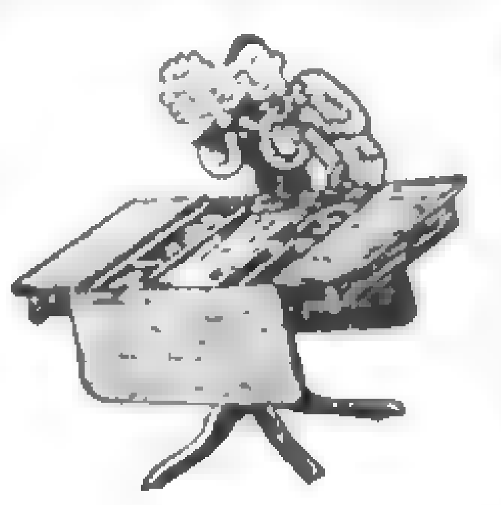
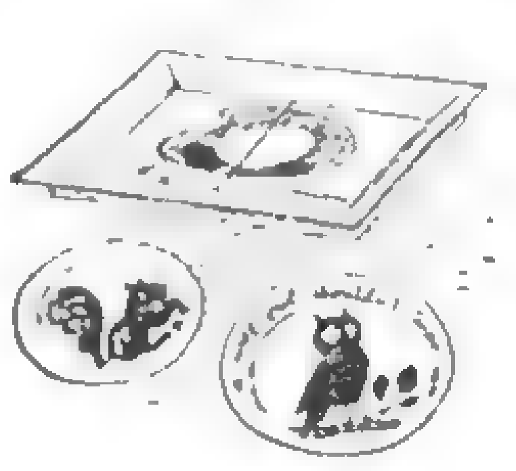


PREHISTORIC POTTERY. Again you'll score as the bright idea boy if your gift happens to be beautiful Bouckware pottery. It's glazed without firing in what is called the "crystal" method . . . an interlocking of crystals which achieve a somewhat crudely lovely stalactite appearance. By omitting the heat, the sculptor can produce a new spectrum of glorious colors . . . vibrant blues and greens, burnt orange, lacquer red in such things as oversize salad bowls, cocktail trays, vases and ashtrays.

TILES BRING SMILES. A brilliant young girl yclept Janeway is making her mark by producing amusingly decorated ceramics. Her ashtrays, tea sets, bookends, etc., would indicate that the artist had a yen for Aesop's fables. Reynard the fox, squirrels, roosters and other animalia adorn her tiles and trays.



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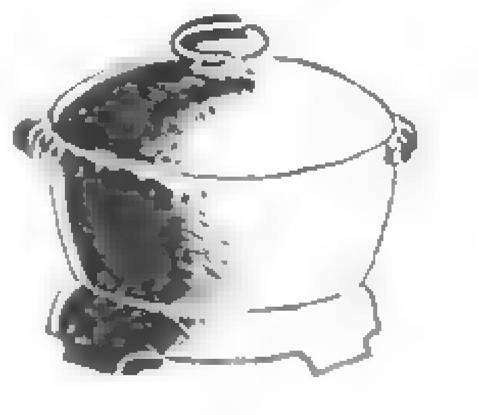

Ranger

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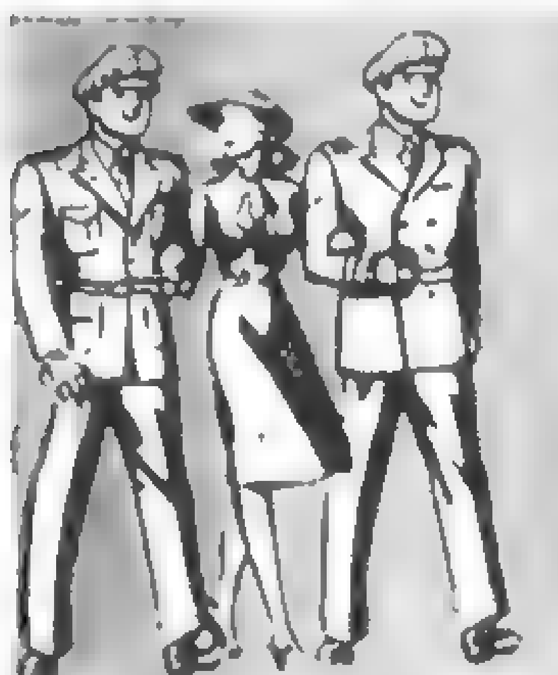

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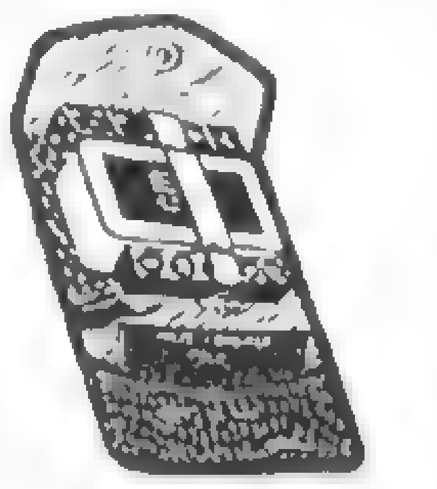
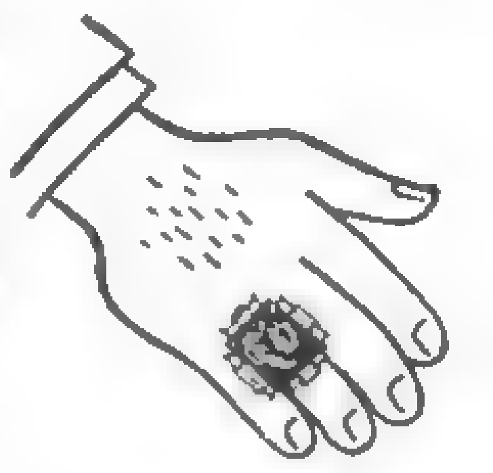
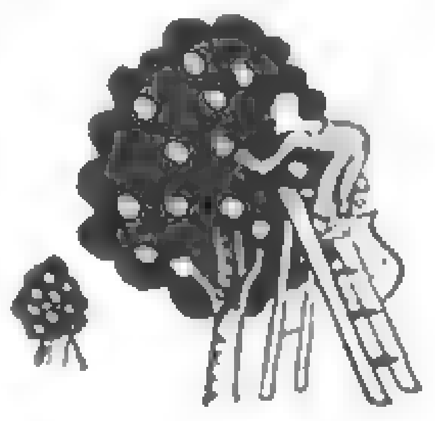


FRIENDSHIP RING . . . ideal ring to send a man in service—an intaglio design of heads of a man and a woman done in the Greco-Roman tradition. Sentiment being to convey the spirit of the eternal love and devotion of man and woman for one another. The stone itself is a semi-precious new arrival called hemetine, hard and scratch resistant, with a highly polished silvery-black surface mounted in gold.



FACE TO FEET. Another good overseas gift for Fighting Fathers . . . a super size brushless shave stick, and an active ozone foot stick which is proving an infantry favorite. The stick cools, soothes and relaxes the feet, helps the healing of chafing, minor abrasions and cuts; even relieves itching.

THE MARMALADE MAGNIFICENT. Why not send Dad a half dozen jars of palate-pleasing marmalade? None of this commercial stuff, concocted from pectin and concentrated orange juice. *This* particular brand is made from Spanish Sevilla oranges, grown in Sierra Madra, and picked daily, which accounts for its distinct tangy flavor. There's bitter orange marmalade, all lemon marmalade and a combo of orange and lemon.

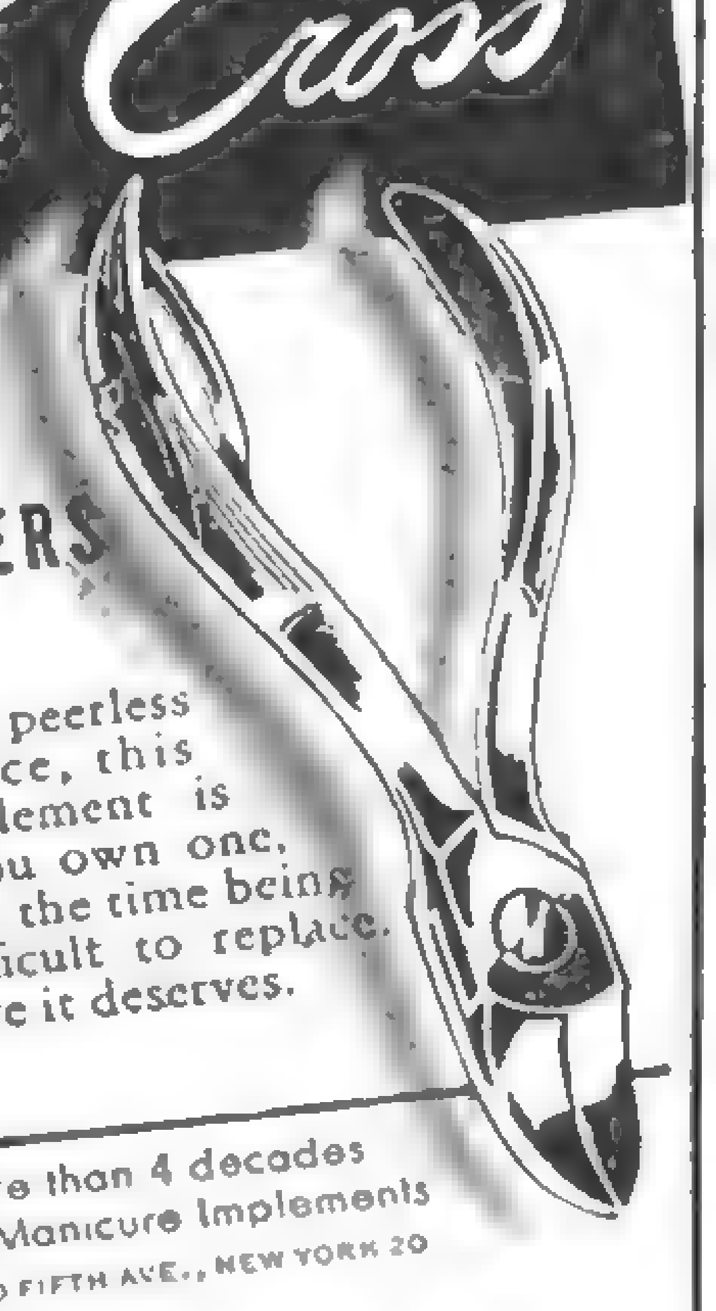


Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

La Cross

PRECIOUS NAIL NIPPERS



★

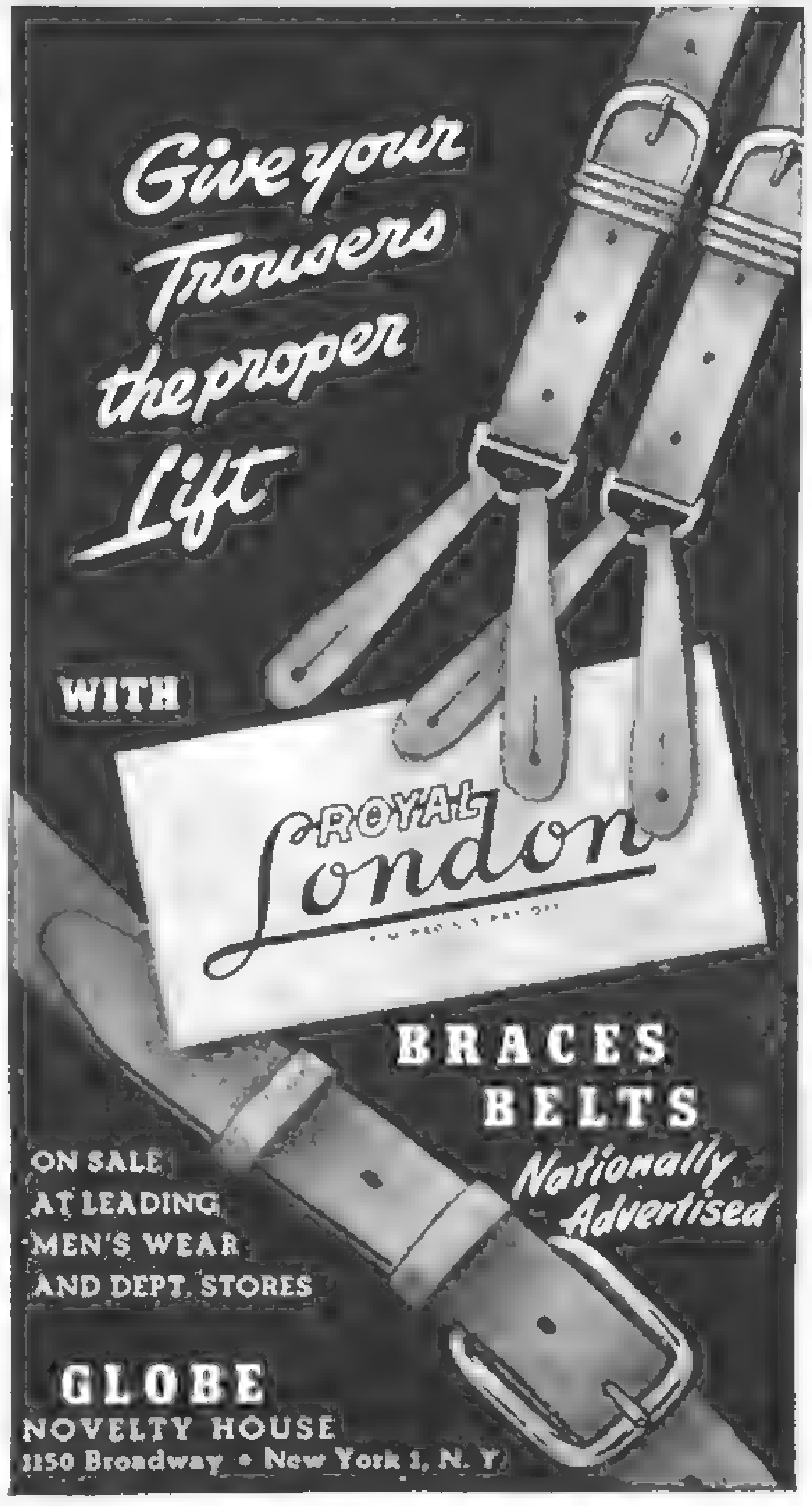
Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace. Give it the care it deserves.

La Cross . For more than 4 decades America's finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP., 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20

Shoe Life Doubled

Apply LEXOL every two weeks users say, for double shoe life and foot comfort. Treat all leather belongings with LEXOL for added service. At leading stores, or remit direct.

Pint $1.00 LEXOL Gallon (8 pts.) $4.00
The Martin Dennis Company
855 Summer Avenue Newark 4, N. J.


Give your Trousers the proper Lift
WITH
ROYAL London
BRACES
BELTS
Nationally Advertised
ON SALE AT LEADING MEN'S WEAR AND DEPT. STORES
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
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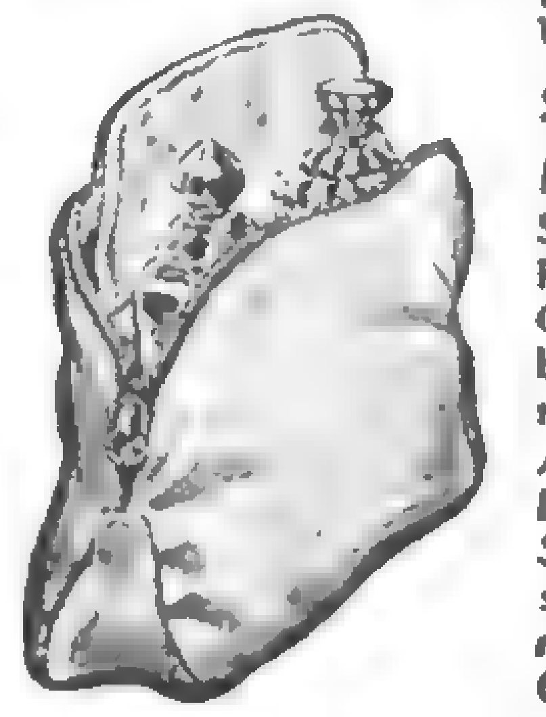
New! LIQUIDS CAN'T SPILL IN SUITCASE!

ingenious new VENUS BOTTLE GUARD protects bottles while travelling

No More Bottles Breaking, Leaking or Spilling in your Bag. A Smart Looking, Practical Gift for Every Traveller.

You can now travel safely with bottled liquids—liquor, hair tonic, medicine, etc. Venus Bottle Guard protects bottles from breaking, leaking, spilling. Patented design of special suede-like, liquid-proof material. Highly absorbent padding. Zipper closing. Compact. Saves time and bulk in wrapping. Saves emergency cleaning of ruined clothes. In Quart, Pint and ½ Pint Sizes.



Special for perfumes

Special Venus Perfume Bottle Guard carries two bottles in separate pockets.

At Dept. Stores, Luggage, Gift Shops. If your store doesn't carry Venus Bottle Guard, write us.

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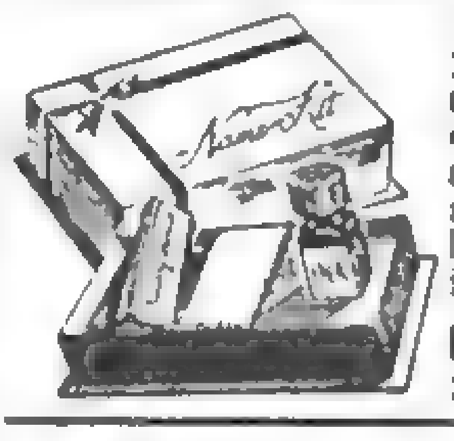
SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

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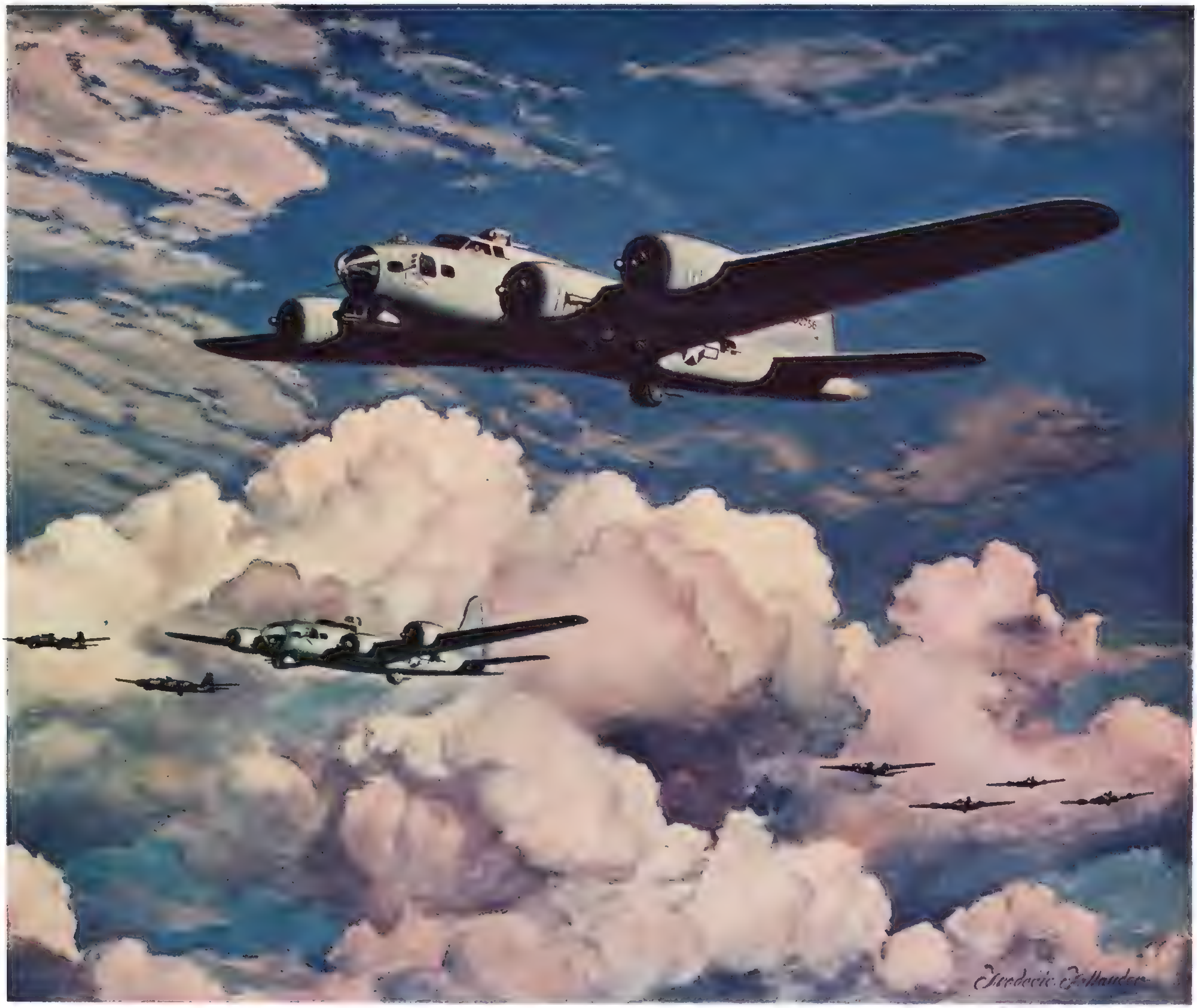


© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

What flyers say counts most with us

MEMBERS of the crews of many a Flying Fortress have written Studebaker about the fine performance of that bomber's engines.

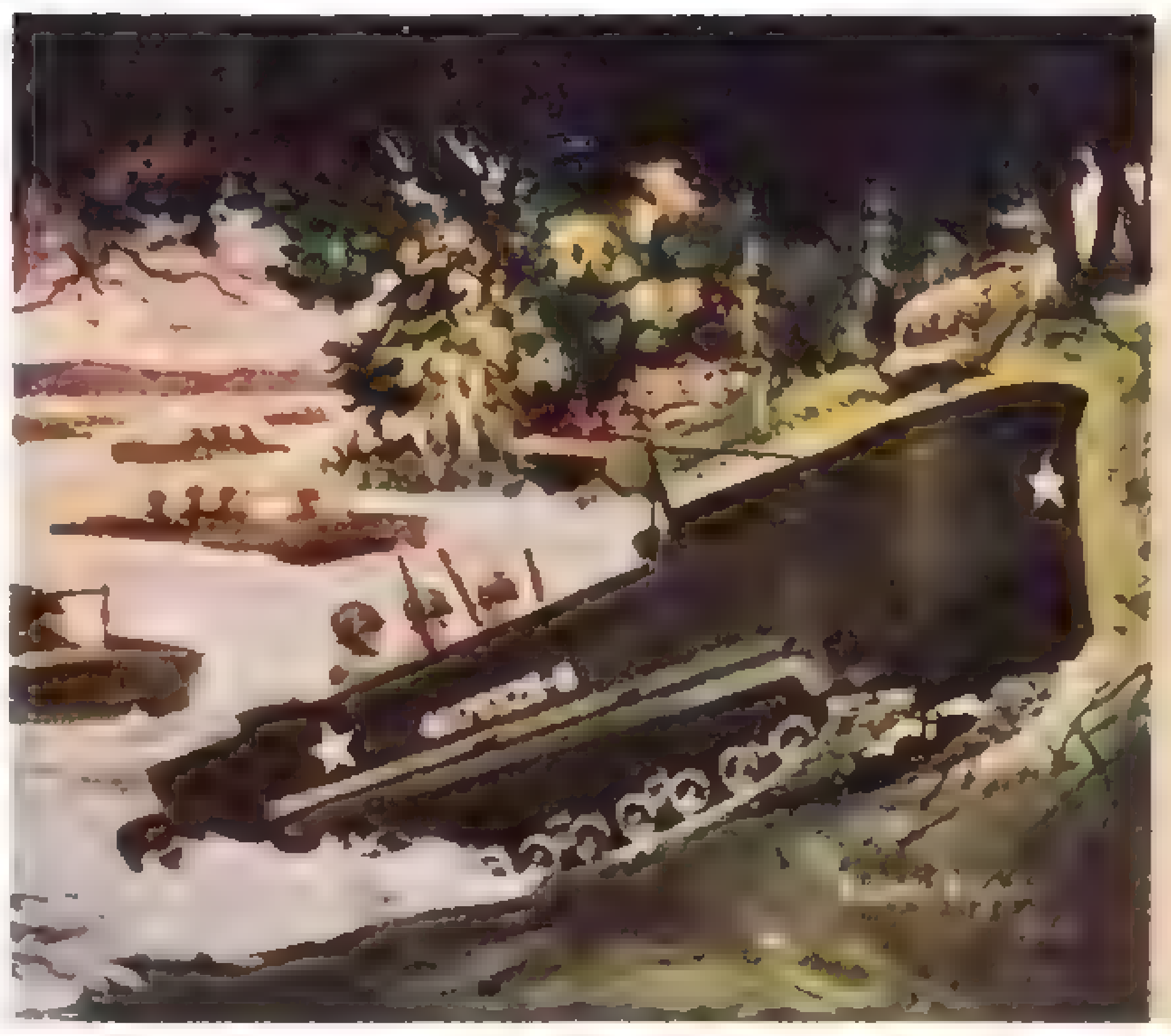
Studebaker prizes the comments of those intrepid men far above any of the official commendations its war plants have received.

The senior civilian test pilot at an important army aircraft modification center voluntarily wrote: "I've flown and tested over 200 Studebaker powered Boeing Forts. Nothing could be tougher on engines than the workouts that I've given those ships."

In proudly fulfilling its wartime assignments, Studebaker has already built over 60,000 Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—over 165,000 heavy-duty military trucks—many thousands of versatile new Weasel personnel and cargo carriers.

Famous for its peacetime motor cars and trucks, Studebaker has but a single purpose right now—to back up our valiant fighting forces with all the military equipment its factories and workers can provide.

Awarded To All Studebaker Plants



The war's "surprise" vehicle—This versatile new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier is built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine.

* * *

Save for the future WITH WAR BONDS

THEY'RE THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

Studebaker *WARTIME BUILDER OF WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

Botany "500"

TROPICAL WORSTED

TAILORED BY DAROFF

THE FABRIC IS THE SOUL OF THE SUIT

Illustrated is the Botany "500" Tropical, Tailored by Daroff. Like the Botany "500" regular weight worsted, the Botany "500" gabardine suits and topcoats and the Botany *Shetland topcoat...The Botany "500" Tropical, Tailored by Daroff, is the best in its class. Now featured at $37.50 by leading retailers who are also showing Botany "500" regular weight suits and topcoats at $45. Write for the name of the store near you.

*Woven of fine Australian and Domestic Yarns

BOTANY 500 TAILORED BY DAROFF

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

COPYRIGHT 1945 BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

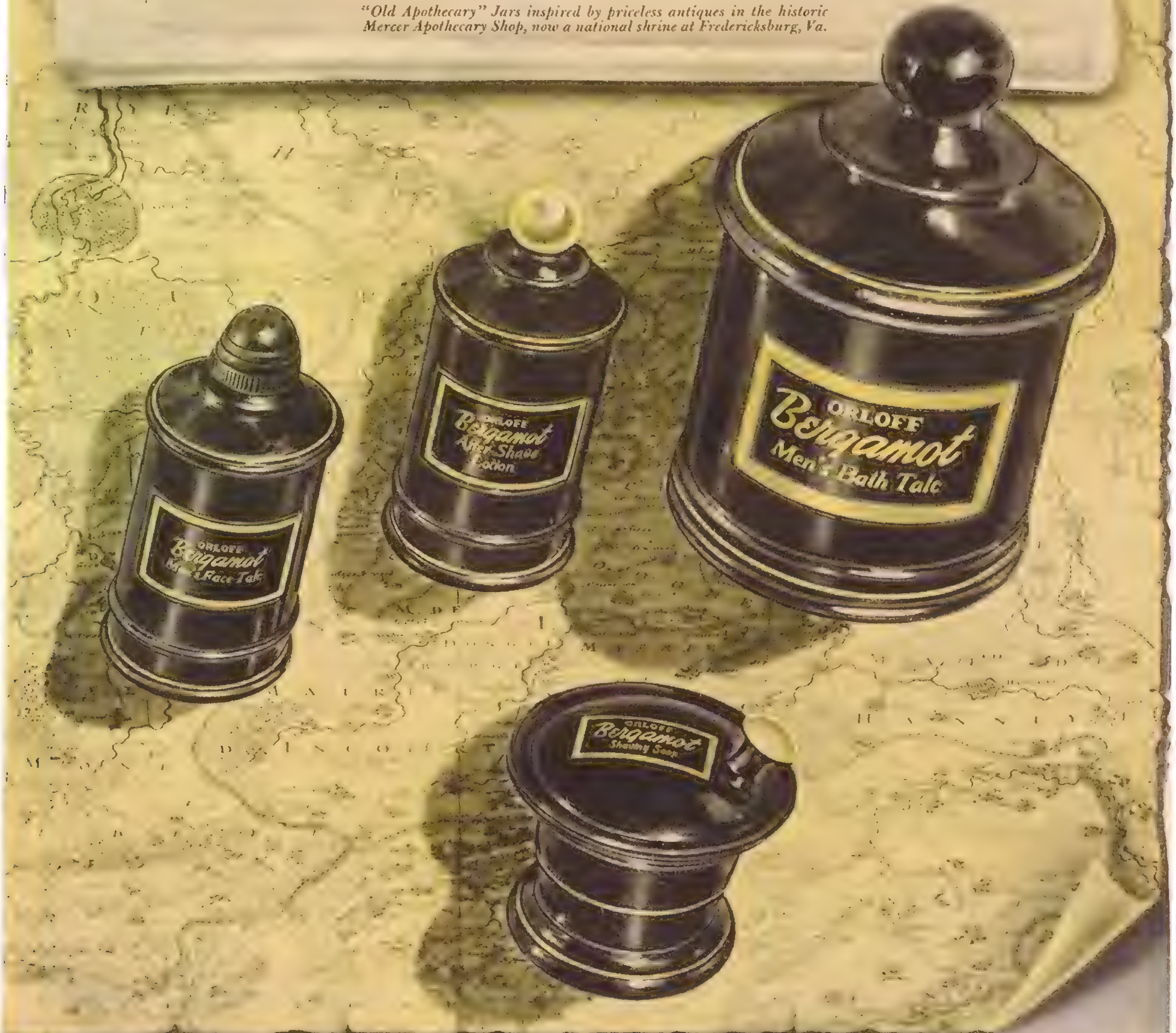
Fabric by Botany Worsted Mills. Passaic N.J.
Tailored by Daroff · Philadelphia

"Your Bergamot, Sir"

WHEN a man chooses toiletries, he doesn't want to go all over the lot in an orgy of conflicting scents. He wants something special, something distinctive. That is why so many men who have happily discovered Bergamot have adopted it permanently—not only for their shaving soap and lotion but also for their hair dressing, cologne, face and bath talc.

DISCOVER BERGAMOT TODAY...Its herby, tangy scent is refreshing...exactly *suited* to your kind of man. Remember, Bergamot Toiletries by Orloff are no mass production items. Each is carefully compounded in small batches under expert supervision.

"Old Apothecary" Jars inspired by priceless antiques in the historic Mercer Apothecary Shop, now a national shrine at Fredericksburg, Va.



BERGAMOT by ORLOFF

gentlemen's toiletries

IN HANDSOME APOTHECARY CONTAINERS—AT LEADING STORES

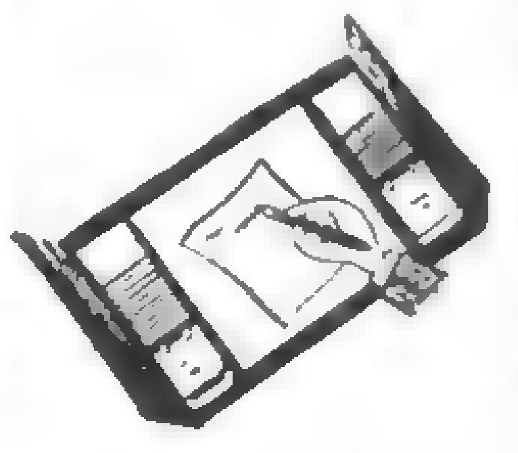
Shaving Soap	$1.25	Men's Face Talc	$1.00
Brushless Shave Cream	2.50	Men's Hair Dressing	1.25
After Shave Cream or Alcohol Lotion	1.25	Men's Cologne	1.25
Men's Liquid or Cream Deodorant	1.25	Men's Bath Talc	2.50
		Scalp and Hair Massage Ointment	1.75 and 5.00

plus tax

JEAN VIVAUDOU COMPANY, INCORPORATED • 10 WEST 33rd STREET • NEW YORK CITY 1, NEW YORK

Talking Shop with Esquire

DESKMASTER. If Dad is an alert executive, let him be the first to own a new-fangled desk pad which functions like a well trained secretary. To wit: Frame work of polished wood; side panels of brown or maroon simulated leather, gold tooled. Blotter not necessary in center writing space because of a special simulated leather surface which is washable; ink stains simply removed with a damp cloth. Side compartments contain a 480 name visible telephone index, 2-year calendar, a 5x8 memo book with plastic binding, 50 visible 3x5 cards for instant records and a 4 pocket classifier for memos, cards, etc.



POCKET SCENT. Enterprising men's toiletry concern calls a spade a spade and comes out with *perfume for men.* Wait a minute . . . don't blow your top till you hear all. A. It's intended to use on your vest pocket handkerchief. B. Its odor is not "parish forbid," effeminate . . . just that "cool, clean tang of the sea" refresher that you've been using as a body rub and cologne. C. It's packaged in a 2 oz. cylindrical bottle with a rugged walnut top which matches the rest of this particular toiletry line. D. And it's called "pocket scent" . . . *not* perfume. Calling our final shot . . . we know of a prize fighter, an FBI man and an engineer who use it regularly.

HAND-PAINTED NECKTIES. There's a chap in town who is fast becoming "the hand-painted textile" king. Using dyes, oils and lacquers in a secret brew, he does permanent designs on any kind of fabric which can be dry cleaned or washed without the design washing out. He paints all manner of apparel and accessories for ladies or gents. Bulk of his business, however, is hand-painted neckties. Clients order anything from a lodge insignia, a simple monogram or some sports motif such as golf clubs, clipper ship, etc. to nudes and pin-up pictures. He'll hand-paint your lady-love's face from a photo, if you desire to share her with the world to that extent. Prices are unusually modest, considering the individual, custom-made mode of operation.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

FOR THE SQUIRE AND HIS LADY

Man's 14K yellow gold Juvenia. 17 jewels, $145.50.

Lady's lapel chrome and steel Juvenia, 15 jewels. White, champagne, or black dial, $65. Also in gold plate, $92.00.

20% FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

Mail orders filled promptly

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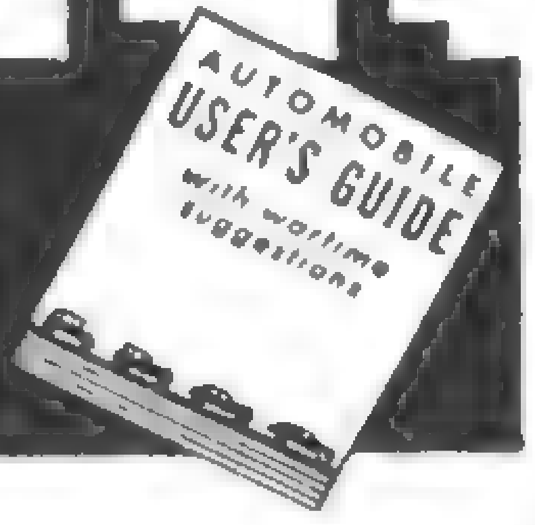
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FREE to All AUTO owners

196 Practical Suggestions that will help you to get

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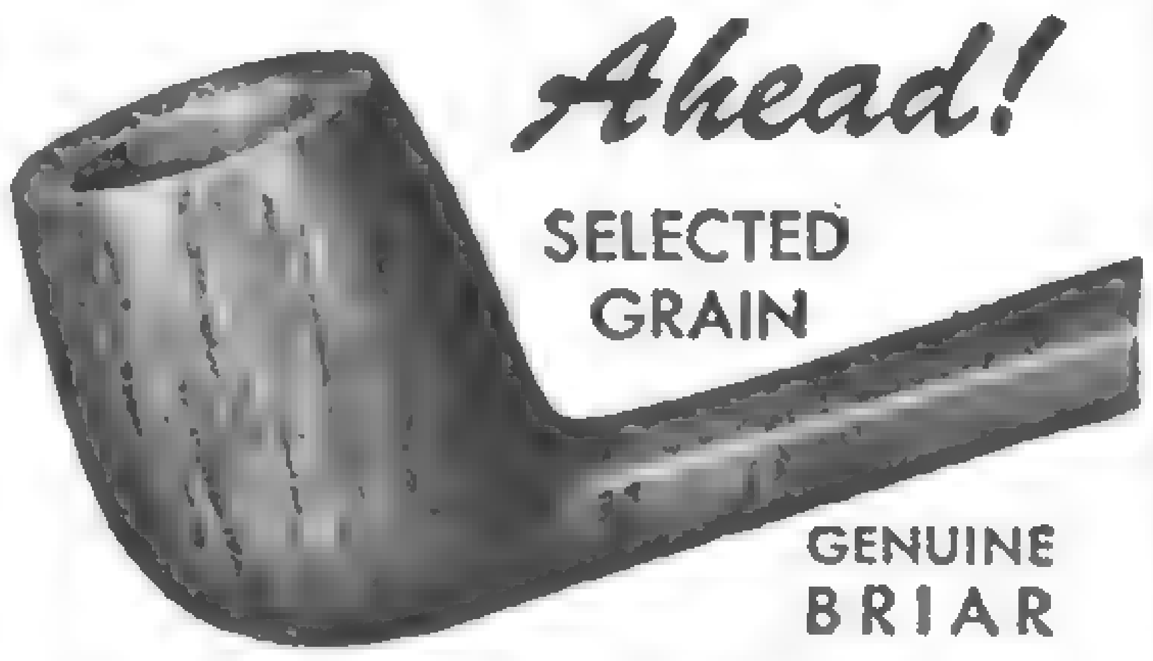

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SELECTED GRAIN

GENUINE BRIAR

This handsome Canadian shape Genuine Briar is a beauty, with its exquisite NATURAL grain. Sturdy . . . sweet-smoking. Comes with capeskin leather pipe glove, slide fastener closure. A grand gift!

Money back guarantee.
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$5.00

SACHS PIPES *Est. 1887*
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DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 34A
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name ________
Address ________

LAMB KNIT
Sweaters

Because Victory is still number one on every good citizen's calendar there isn't enough fine wool yarn for folks at home. If your dealer can't fill your order for a Lamb Knit sweater . . . take the next best and remember—soon after Victory there will be Lamb Knit sportswear for everyone!

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

AT THE FINEST MEN'S SHOPS EVERYWHERE

MONOGRAMMED CORK COASTERS

These cork coasters are personalized with your monogram in natural cork on a background of green, blue or brown. Underline initial of last name. **$3.50 a dozen,** plus 15c postage.

No C. O. D.'s please

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-55
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Miss Saylor's coffee-ets

For a
QUICK-UP PICK-UP
Miss Saylor's
COFFEE-ETS

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES—REAL CREAM • FRESH BUTTER PURE COFFEE

You get the lift of coffee and the taste of cream, for Coffee-ets are blended by good cooks who know how to enhance delicate flavors and true fragrances.

Keep a handful of Coffee-ets, the Glamorettes of the Candy World, in your pocket for the day's last half hour.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
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L'Orlé
ESSENTIAL TOILETRIES FOR MEN
Supreme in the Man's World
GENTLEMEN'S L'Odorante
Tumbleweed AFTER SHAVE
walnut COLOGNE PLUS MEN
old oak
BUCKSKIN
TOUCHWOOD TOILET WATER for MEN L'Orle
TOUCHWOOD AFTER SHAVE L'Orle

L'Orle . . . Synonymous with Quality and Originality in Men's Toiletries

The House of L'ORLE stands supreme in the field of Men's toiletries because of uncompromising adherence to the highest standards of quality—originality—and expert skill in the art of scientific blending. Acknowledged leader in the creation of essential toiletries MADE FOR THE MAN, in every walk of life . . . to meet his every preference and purpose as a necessity of daily living.

PRICED WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL
$1.00 to $25.00, plus tax
WHEREVER TOILETRIES ARE SOLD

Gentlemen's L'Odorante
$1.00 to $5.50

Hickory Walnut and Old Oak
COLOGNE PLUS . . . . $3 & $5
AFTER SHAVE . . . $2 & $3.50

Buckskin
TOILET WATER $5 & $12.50
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SET $3.50
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$4.50 & $7.50

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SET $3.50

THE HOUSE OF L'ORLE INC. • 6 EAST 39th STREET • NEW YORK 17

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IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

The world's most famous *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Painting the Town with Esquire

WITH all Central Park to inhale from, ozone hounds sidewalk-tabled at the Hotel St. Mortiz's Café de la Paix seem preoccupied with the fragrance of Scotches-and-sodas, mint juleps, rum collinses, and such . . . Spud blimper Charles of Charles à la Pomme Soufflée, 157 East 55th, sighs with regret that he cannot expand his small restaurant likewise so that more worshippers of his viands and *vins* might be wedged in . . . A-swing and a-sway under a Roof-full of Sammy Kaye enthusiasts, the Hotel Astor is miscounting on Harry James, next man up, to quiet the situation.

SAZERACS, gumbo, and pompano leap to one's mind at sight of the iron-lacework-balconied little house at 313 East 55th that looks as though snitched from the old French Quarter of New Orleans. No Creole connections, however. This is Hapsburg House, originally the *caprice Viennois* of happy-go-wacky pen-and-brushman Ludwig Bemelmans, who left no wallspace undoodled; now a fine restaurant, serving Blue Danube dishes of the choicest, with wines to match. After due libations in the amusing little bar, you can sail into marinated herring and chicken paprika right on the balcony, to the tinkling tunes of the zither player—neat performer, never noisy.

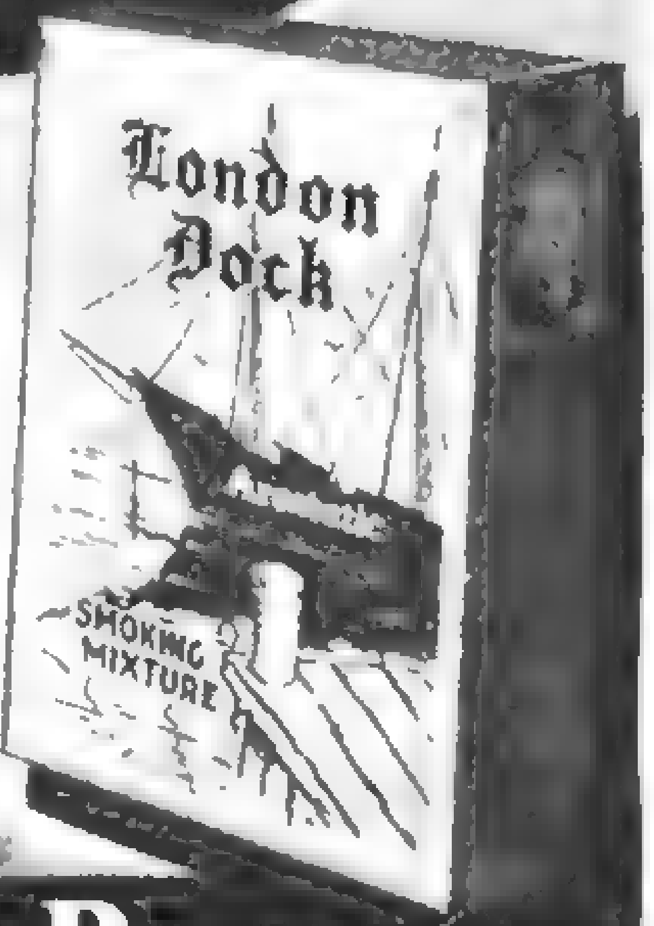
SKY ZEPHYRS meet social gleamers on the hoof at the St. Regis Roof, summer haven of the Maisonette set and the Iridium crowd. There's no floor show this year; you can concentrate on the pipperoo you feed bubbles to . . . Sip sounds occurring at the Jardin du Perroquet, shrubberied forefront of the Fifth Ave. Hotel (corner 9th St.), are covered up with bird songs. About a dozen cages of these feathered diplomats are on hand, out-chirping even the roar of a straw that hits bottom in a Planters' Punch.

"Smith always gets in first—she must like that London Dock Tobacco!"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3^{00} per lb.

Sample?
Send 10¢ to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis 2, Mo.



Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Wonderful, straight or half and half with brandy!

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DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

A truly distinguished after-dinner liqueur! Made in America, and honoring a name 250 years old. Enjoy Delecta neat or with brandy.

National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof

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SWAMPSCOTT
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Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott . . . Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . Every recreational feature . . . Private protected beach . . Cuisine includes many sea food specialties . . . Booklet.

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Home of Better Diamonds

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Home of Better RUMS

Only by tasting Jamaica Rums yourself can you discover the richness, mellowness and downright goodness that have made them the "By-word of Connoisseurs" for almost 300 years.
Ask for Jamaica Rums at your bar or package store.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

GENUINE *Jamaica Rums*

AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPENS AT 5 (Incl. SUN.)
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 7:30-9:30 P. M.
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STEAKS AND CHOPS

Symbol of special thoughtfulness and gracious hospitality

The Grand Old Drink of the South
SOUTHERN COMFORT

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SOUTHERN COMFORT

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.

First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
RESERVE

Enjoy this fine Whiskey . . .
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST!
Rare pre-war *whiskies in Three Feathers are skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

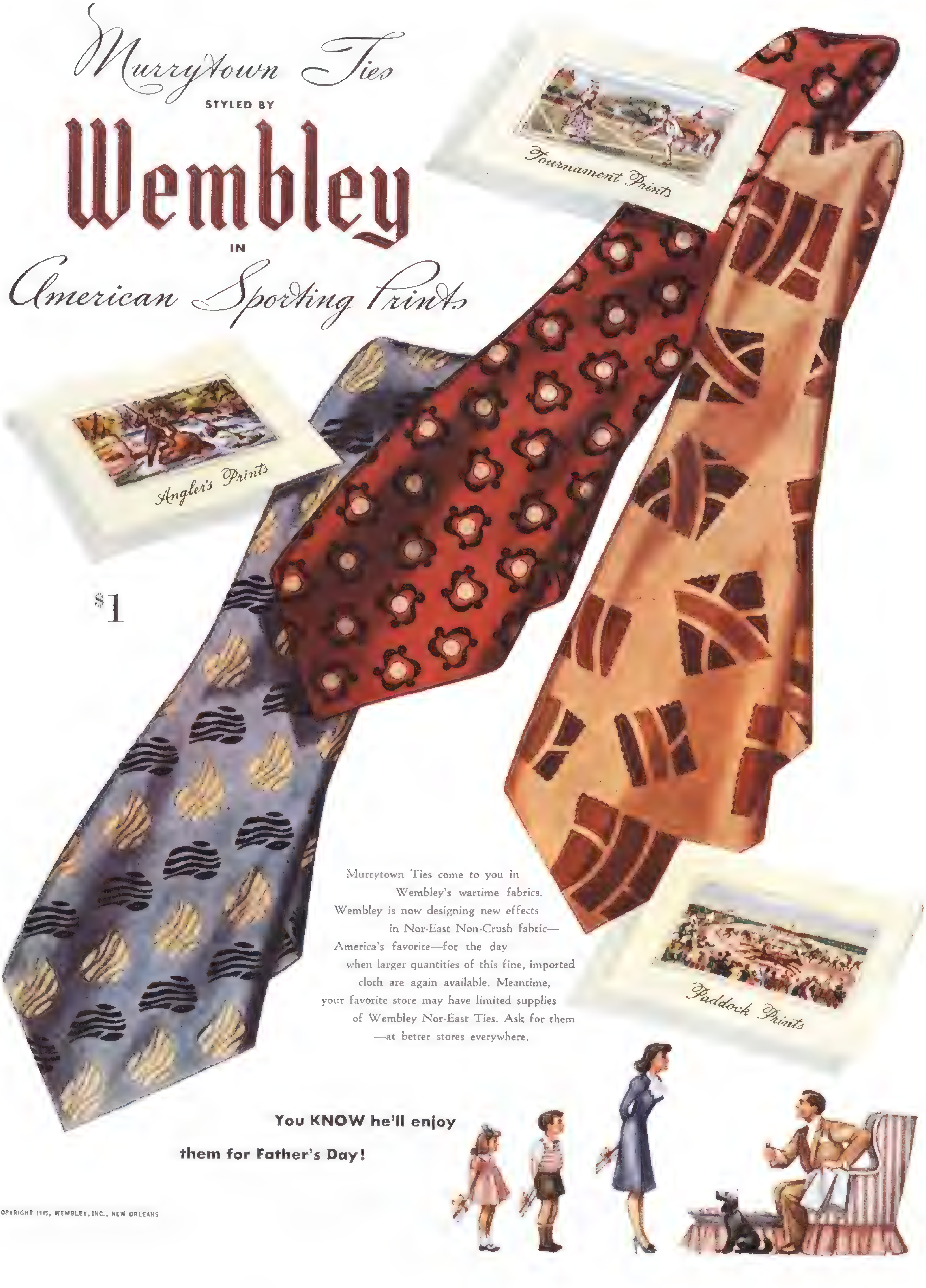
Murrytown Ties

STYLED BY

Wembley

IN

American Sporting Prints



$1

Murrytown Ties come to you in Wembley's wartime fabrics. Wembley is now designing new effects in Nor-East Non-Crush fabric—America's favorite—for the day when larger quantities of this fine, imported cloth are again available. Meantime, your favorite store may have limited supplies of Wembley Nor-East Ties. Ask for them—at better stores everywhere.

You KNOW he'll enjoy them for Father's Day!

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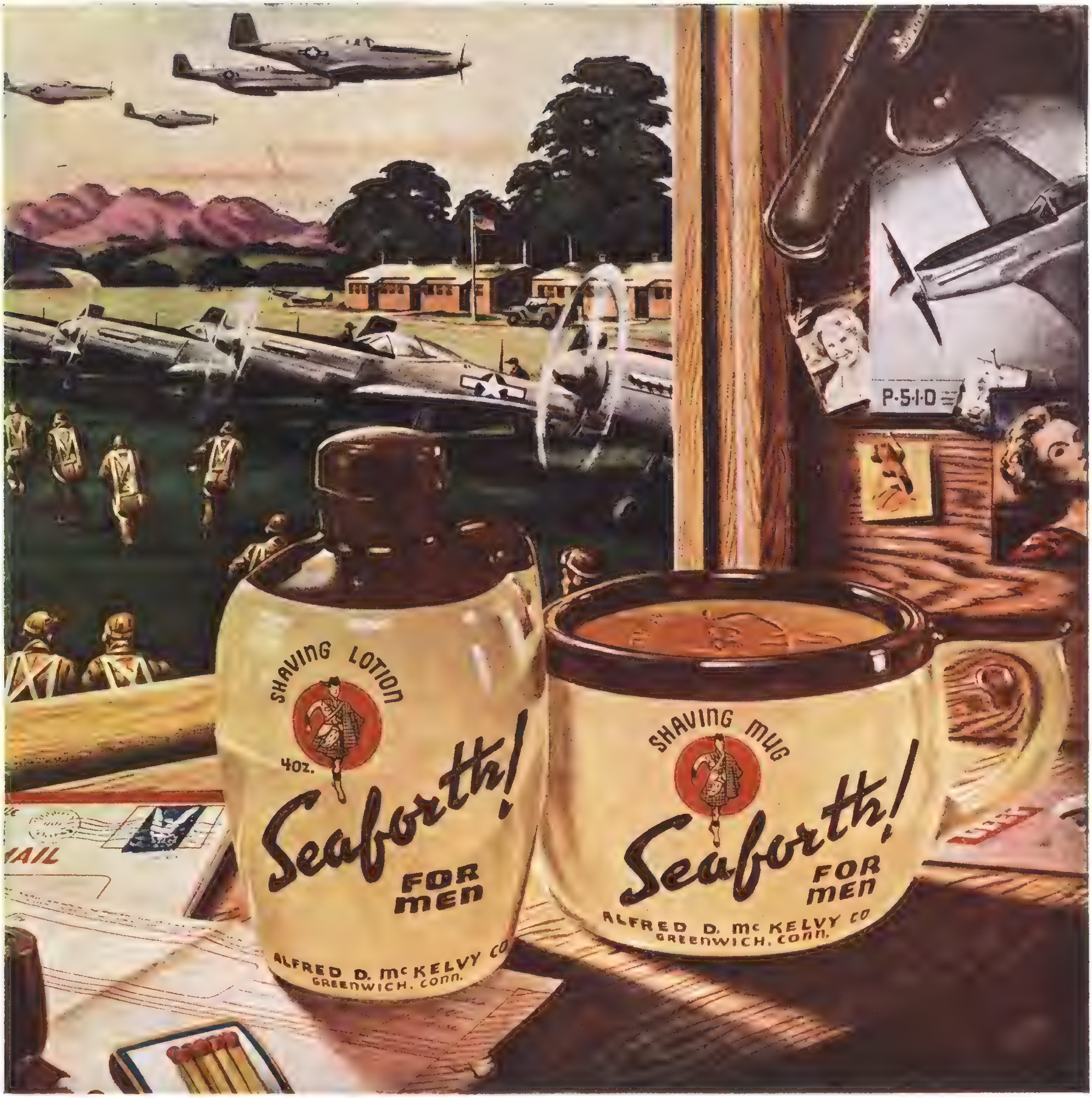
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4oz.
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
ALFRED D. McKELVY CO
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Smoother Going...

for men who are going places

It can't be defined in words... that aura about a man which comes of confidence and poise and well-being... a bearing that seems to give a man the green light—sets him high in any gathering. Some call it the "Seaforth Look." Yes, it *could* be partly due to a daily grooming with those super-refreshing toiletries of Seaforth. Learn what it means to step out each morning with "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." (In sturdy polished stoneware mugs and jugs—for that bracing outdoors suggestion of Scotch heather and fern.)

P.S. That man's Day is coming... Father's Day, June 17th

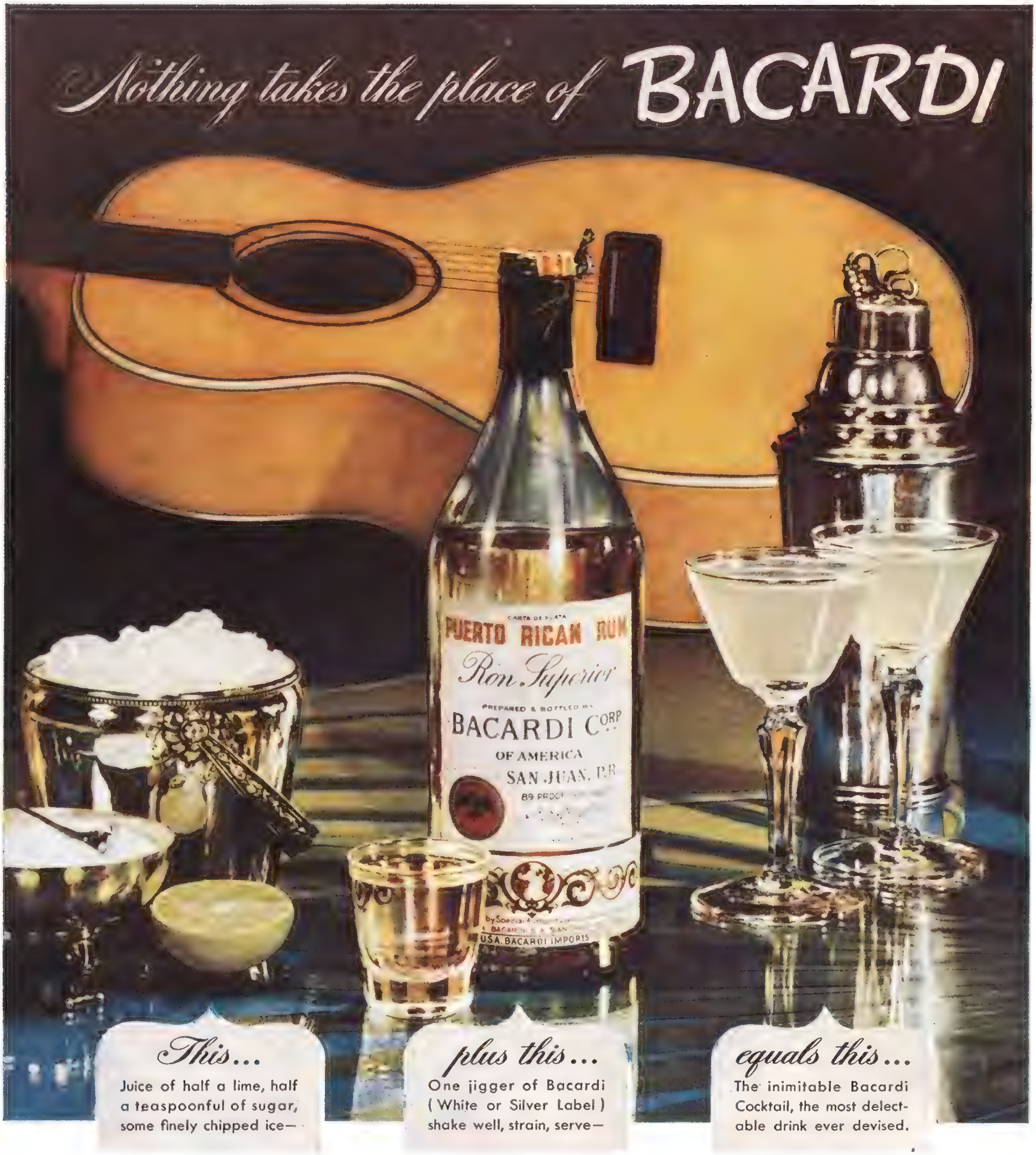
Seaforth!

FOR MEN

Shaving Soap
Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc
Men's Deodorant
Hair Dressing
Cologne
Liquid Shaving Soap
Men's Soap

ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.

10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK


Nothing takes the place of BACARDI
CARTA DE PLATA
PUERTO RICAN RUM
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PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
BACARDI CORP
OF AMERICA
SAN JUAN, P.R.
89 PROOF
USA. BACARDI IMPORTS

This...
Juice of half a lime, half a teaspoonful of sugar, some finely chipped ice—

plus this...
One jigger of Bacardi (White or Silver Label) shake well, strain, serve—

equals this...
The inimitable Bacardi Cocktail, the most delectable drink ever devised.

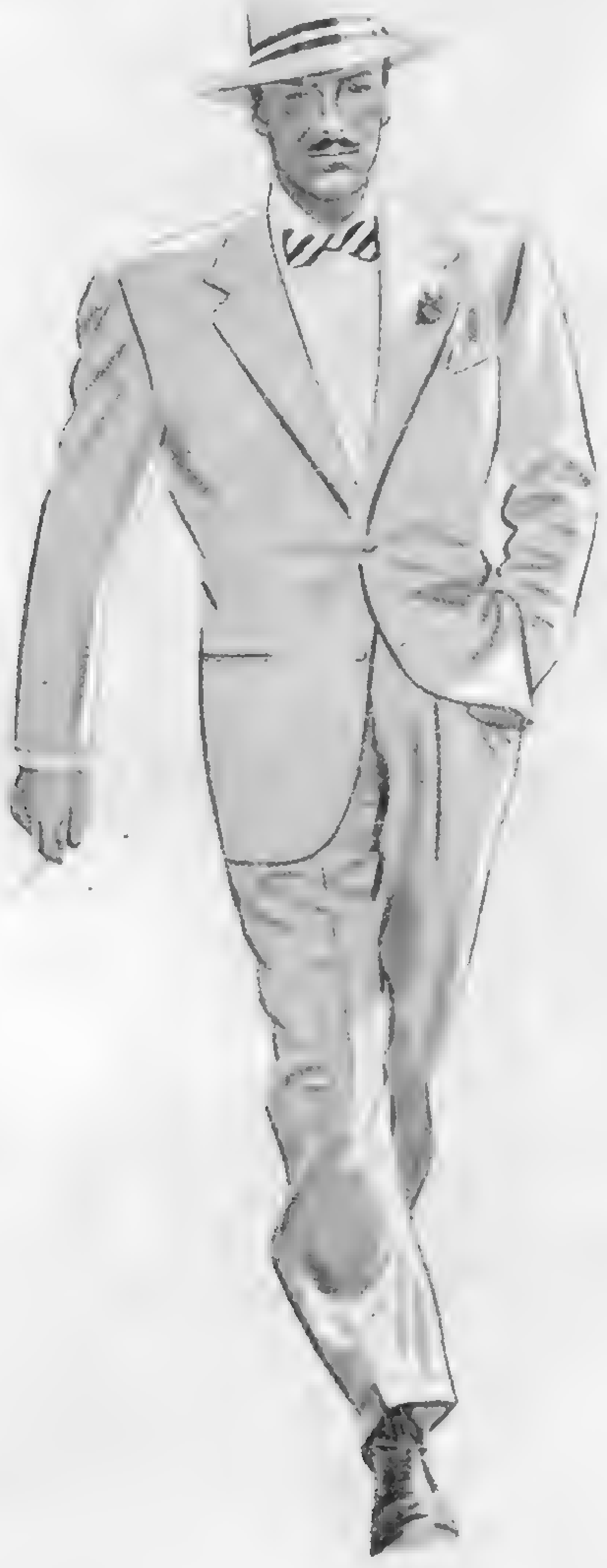
The Inimitable Bacardi Cocktail

In all the world no drink is more famous than the Bacardi Cocktail. Prepared the one and only way, as shown above, with the one and only Bacardi . . . it is the most delicious of all Cocktails. According to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936, a Bacardi Cocktail *must* be made with Bacardi, a name renowned over 82 years for matchless quality.

AND REMEMBER — NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS! . . . Bacardi Imports, Incorporated, New York, N. Y., RUM — 89 PROOF

TROPI-TEX

The Pure Worsted Suit that weighs only 43 ounces



Tropi-tex is exactly like your regular all-year-round suits, except that it weighs only 43 ounces (in size 38) and is of an open porous weave that lets the heat out and the breezes in.

The fabric is a fine pure worsted like your regular suits, loomed entirely of naphthalated wool, which is virgin wool, cleansed in naphtha baths to preserve its strength and resiliency.

The tailoring is like your fine regular suits.

The colors and patterns are like your regular suits, except that some are lighter in shade for the Summer season.

Tropi-tex will hold its shape and crease and smart appearance no matter how hot or humid the weather. It is a suit you will wear from now until late September.

TROPI-TEX IS TAILORED BY THE HOUSE OF WORSTED-TEX
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Painting the Town with Esquire

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HEALTHFUL hikers and low-neck-hackers to the Tavern-on-the-Green are whistle-lucky. Its Prof. Joe Bedosti used to shake 'em up at the old Central Park Casino . . . Returned GI's who've seen Paris are wondering why New York's Bal Tabarin, 225 West 46th, operated by Frenchmen, is so much cheaper, even for French champagne . . . Cram-packed with thrills, gals, and zany-antics is the circus-mooded, Louis Prima-primed show at the handsome new Carnival, 8th Ave. & 51st. Gapers at trapeze star Ullaine Molloy really gasp. The Calgary Brothers are guffawrious, and the eight Winnie Hoveler Dancers are pluperfs. All in all, it's cabaret entertainment of which this town ain't seen the likes.

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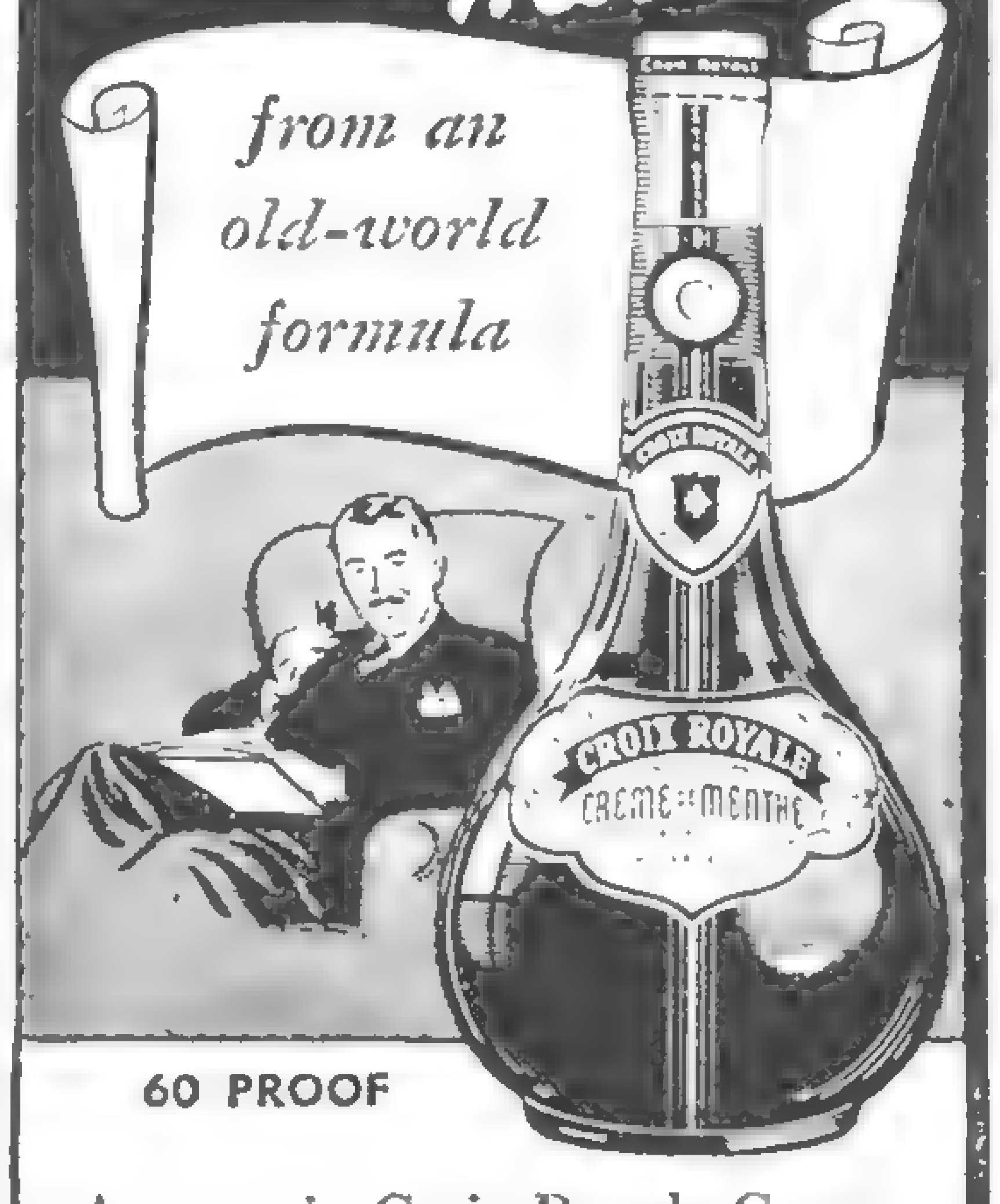
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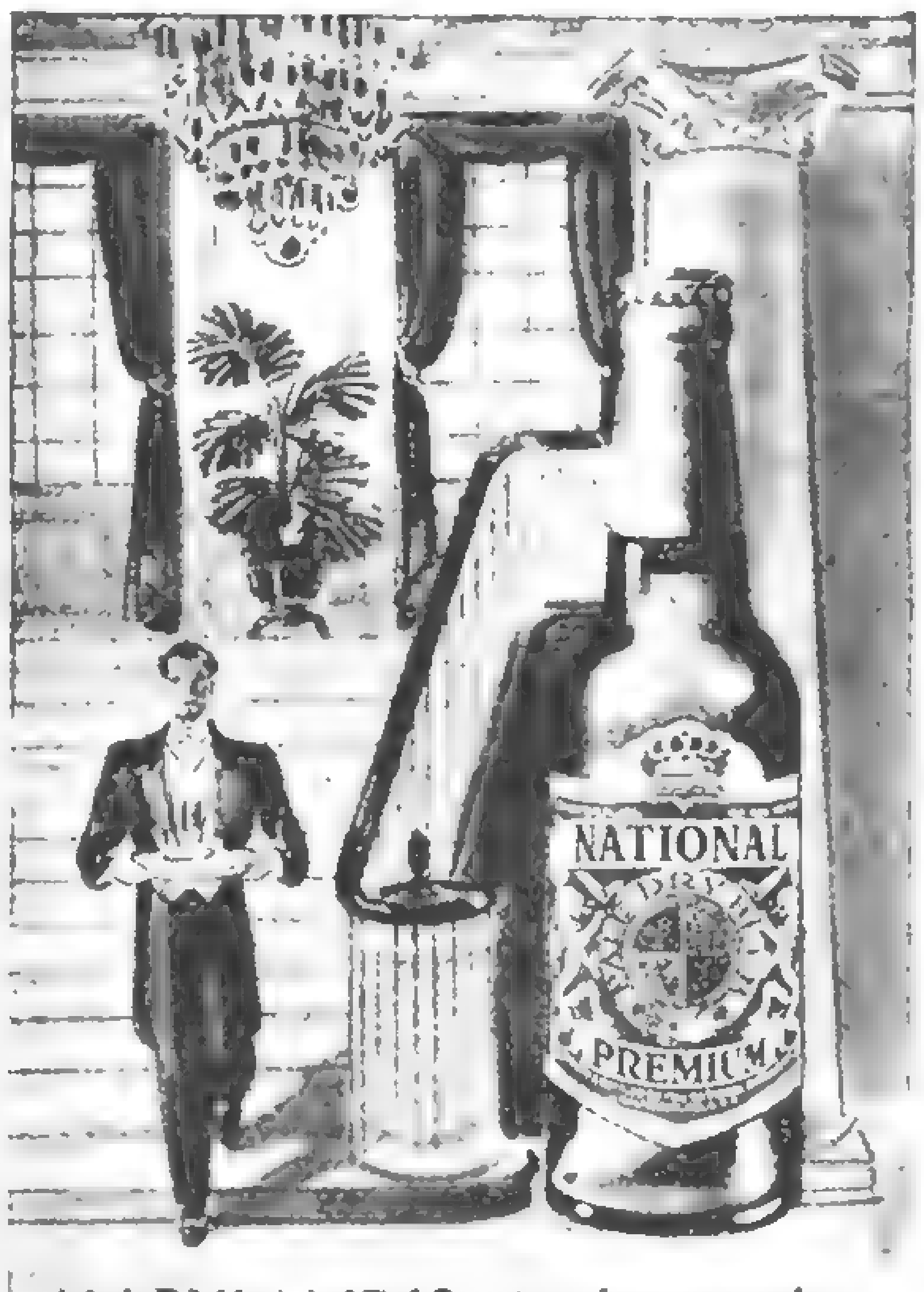

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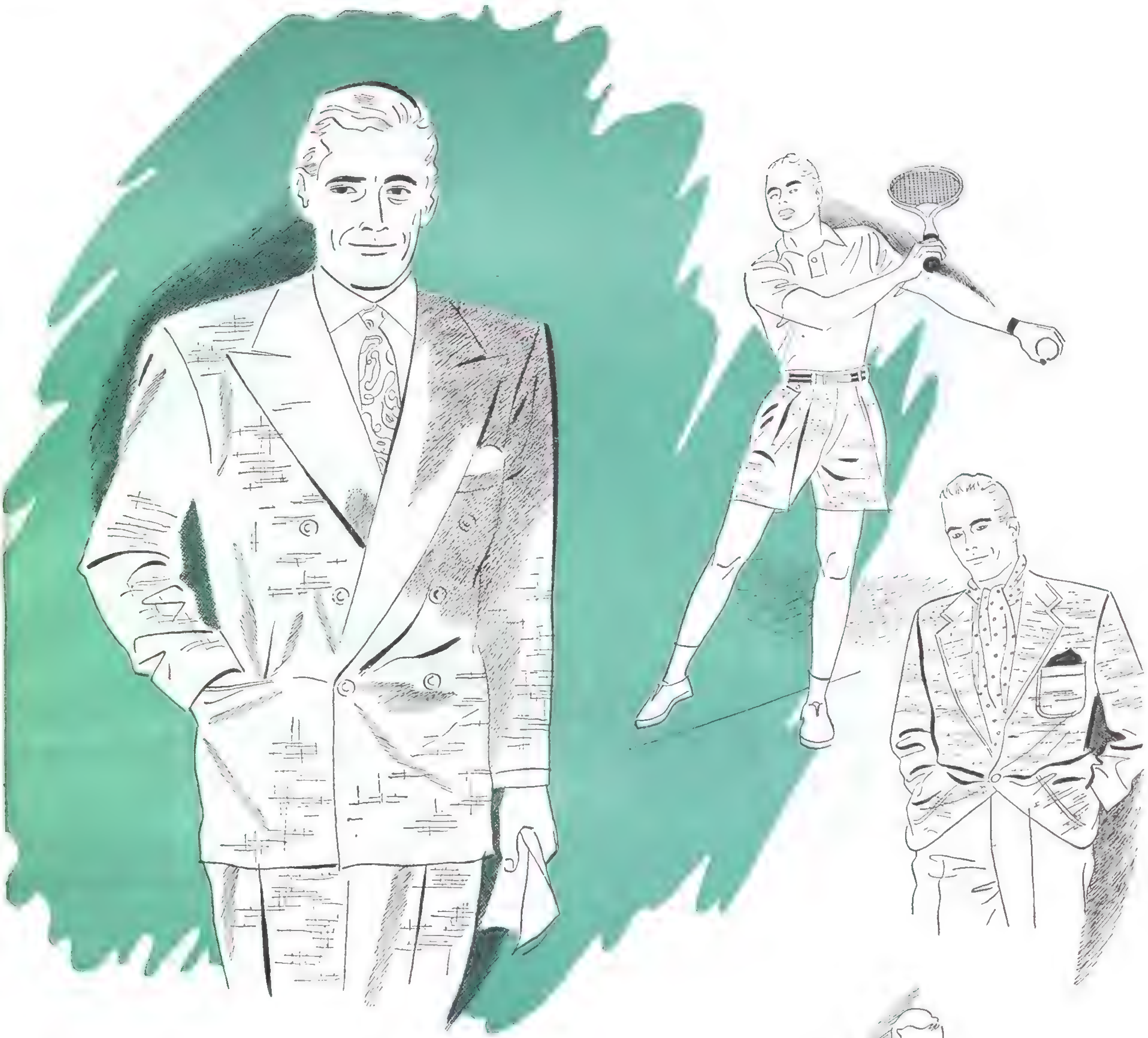

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Elliott Coldman

Elliott Coldman (*The Conquest of Arithmetic*, page 70) graduated from the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, where he so happily didn't learn mathematics. He found that advertising paid astonishing dividends and says he was saved from a lifetime at that trade by the war, in which he's been on mine-sweeping for a couple of years.

•

John Alden Knight (*Romance in a Fly Box*, page 87) has been fishing actively since he was four years old, mostly for fresh-water varieties. After graduating from Cornell in 1915, Knight dipped in and out of assorted businesses, all the time working at his real business of fishing. He's now on his eighth book, which, he says, "should be published this year—always providing the trout and bass fishing isn't too good."

•

Darrell Huff (*Americans Have More Fun*, page 40) says he's been working both sides of the street since he graduated from the University of Iowa. "The inside as associate editor of *Look*, managing editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*, associate editor of *Liberty*. The outside as a writer for a goodly assortment of national magazines — magazines for boys, girls, women, and now at last, The Magazine for Men." Huff and his wife, who he says does most of his work, have written a book called *Twenty Careers of Tomorrow*.

Darrell Huff

•

If There Is Another Time (page 42) is part of an unpublished novel which Richard Gehman dedicated to his friend Lt. Kenneth Gibbs, killed over Germany in August, 1943. Gehman served for two years in the Army, is twenty-three and comes from Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

•

James Stern (*The Man Behind the Bar*, page 52) is an Irishman, born in County Meath in 1904. He didn't start writing until he was twenty-five. By this time he had spent two years working on farms—and three as a clerk in banks in London and Germany. He joined the staff of a literary magazine in London and soon began to write short stories. Three times represented in Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of the Year*, Stern has contributed to many literary magazines. He now lives in New York.

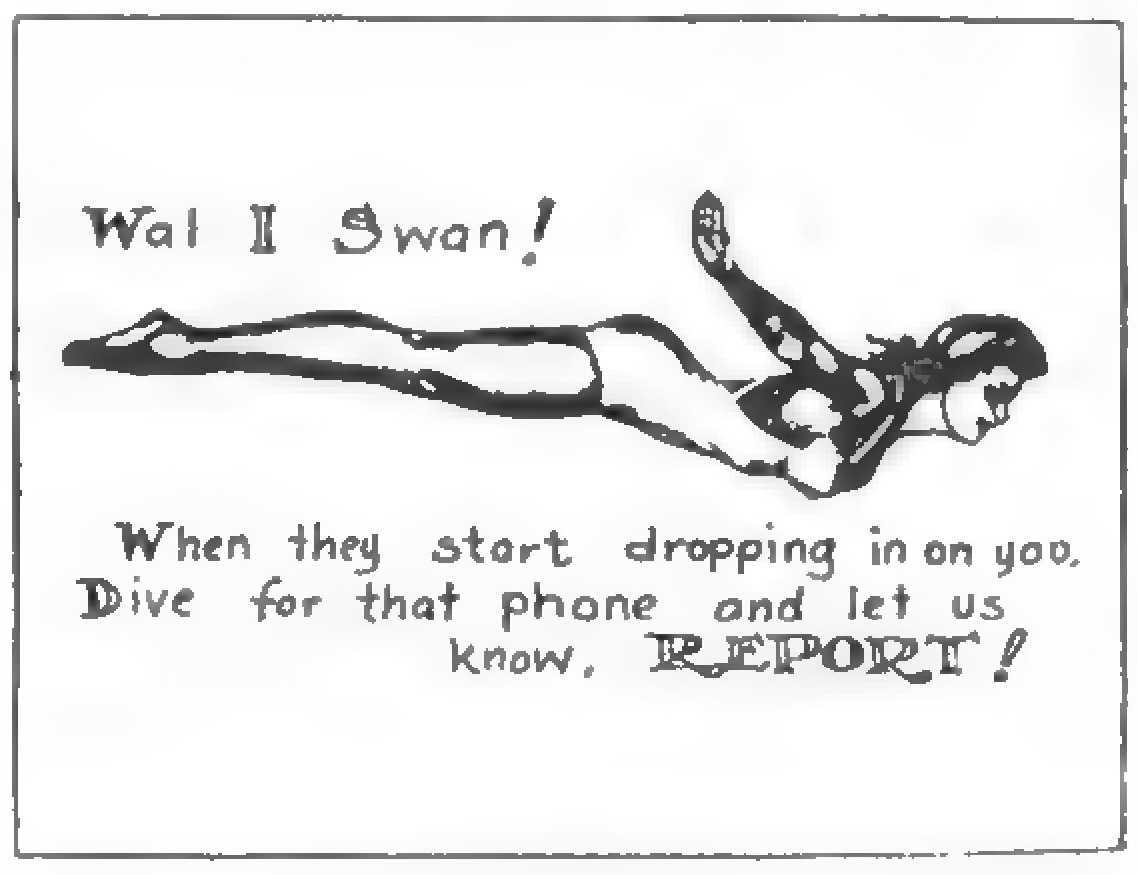
In the photo above, Private Garret Messnick of Springfield, West Virginia, who was injured by a sniper while with the second group of Merrill's Marauders, is looking over an overseas edition of Esquire at the U.S. General Hospital "Somewhere in Assam." Last month, over 237,000 copies of Esquire were distributed to men in Army, Marine and Coast Guard hospitals all over the world.

•

American soldiers are a strange breed, supremely indifferent to danger, casual about their exploits "above and beyond the call of duty." They will laugh off a War Department citation apologetically, "Oh, well, we have to keep busy you know," and make profane jokes about saving the world for democracy. There is one thing they're in dead earnest about, though, and that is their pin-up pictures. Hell has no fury like that of the private who crawls into his foxhole during a raid and finds that his favorite Varga girl has been filched by some uninvited, predatory guest.

The other day we received a letter from a lieutenant colonel in the Seventh Army, somewhere in the European battle zone. He explained that soldiers in the front lines just couldn't seem to remember to bother about reporting enemy shellfire to artillery headquarters. So he hit upon a scheme to whip up their flagging interest in this vital detail of the war. He sent them a new batch of report forms, which he called "shellreps," sugarcoated with facsimiles of that all-American flirt, the Varga girl. As he had hoped, beauty's bright smile turned the trick and thereafter shellreps from the front lines came in promptly.

Thus in her own agreeable fashion, and in the most unexpected places all over the world, the Varga girl is doing her duty. Asked if the girl-pictures on Goebbel's propaganda pamphlets were giving her any competition, she was highly amused. G.I. Joe is too busy advancing to read all that pap about surrendering, she smiled. As for the stall-fed fräuleins in the pictures—surely the Nazis must be sending in their scrub team!



Wal I Swan!
When they start dropping in on you, Dive for that phone and let us know, REPORT!

•

Sergeant Harry Jackson knew what he was doing when he sketched the battle-blackened Marine for "*Muster at Halloran and Bethesda*," on page 57. His colonel writes of Jackson, "He imparts the smell of death and burning rubble to his drawings because he has lived, eaten and slept with it in his nostrils." As Marine Combat Artist, Jackson used everything from a bomb crater at Tarawa to a partially demolished house at Saipan for a "studio." He was wounded at Tarawa and Saipan. He is twenty-one years old, and comes from Pitchfork, Wyoming. For word from Lt. (j.g.) Richard Goggin, who wrote "*Muster at Halloran and Bethesda*," see editorial on page 5.

•

One of Esquire's Discoveries of the Month is David R. Ebbitt, whose *For the Love of Knowledge* is his first published story. Ebbitt is an instructor of English at Brown University—but, he hastens to add, his story is *not* autobiographical. He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1919, attended Brown and is married to a Canadian girl. "Both of us," he writes, "are engaged in beating the cruder points of English composition into the skulls of reluctant freshmen. Periodically I'm drafted, but the military is depressed by my ulcer, and I'm sent back to teach those with more acceptable innards."

David R. Ebbitt

•

Albert J. Hoban, our other Discovery of the Month, says, "*On Account of Darkness* is the first fiction I've had published since a very close friend of mine was appointed editor of my college monthly. After spending too much of my time playing twilight baseball in the sand-lot leagues around Rhode Island, I managed to graduate from Providence College in 1932 and Harvard Law School in 1936. From that time until I entered the Navy as a Lt. (j.g.) in the Spring of 1943, I was a minor bureaucrat, never rising to a status where I rated a chrome decanter on my desk. I was a trial lawyer and decision writer for the N.L.R.B. for five years and then transferred to the O.P.A." ⵌ

Albert J. Hoban

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The Prison Camp of Motu-Uta

One of the curiosities of this war is the beautiful little flowerpot of an island which is used as a prison camp

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

IN the attractively bound little guidebook I carry in my musette bag it says that Tahiti is a "veritable land of dreams." Attractively bound little guidebooks are not always partial to the facts, but the one I have happens to be telling the truth. Tahiti is unquestionably a land of dreams, even in these sleepless times. There is nothing the guidebook says about Tahiti that I can quibble with. It says that the flowers of the island are lush and lovely, the natives are gay and carefree, and the sunsets ("which enkindle the Tahitian sky with a veritable riot of color") are beyond compare. All this is absolutely true. It says that the food is wonderful. True. It is not only wonderful, it is cheap. In Tahiti you can get a filet mignon 35 millimeters thick, with all the fancy French trimmings, for about thirty cents. You can eat yourself sick on what the guidebook calls the "superb French cuisine," for fifty American cents. All in all, the little guidebook is as good as gospel on the subject of Tahiti. I know of no place in the world today which has been less affected by the war and which pays less attention to it than Tahiti.

You might say that Tahiti has never heard of the war, but, unfortunately, that is not quite the case. There *is* one thing in the most celebrated tropical paradise of them all which is a constant reminder of the world outside the door. One thing.

The island of Motu-Uta is in the very center of the bay of Papeete. Papeete is the capital of Tahiti. From most any spot on the main street of Papeete you can see Motu-Uta out in the bay. It is a tiny island, certainly not a good city block in diameter. In former times it was a vacation spot for the kings and queens of Tahiti. It is a round island, covered right down to its shore line with palm trees. From the streets of Papeete it looks like a flowerpot, set smack in the center of one of the beautiful harbors of the world. All day long the small, white copra schooners and the outrigger canoes of the natives sail past Motu-Uta and around it. There was a time when the natives used to beach their canoes on the shore of the island and go swimming there, for it has an excellent beach, but nowadays that is prohibited. Motu-Uta is taboo. It happens to be a prison camp.

The first time the place was pointed out to me the man who did the pointing was a Frenchman who insisted on speaking a very high grade of English. "Can you imagine," he asked me, "a more perfect spot to be incarcerated? An island in the bay of Papeete—a perfect climate—all the true appurtenances of your tropical paradise—coconut trees, a perfect beach for swimming, food, water, wine, supplied in abundance! The men out there are perhaps the most fortunate prisoners of war in the world." As he said it, it sounded enticing. If you had to be a prisoner of war, Motu-Uta was obviously the place for it. The little flowerpot of an island certainly looks like good duty from the streets of Papeete. Of course, there is a story that goes with the place.

In 1939 when war broke out between France and Germany, there was a handful of Germans on the island of Tahiti. They were all established residents of the place. There was no cause to suspect any of them of having anything to do with the Nazis, but the local government on Tahiti was taking no chances. The German residents of Tahiti were taken out to the opposite side of the island and put into jail in a town called Taravao. The jail at Taravao is not a modern one. The French themselves refer to it as a dungeon.

Among the Germans thus expeditiously, albeit unceremoniously, jugged, was one of royal blood, a Prince Karl Schönburg. There was also a German painter named Wolff. Both these men had lived in Tahiti for years. They were the most prominent of the five Germans thrust into the dungeon at Taravao. The five Germans were soon joined by one Italian. He was a sort of circuit dentist who had been traveling through the Society Islands for years, pulling and filling native teeth. The French picked him up and locked him up with the Germans.

The prisoners of war languished in Taravao for two years. The news of their imprisonment took a long time to reach their friends and relatives in Europe, but when it did there were repercussions of a spectacular nature. The wife of Prince Karl, a lady in waiting to the Queen of Italy, interceded for him with the Vatican. The Pope himself sent inquiries about the welfare of his friend, the German prince. It was one of the unique cases of Vatican intervention in this war.

It had no effect at all upon the prince's welfare. He stayed in the dungeon. So did the other Germans. So did the Italian dentist.

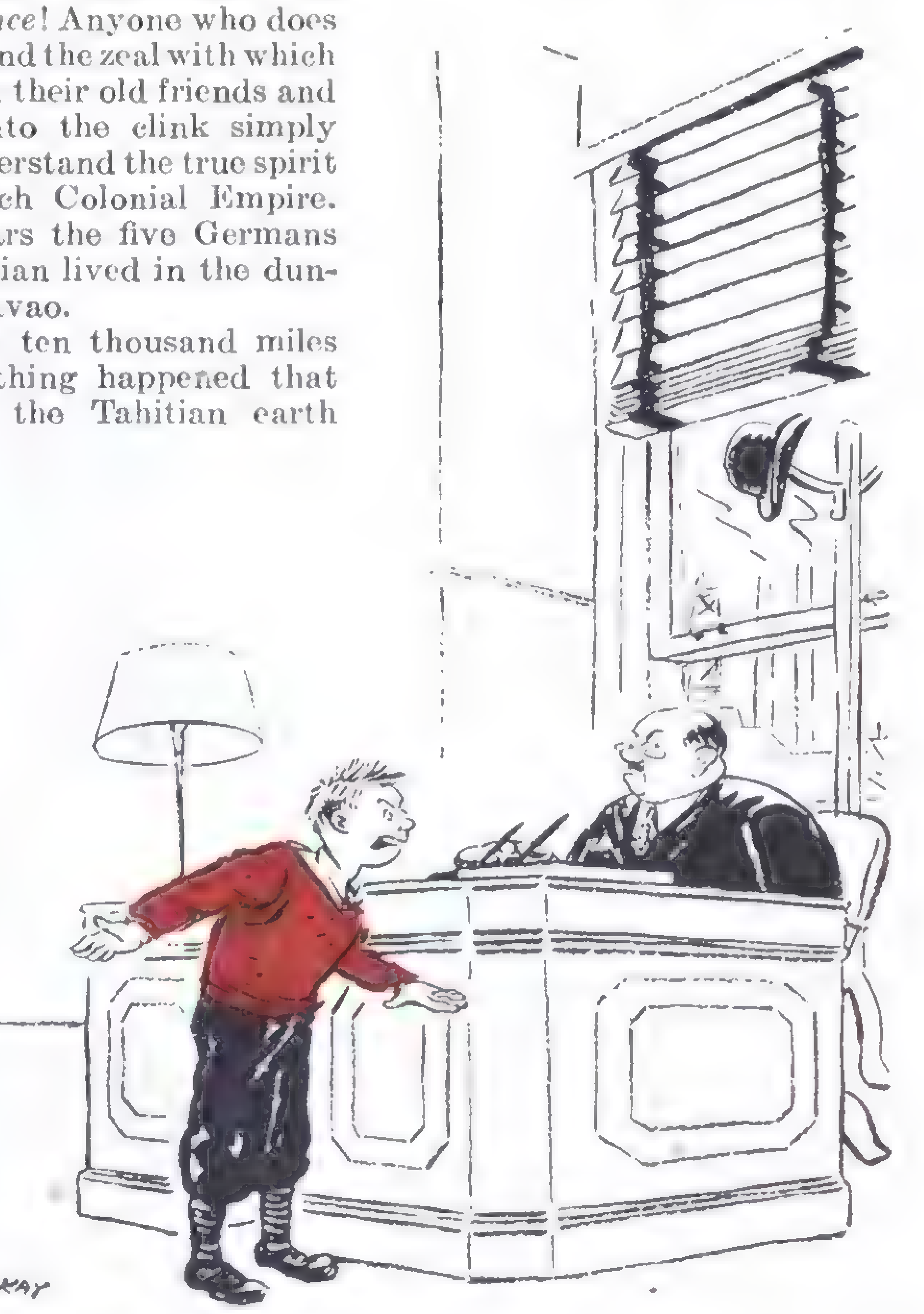
The French in Tahiti were determined to make a big issue over the prisoners of war. They had their good reasons to make a big issue of it. In those days Tahiti was approximately ten thousand miles from the war itself. The patriots on Tahiti were far from the battlefields, but they were, nevertheless, extremely patriotic. Consequently, when war was declared in Europe, the fact that there were Germans in their midst was enough to bring their Gallic-Tahitian blood to a boil. It made no difference that those Germans happened to be old friends—they were Germans. Here was a true patriot's chance to get into the war, here was a chance to make a gesture for *la patrie*. Into the dungeon with the miscreants, and *Vive La France*! Anyone who does not understand the zeal with which they clapped their old friends and neighbors into the clink simply does not understand the true spirit of the French Colonial Empire. For two years the five Germans and one Italian lived in the dungeon at Taravao.

And then, ten thousand miles away, something happened that made even the Tahitian earth shake. France had surrendered.

The whole French Colonial Empire almost had a nervous breakdown. Tahiti itself was one of the first French possessions to declare for De Gaulle and the Free French, but that declaration itself was symptomatic of those erratic times, for it was a declaration that wasn't quite unanimous. There were plenty of Frenchmen on Tahiti who declared for Vichy. The governor of Tahiti, a Free Frenchman, immediately rounded up as many Vichyites as he could find and he sent them to Taravao, to keep the Germans company. However, the governor soon had a housing problem on his hands, for Taravao just couldn't hold all the Vichyites. That was when the local government decided to use the island of Motu-Uta as a prison camp.

It was the perfect place for it. Motu-Uta is right under the eye of Papeete. Escape is entirely possible, but the only place you

Continued on page 127



"I'm carrying the burden of responsibility around here—anything goes wrong it's, 'Hey, Johnny'—how about a raise"

For the Love of Knowledge

Within the college's not-so-cloistered walls, a faculty member finds opportunism and snobbery swing their accustomed weight

by DAVID R. EBBITT

• FICTION •

Correcting final examinations on a sultry June afternoon was tiresome. Arthur Hopkins, instructor in English, swung his swivel chair away from the window. Half a dozen pink booklets still were to be read. When these were marked he would be finished with English 17, 18—Survey of English Literature from Beowulf to Bernard Shaw. He would have two weeks of freedom before the summer term. Arthur Hopkins sighed. His sixth semester at Stratford College was almost at an end.

On the cover of the pink booklet in his hand was written the name Conklin, J. J.—VIII. Eighth semester. A graduating senior. Mr. Hopkins frowned. What was a senior doing in English 17, 18? The survey course was an introduction to literature, intended for freshmen. Who was this Conklin anyway—? There were only twenty-eight men in the course; but he could picture no Conklin, J. J. He took his grade book from the desk. Here: Eng. 17, 18; Sec. 4; Grp. II: Carrol, Coleman, Conklin. Yes, Conklin, J. J. No wonder the name was unfamiliar. There had been eight exams in the course and Conklin, J. J. had missed all but the second and on that he got an E. Why, he had thought that Conklin, J. J. had dropped the course months ago. But here, now, was his pink book for the final examination.

Arthur Hopkins opened the booklet and began to read. He hesitated and turned the following pages, one, two, three. The rest of the book was blank. The instructor's lip curled. Final examination of a year course, two hours' work, three pages. And what pages! Lord, what a moron! He closed the booklet and drew the grade sheet to him. Beside Conklin, J. J. he placed a large F with his fountain pen. Failure, flunk, fiasco, flop. Arthur Hopkins grinned. Then, struck by a thought, he picked up a stack of post cards. These were the cards which were turned in, self-addressed, with the exam books by those students who were eager to know their grades. Could Conklin, J. J. have any doubt? Hah, yes! Mr. Hopkins picked out the card. On the stamped side was neatly typed "John J. Conklin, Sigma Zeta House," and on the back "My final grade is—. Thank you." Arthur Hopkins was tempted to write something biting, but he decided against it. He printed a neat E on the dotted line.

At three o'clock the next afternoon in his office Arthur Hopkins was considering a question. The semester was ended; his work was done. Should he stay over Saturday for Commencement, or leave immediately for a few days in New York before going to his home in Ohio? *If* he stayed and marched in the Commencement procession, he *might* be noticed and being noticed did a young instructor no harm. They'd all be there: the deans, the trustees, the important alumni, everyone who mattered. There was the future to be considered.

A knock roused him. "Come in."

A short, plump, blond boy walked into the room. He wore a rumpled seersucker suit, a white shirt without a tie, and loafers. "Fraternity boy," Arthur Hopkins decided immediately. He hadn't the vaguest idea who this student was.

"Yes?" he said, smiling, "Can I help you?"

The boy's fat, sunburned face was blank. "I'm John Conklin," he said. "I wanted to talk to you about my grade."

"Oh." Arthur Hopkins continued to smile. "Of course. You got your card. Well, what's troubling you, Conklin?"

"The grade," the boy said, looking at Arthur Hopkins. "An E. It means I can't graduate."

Arthur Hopkins leaned back in his chair. Every term one of these turned up. Sometimes tears, sometimes threats, sometimes dramatics.

"Sit down, Conklin," he said, letting his smile fade. The boy sat stiffly on the leather chair beside the desk.

"Now, after all, we must be sensible." Arthur Hopkins touched the grade book. "You know your record. Only a magnificent exam could have got you through the course. Your exam is right here. Would you care to go over it?"

"I know the exam was no good," the boy said. "But I've got to graduate. My family's coming up Friday."

Arthur Hopkins frowned. "Now, we're not being sensible. Of course, you want to graduate. Of course, you don't want to disappoint your family. But you have failed. Utterly. And nothing can be done about it."

The fat boy's face didn't change.

"I'm a history major," he said. "I just took this course because . . ."

"Because you thought it a snap," Arthur Hopkins interrupted. "But that's beside the point. What we come to finally is the grade you received in English 17, 18. And that grade is E. Do you think you deserve a higher grade, Conklin?"

"I don't know about that. I just know I have to graduate, that's all." The boy was looking at him doggedly.

"I'm sorry." Arthur Hopkins pushed back his chair and rose. "You are a failure in my course, Conklin. There's nothing more to be said."

The boy looked at him a moment and then turned and walked out of the office. He left the door wide open.

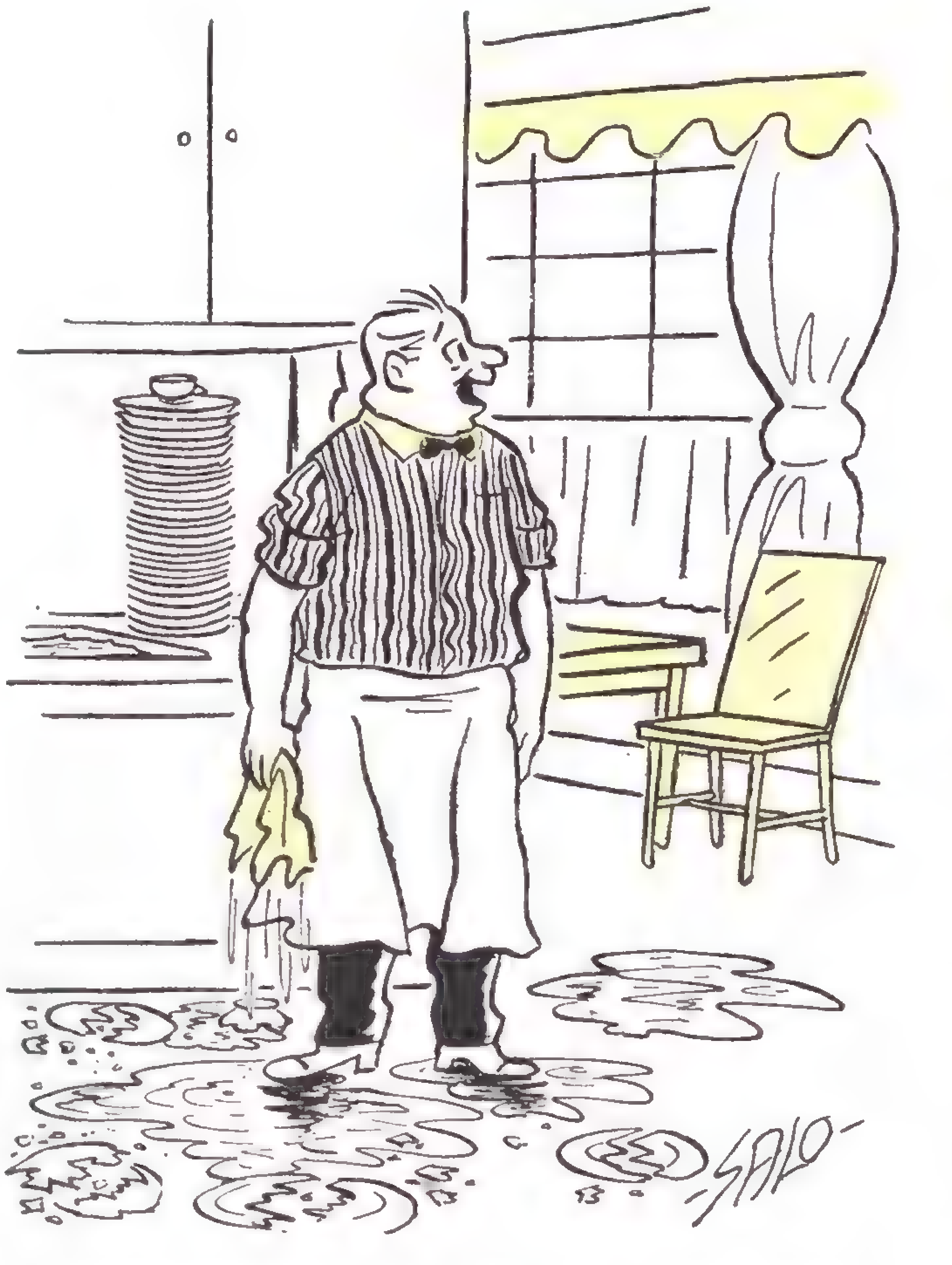
Half an hour later Arthur Hopkins was finishing a letter to his brother in New York. "Expect me on the following evening," he wrote with decision. He was tired out; he needed some relaxation.

The buzzer on his desk sounded. He picked up the phone. "Yes?"

"Dean Whitman is calling you, Dr. Hopkins," the Department secretary said coldly.

"Thank you, Miss Kaul. Put him through, please."

As he waited Arthur Hopkins squinted across the campus at the traditional restored-colonial Administration building with its traditional coat of ivy. Dean Whitman, traditional dean of the traditional small New England college would be squatting behind his broad mahogany desk in his



"I clipped ten seconds off last night's time, dear"

Oxford grey double-breasted suit, his smooth-shaven red face scowling under its thatch of theatrical-looking hair.

Arthur Hopkins worried as he waited. The Dean had never called him before.

The line crackled. "Hello?" Dean Whitman's voice bellowed. "This you, Hopkins?"

"Yes," Arthur Hopkins said.

"This's Bill Whitman, Hopkins."

Arthur Hopkins swallowed. "Yes, sir. How are you, Dean Whitman?"

"Fine, fine," Dean Whitman said jovially. "First rate, Hopkins. Say, what's this about the Conklin boy? Hear he's had some trouble in your course."

Arthur Hopkins relaxed. "Well, if a flunk's trouble, he's had some, sir. He failed as completely as a semi-literate person could."

"Oh . . . Yes . . ." The Dean's voice convinced Arthur Hopkins that he had said the wrong thing. There was a pause. "You don't think there'd be any point in reconsidering the case?"

"No, sir. There was absolutely no question about Conklin's grade. His numerical average would be about fifteen."

"Umm." The pause was even longer this time. "Say, look here, Hopkins. I don't want to give you the impression that I'm butting in. But as man to man, as a personal favor I mean, I wish you would reconsider this case. I've had a lot of good reports on young Conklin, some very fine reports. And, after all, Hopkins, Saturday's graduation day. His family's coming up. Fine people. Father's Hugh Conklin, the broker. I would appreciate it if you just look over your records. Just a little check up, shall we say, to see that we're doing as well by the boy as we possibly can. How about that, Hopkins?"

"Certainly, Dean Whitman," Arthur Hopkins said uncertainly. "I'll be glad to check over the grades."

"That's splendid," the Dean said. "I appreciate this, Hopkins. Knew I could count on you. I told young Conklin here that you'd give him a square deal."

Arthur Hopkin's jaw tightened. "I don't think it will do any good."

"Oh? . . ." The pause again. "Well, we can't tell till we've done it, now can we? You go over the case, if you will, Hopkins, and let me know in the morning. Thanks a lot. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Arthur Hopkins said.

He put down the phone. This was what was called pressure. But, good Lord, it was no question of a point or two; there was no conflict here between severity and leniency. Conklin was a hopeless failure.

He stood up, folded the letter and put the envelope in his pocket. He thought of his position. The Dean wanted Conklin to be allowed to graduate. If Hopkins stuck to his guns, the Dean was helpless. But from that time on Hopkins would be "that rather difficult instructor" . . . or "doesn't really co-operate" . . . and perhaps "doesn't really fit in well here at the college." Arthur Hopkins hunched his slight shoulders and went out into the hot street.

His room, on the third floor of an old house two blocks from the campus, was small but Arthur Hopkins was extremely fond of it. There were his books, his pho-

Continued on page 176

Author Savagely Lashes Back

Irked writer gets even with inquisitive onlooker by savage dose of own medicine

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• BELLES-LETTRES •

"Hi there, Mack, old sock, how's it going?"

"Okay. I can't complain."

"I read that piece of yours."

"Uh huh."

"Say, where do you get those ideas of yours?"

"Well, Joe, it's hard to say."

"How do you happen to *think* of those things?"

"Oh, I suppose they—"

"How'd you happen to take up writing anyhow?"

"Well, I—"

"Ever written a play, Mack? There's lots of money in plays—"

"Joe, what do you do for a living?"

"That's funny, Mack. You know I manufacture clothes."

"Tell me this, Joe; how do you happen to get all those ideas?"

"What?"

"Those ideas — like putting two sleeves on coats and two legs on pants?"

"Well, I don't know — I mean well, they've always—"

"Do you just sit down and wait for an idea to come to you?"

"Certainly not! I—"

"Do you just make clothes when the spirit moves you?"

"Have you been drinking?"

"Don't interrupt me, Joe. I'm curious to find out about your business. Maybe just as many things as you'd like to know about mine. Now tell me this, Joe. Just what decided you to go into the clothing business anyhow?"

"The fact is I started out—"

"Never mind. Tell me, do you really get *paid* for your work?"

"Of course they pay me."

"Tell me how much you make—if you DON'T mind my asking."

"Well, I do mind. It's none of your blankety-blank business—"

"You folks in the clothing business are secretive, aren't you?"

"Not at all. It's just that it's none of your da—"

"Now here's something else I'd like to know. Do you manufacture all kinds of clothing?"

"Nope. Just men's."

"Just men's! That's peculiar."

"What's so peculiar about it?"

"Never thought of turning out women's clothes, did you?"

"No, I'm satisfied with—"

"That's funny. They say there's a gold mine there."

"Well, I'm satisfied with—"

"Never tried manufacturing children's clothes, did you?"

"No! NO! I tell you just men's!"

"You don't have to get sore. But I think you're passing up a good thing. I had a friend who cleaned up on children's togs."

"Maybe he did. So what?"

"Well, I should think you'd at least want to give it a try."

"I'm sticking to men's clothes."

"Never thought of trying your hand at horse blankets, did you?"

"Horse blankets! Are you crazy, Mack?"

"*That's* where the money is."

"I don't care—"

"Say, Joe, do me a favor? Here's an idea I thought up by myself—for a man's coat. Now be perfectly frank, Joe. I'll admit there are probably a *few* things about the clothing business that I don't know."

"That's generous of you."

"Now you'll promise me you'll be honest and tell me if this idea strikes you as no good."

"Yeah, I'll tell you, Mack."

"Here's what I thought of: why not put out a black or a dark blue overcoat for formal evening wear? Come on now, Joe, don't be shy. If you don't like the idea, say so. My feelings won't be hurt."

"Well—I mean—the fact is, it has been done, Mack. That's what they call a Chesterfield."

"What! Are you insinuating my idea isn't original?"

"What I mean is, Mack—"

"Huh! That's the way all you clothing manufacturers are. Too proud to admit that somebody *else* might have an idea."

"Not at all, Mack. You don't understand."

"Oh, never mind, skip it. But mind you don't go stealing that idea from me."

"No fear."

"Say, you never thought of making women's hats, did you?"

"I've told you about ten times—just men's clothes! Nothing else!"

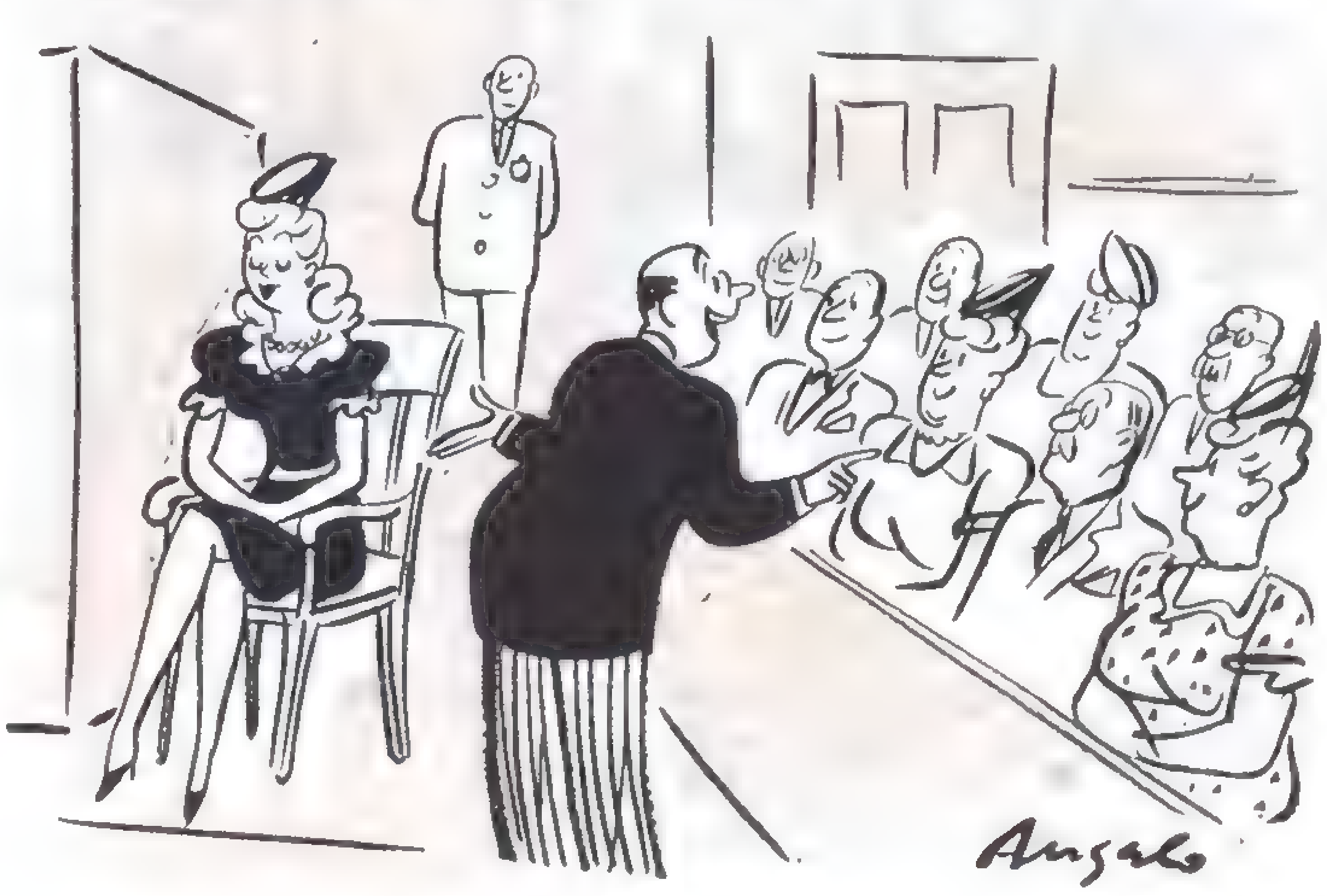
"Now don't get sore. I'm just trying to tell you how you could double your income. I'm surprised you don't know there's a fortune in women's hats."

"I tell you I don't give a good g—"

"Tch! Remember what I said about keeping your temper! Now then is there anything more you'd like to ask *me* about the writing game?"

"No! And by the way, what's the matter with you today, anyhow, Mack? Are you off your noggin? Don't you feel all right?"

"On the contrary, Joe, old boy, now that I've got that off my chest I never felt better—and when I say *never* I mean NEVER!" ###



"If this court awards my client the $10,000 she's going to buy War Bonds with it"

Americans Have More Fun

Being a collection of yarns about that peculiar and inspired kind of screwball ingenuity known as the practical joke

by DARRELL HUFF

• ARTICLE •

On any list of the qualities that make American fighting men great, you'd have to give a place to a peculiar kind of screwball ingenuity. American engineers at Aachen had it when they invented that extemporaneous secret weapon, the Aachen Express, by loading abandoned trolley cars with captured explosives and coasting them down into the besieged city.

The trick didn't do a lot of damage, but it was fun while it lasted; and the idea was rooted in the same traits that make the practical joke predominantly an American form of humor. It is as characteristic of the U. S. male as is the humor of exaggeration, to which it is exuberant kin. No labor, no ingenuity is too great if there's a laugh to be found in it—that's the general idea.

One genius of the joke that works is Dr. Clyde R. Miller of Columbia University, who makes up his gags as he goes along. Idling along Broadway one day with a friend, he discovered a professional-looking measuring tape on display in a show window.

"There's an idea in that tape," observed Miller and he went in and bought it. He dragged his puzzled friend into a large and imposing restaurant frequented by gentry of Wall Street. As soon as they got into the busy room, Miller, without hesitation, went into his act. Whipping out pencil and tape, he began to mark and measure the walls. Spotting, out of a corner of his eye, the approach of the proprietor of the place, the psychologist commenced to shout orders at his embarrassed companion.

"Put the partition here," he ordered matter-of-factly, "and the plumbing there. This wall will have to come out. . . ."

"What's going on here?" demanded the proprietor.

"Just measuring for the alterations," said Miller.

"But how about my lease?" asked the distressed restaurateur.

"Lease-shmease," shrugged Miller. "I don't know nothin' about no lease. I just follow the blueprints."

Turning to his friend, Miller ordered, "Start work with a gang of six, first thing in the morning." And, pushing the still speechless friend ahead of him, he walked out.

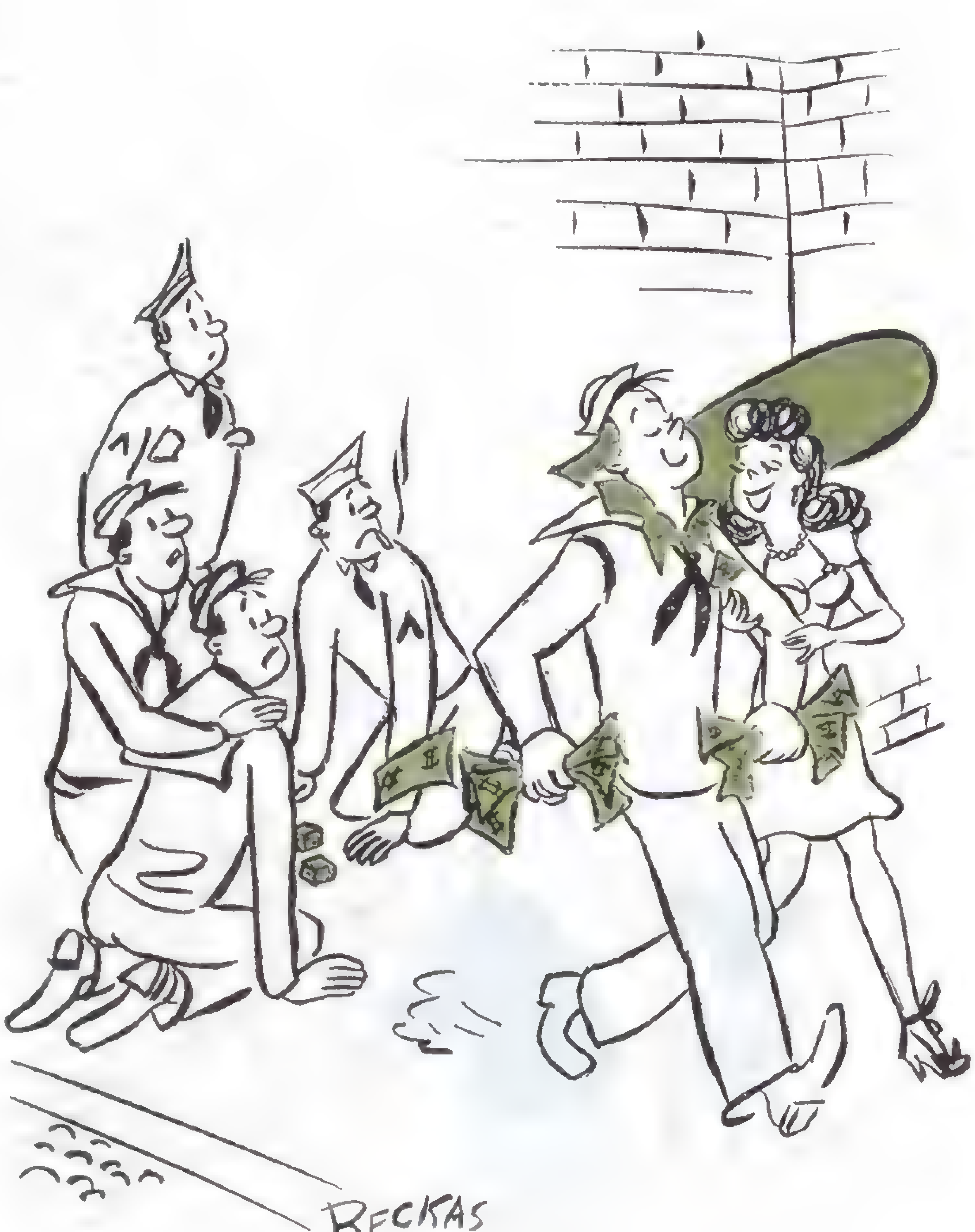
Miller's tricks are, for the most part, the good old goat-getting variety. So were O. O. McIntyre's, although he operated on a more elementary level. He loved to embarrass people in harmless fashion, but he lacked the great trickster's willingness to spend hours preparing a trap.

Once McIntyre went into a drugstore in Manhattan with the lovely wife of a friend and suddenly launched an excited sales talk in a voice calculated to carry the length of the store. "What, a beautiful woman like you has never brushed her teeth in her life?" he shouted. "I can't believe it. We'll have to do something about that right away." As the crowd gathered, the columnist purchased half a dozen toothbrushes and a liberal supply of toothpaste and forced them into the woman's hapless hands.

There's something about a stuffed shirt that arouses in the average American breast a desire to knock the stuffing out of it. This impulse has given birth to a good many practical jokes, as witness the occasion when Gene Fowler found himself in Arthur Brisbane's office in the absence of the master.

Fowler, a man of few inhibitions and possessor of a lusty ingenuity, sat himself down at the dictating machine and rolled out an editorial. It was in the Brisbane manner, but where high-sounding moralities should have been, Fowler put in wicked words and wickeder ideas. The take-off was so inspired that when it was transcribed it was at first accepted as authentic and word got around that Brisbane had gone mad.

Herbert Bayard Swope is another man whose dignity has occasionally struck practical jokers as a trifle excessive. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who figure in many a prank, agreed to work on the situation. They arranged for Paramount Studios at Long Island City, New York, to invite Swope out for a screen test; there had been some talk of Swope's appearing in a motion picture because of his resemblance to Franklin D. Roosevelt.



"Strange how much that dice game has improved your personality"

MacArthur composed a long speech for Swope's use in the test and included in it a fulsome tribute to American womanhood. At the height of this peroration, a dozen striptease gals tripped out from the wings and all but threw themselves into Swope's arms.

What Hecht and MacArthur may not have anticipated was that Swope passed the test with flying colors and only the press of other business kept him from going to Hollywood.

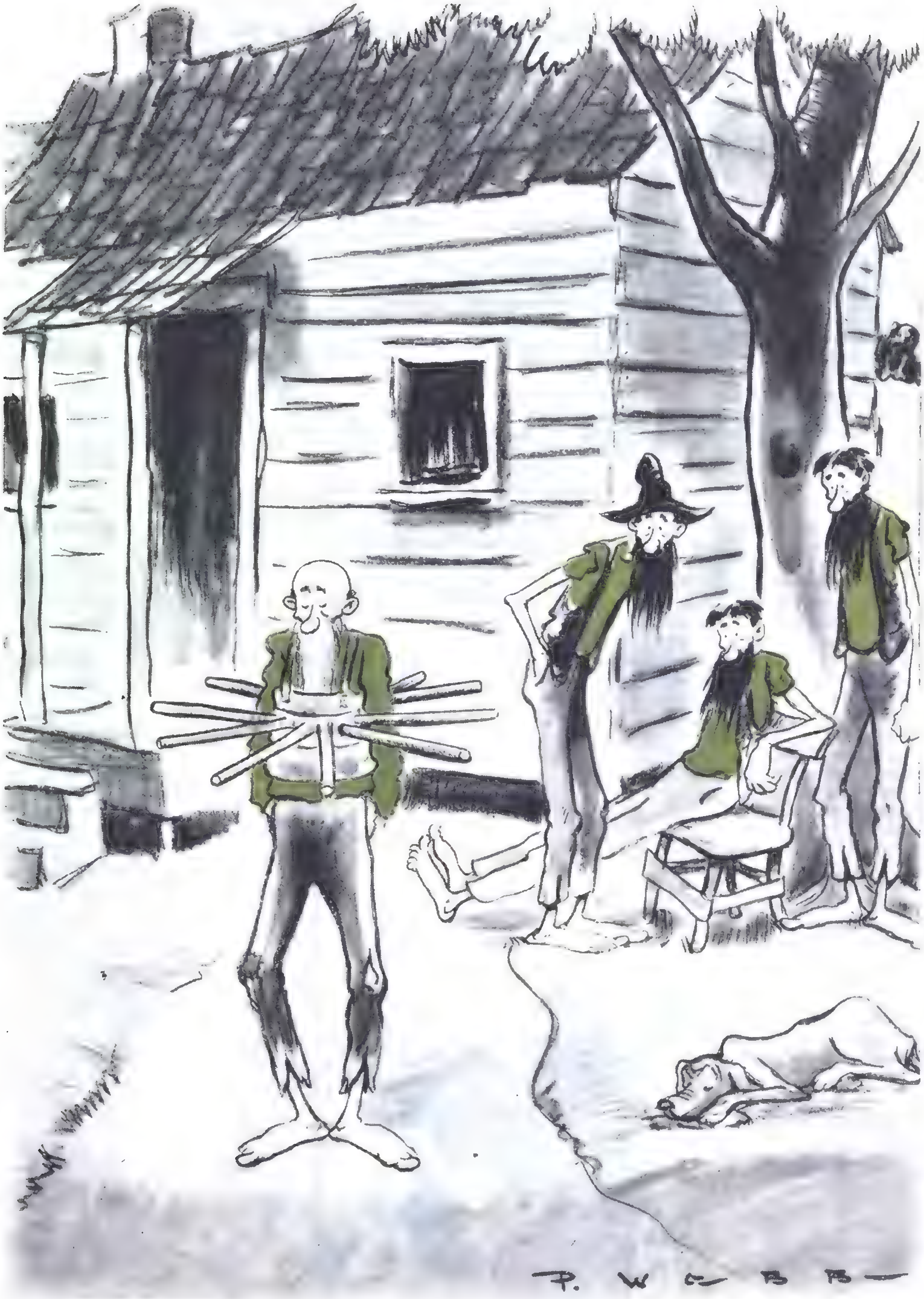
Inevitably the imposing figure of Columbia University's Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has often tempted wags. On one notable occasion, which now is literary history, the editors of *Poetry* magazine shared with Dr. Butler the privilege of being rather literally the butt of one of Rolfe Humphries' jokes. Humphries, a poet of note, contributed to *Poetry* a couple of pages of obscure verse.

Called "Draft Ode for a Phi Beta Kappa Occasion," it began in the best high-sounding style, "Niobe's daughters yearn to the womb again . . ." and was ostensibly a parody on the overliberal employment of classical allusions. What nobody noticed until too late was that the initial letters of the lines combined to tell, in the simplest possible words, precisely what segment of a horse Humphries believes Dr. Butler to be. (Students of verse will find this rare specimen in *Poetry's* issue of June, 1939.)

Wilson Mizner, the great raconteur, gambler and wit, had a way of turning his choicest shenanigans into cash. One day he and a bevy of fellow sports were walking along the boardwalk at Atlantic City, making small bets on this and that. Mizner casually called attention to a pair of enormous feet protruding from a window of a house along the walk and skillfully turned the conversation to a rabid discussion of his theory that it was possible to estimate a man's height by the size of his feet.

The others were skeptical and,

Continued on page 152



"Maw's invenshun keeps him from layin' down all right—but a feller like Paw kin git in a powerful snooze on his feet"

If There Is Another Time

A moving story of love in wartime: complete in itself, it will also be a chapter of a new book, now in work

by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

• FICTION •

Car turned his back to the bar and rested his elbows on it, looking at this girl. He thought her hair was the richest, softest, blackest he had ever seen: it dropped from her bright little face all the way to her shoulders, contrasting with her fair skin, matching her dark eyes. Her heavy shell-rimmed reading spectacles seemed to accent her delicate features. He decided that she was the most attractive, interesting and desirable girl he had ever seen; he couldn't take his eyes away from her, for no other girl had ever struck him quite this way. A girl he had known at home, Ellen Mowery, had been exceptionally pretty, and there had been other girls who had interested him briefly, but never any quite like this.

He was sure that she would have a quiet, sincere voice, her words feminine and appealing in the manner of English girls, poised and sensible, in complete control of any situation. He knew she had an instinctive taste for clothes; her dark dress seemed greatly pleasing and highly becoming, as though she had selected it carefully and was not wearing it specifically for an effect. The effect was there, but it was natural and unintentional, entirely without the studied calculation with which so many women he had known wore clothes. Her hat, consisting of three huge black bows, was almost lost in the great wave of dark hair, but maintained its originality and humor: he knew she had made it herself because it seemed so expressive of everything he saw in her.

Car had always been paradoxically bashful. With his pals he was brash and outspoken, unaffected, never hesitating to step in or speak when he wished. On the other hand, he had always been withdrawn and reticent when girls were around; at parties and dances he would stay close to the rest of the stags, ignoring the girls. If one managed to corner him or if he brought himself to the conversation point with one, he would speak politely yet offhandedly, appearing mildly interested, but on the whole aloof and unconcerned. Ellen had been the only one who had ever been able to make him relax, but even with her he had never been quite at ease. He used to say that he had no interest in girls; they didn't appeal to him because they were all alike. But now he stood and looked at Patricia, occupied with her book at the table, smoke coming from her small mouth, and somehow knew immediately that he would not be afraid to approach this one.

For a second the old shyness flared and he held back, but only for a second. Another glance was enough to overcome it, and there was no more hesitation: he was going to talk to her, right away, and now he was walking toward her, his heart beating wildly as the new excitement swept through him.

She looked up as he approached, and he saw that she was even lovelier than she had looked from the bar. And then his courage failed momentarily and he wanted to turn back. He was telling himself that she would be cold and distant and would have nothing to do with him, when to his shocked delight, she smiled. He grinned back, wondering how to begin. He could think of nothing to say.

She helped. "Hello."

He remembered painfully that he still had his hat on, and snatched it off, and felt the back of his neck getting hot and red, and the sweat gathering on his forehead. "Hya," he said.

Her smile did not disappear. "Was there something you wanted?"

Now he remembered the days when he had avoided girls, and cursed himself for neglecting to develop the right words and gestures. "Well," he said, and then stopped abruptly. He blushed as her deep, serious eyes waited.

"Is there something wrong?"

It was out before he knew it: "Yes. I don't know what to say next."

She laughed quickly, and he drew strength from the lighthearted spontaneity of it. He thought that he had never heard such a laugh, nor seen such understanding and kindness on a face. She seemed to sense exactly what he was thinking, what he wanted to say, and was trying to help him. It was beyond all expectations; he had never quite thought of women as knowing how a man felt.

"He's a great believer in making good first impressions"

"Look," he said boldly, "could I sit down? I mean, may I? Would it be all right?"

He waited tensely as she hesitated, apparently turning it over in her mind. "I was to have met a chum here, but she's more than thirty minutes late. It does appear she's not coming." She paused, and his hopes sank. "Yes, you may sit down."

A soaring, singing echo in his ears, he took off his coat, struggling with the sleeves, put it in an empty chair and threw the crumpled flight hat on it. The hat rolled off and he scrambled after it in confusion, his face burning to a higher red, aware that he was behaving with the grace of a boy of nine. Finally he sat down beside her, took out his cigarettes and tossed them on the table.

"Well," the girl said. "An aviator." She indicated his wings with a little gesture of her chin.

"Bombardier," he said, shortly. He didn't want to talk about himself; he wanted to learn everything about her. "You know, I wasn't sure if you'd ever talk to me. You know what—"

"Oh, we always talk to Yanks," she said, laughing. "Particularly aviators. How do you suppose we'd get our stockings? Isn't that what Yanks believe?"

"I don't know," he said, uncomfortably. He wasn't sure whether she was joking or not. The thought was encouraging, but at the same time disheartening; she probably joked with everyone, and for this reason it was important that she didn't do it with him. "English girls are always swell to us," he said with sincerity. "You are English, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Part French. Mother is French."

"You're a little different," he said, as though in a rush to get it out.

"How like a Yank! You've been here three seconds and you say I'm different. Next you'll be telling me that I remind you of a girl you used to know back in—"

"You are, though. You're different. You—" he got it then, and blushed mightily once more. "Now you're kiddin'."

She folded her hands on the tablecloth and wiped all coquetry from her face. "You don't want to be—kidded?"

"No," he said, with so much force she was startled. She laughed and he caught it up and then all the tension was magically gone. "Look," he said, leaning toward her, "I don't pick up gals—"

"If you do, you need more practice."

"Now you're kiddin' again!" The words he wanted were suddenly in his brain, demanding release. "I don't—believe me. Look, my name's Car Hartley. I have about two hours before my train leaves. Could I have a drink with you—I mean, could I buy you a drink? If you don't have anything else to do?" Ending in the air, he looked at her anxiously.

"All right," she said warmly, and the new look on her face did sensational things to him. "Car is a queer name. Car—I've never heard it before."

He was fascinated by the unusual inflection she gave her words, typically British yet somehow different. Her voice would sound wonderful over a telephone, he thought absently. He thought of hearing her voice come gladly over the receiver—and with this came the realization that he had met her too late. He had less than two hours, and who knew when he would get down to London again.

"Have you fallen asleep?" she asked. "I said, Car is a queer name."

"No. I was thinkin' about your voice." He wondered what prompted him to tell her that.

"For the third time, *Car is a queer name.*"

He grinned at her. "Okay. It's from Carveth, which you will please not call me. Nobody ever does except my mother when she's griped at me, which she usually is." He perceived the opening and leaped in eagerly. "Is your name queer, too?"

She delighted him by grasping it immediately. "No, quite common. Patricia. Patricia Wood." She gave both i's an "ee" sound.

"Oh. Is that the way they say it here? I always said Patrisha." As he pronounced the name, something made him shoot a quick, worried glance at her hands. With relief he saw that there were no rings save a small emerald on her right. "Patreezeah," he said, exaggerating it. Then, with a quick smile, "Okay, Patreezeah."

"It's quite the only way to pronounce it," she said, with a humorous little nod of finality. She made the same chin gesture toward the silver bars on his shoulders. "A lieutenant, Car?"

"Don't hold it against me. I just graduated from a place where they made 'em wholesale. I'm not an officer—I'm a flier." He paused, then added hastily, "Only I don't fly the plane—I busted out of pilot training. I couldn't land it."

"I'm sorry," she said, and her hand made an impulsive move toward his, then stopped an inch or two short. "But you're an officer. That's something."

"Thousands of guys are. Like I said, they make 'em wholesale."

"But you're so young, and—"

"Lots of R.A.F. officers are lots younger. There's a bunch of

Continued on page 132

A Hole of a Town Like This

It was to them a town to get used to, but to the bartender it was beautiful

by **M. S. MILLER**

FICTION

I THOUGHT as I drove into it that it was the ugliest town I had ever seen in my life. It lay in a white and dusty strip at the foot of a spiny bare hill. Rickety fingers of deserted silver mines prodded its sides at every corner. The light, which was oddly white and glaring for an inland state, exposed the broken store fronts and gravel-filled plots of the shanties with a kind of aggressiveness. The ugliness was too positive to be depressing. I wanted to laugh.

"Are there any trees?" I asked the Pfc whom I had picked up on the highway.

"I *think* there's one," he said after a moment. He was a nice fellow with no sense of humor. He stared straight ahead with his small triangular eyes. "It's up by the high school if I'm not mistaken," he said, long afterwards. He had been in Tonafield six weeks—waiting to go over—and was stationed at the near-by air base. I was glad to have been able to help him across the desert and he left me with lengthy thanks at the first intersection.

The streets teemed with second lieutenants, their uniforms looking oddly smart and urban against the backdrop of Tiny's Toggery and the Tivoli Theatre. I parked the car, wiped the white dust from the corners of my eyes, stepped onto the high sidewalk, and went into the liveliest spot I could find.

It was Charlie's and it was lively. Already—at five o'clock in the afternoon—a melancholy three-piece orchestra was jammed into a corner playing *People Will Say We're In Love.* The man at the bass violin lifted his hand high into the air after each stroke. Couples danced in a tiny dark space. Lieutenants swarmed about the bar, yelling their orders. Here and there a girl stood, lips parted and eyes shining, overconfident and overpainted, with a man's hand on her shoulder or about her flowered rayon waist. Of the trio sitting near me, the girl attracted me first because she was obviously an outsider, and because she was different.

She wouldn't have been different any place else. In a night club anywhere other than Tonafield there would have been at least a dozen or two of her. She looked like a college girl—the heavy, clean, loose hair falling to thin shoulders, tenderness and insecurity in the eyes, cleverness and discontent in the mouth. Her blouse was beautifully white, and when she stood her wool skirt fell nicely about the shafts of her legs. I felt as if I knew her very well. I ordered my beer and sandwich and listened to their conversation. I would have enjoyed it more if I hadn't been able to tell that she knew I was listening and that she was pleased at an audience. There were two lieutenants with her, both flyers, a clever one and a dull one. I tried to guess which was her husband. They were talking about the town and what a hole it was. Charlie, the bartender, stood near by polishing glasses and smiling at them, at their wings and their well-cut khaki.

"Three months of this damned place," one said to the other. "There ought to be a medal for that."

"Oh, I don't know. The people have tried. Charlie has tried. That jar of pink paper roses is new. The orchestra is new and for us. The clean list of drink prices is new and for us. The regular customers knew the prices, huh, Charlie?"

"The Venetian blinds are new, too," Charlie said.

"See?" said the lieutenant to his friend. "The Venetian blinds are new, too. The miners used to sit here and drink their beer and talk of the price of silver, and there were no Venetian blinds. Venetian blinds for the Air Corps."

"I understand they send you here," the first one went on heavily, "to get you used to the boredom and monotony before foreign duty. They figure that no god-awful place you're to be stuck in can be any worse than this."

"Where're you from?"

"San Francisco," said the girl and the man simultaneously. I knew then that she was married to the good-looking dull one. I could see them parking a pretty coupe in front of a pretty apartment house in San Francisco. I could see her at lunch with her mother, a puffy, well-dressed lady, at a place where the smart women go, and I could see the girl's sniff as an avacado-stuffed-with-crabmeat was laid before her.

"There's nothing to *do* here," she wailed suddenly. Her voice was disappointingly thin and flat. "There's nothing to *see.* We look at the brown peeling walls of that hotel and the pink paper roses of this place until we're crazy. There isn't even a tree in the town."

Charlie glanced up from the bar. He was rubbing its fine redwood down with a moist towel. You could see that he owned the place from the way he rubbed down the

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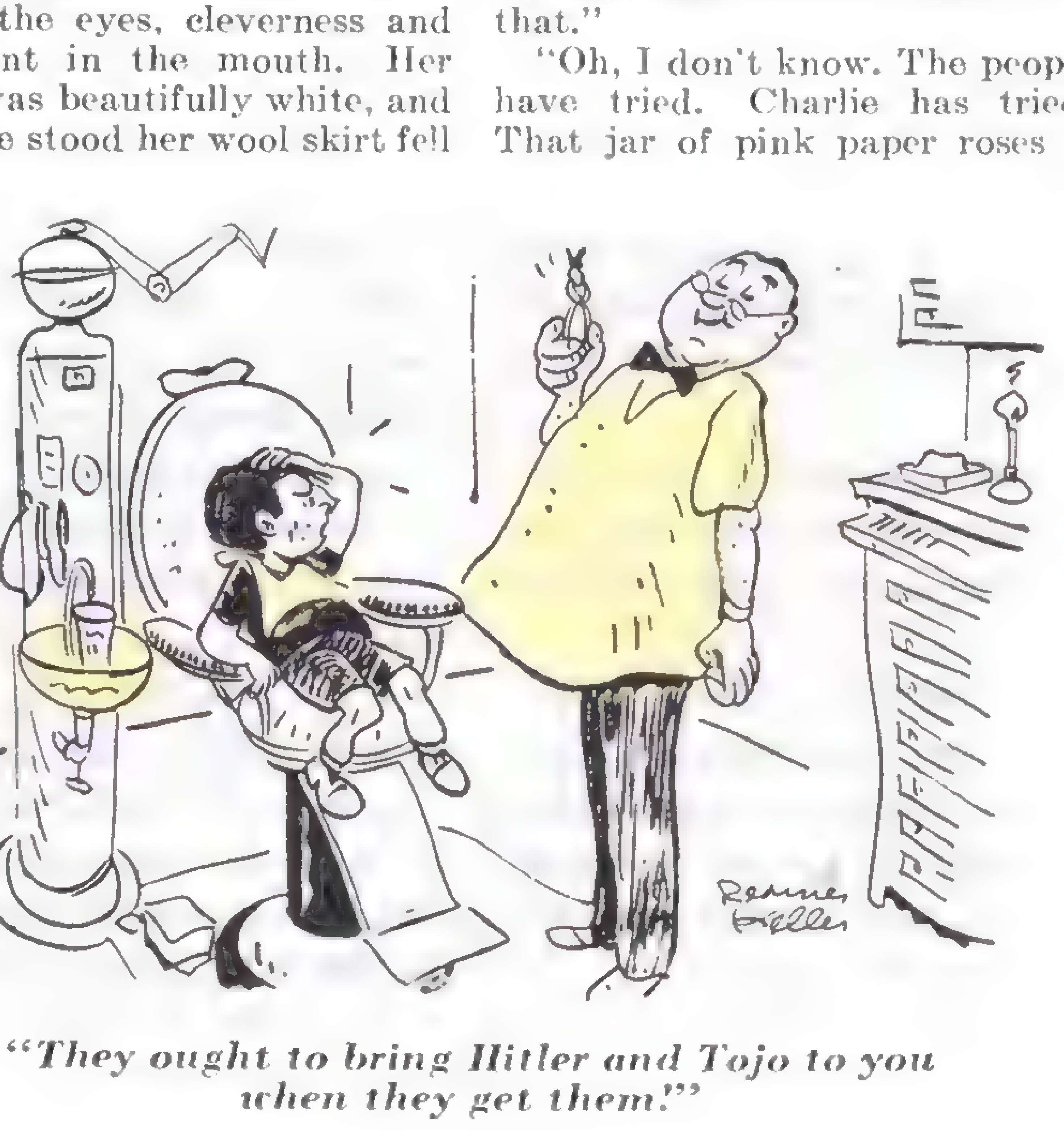


"They ought to bring Hitler and Tojo to you when they get them!"

Prelude to the 1930 Grand Slam

The story of how Bobby Jones' golfing career dangled on a single twelve-foot putt on a green at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

by O. B. KEELER

▪ COMMENTARY ▪

The date: Saturday, June 29, 1929.

The place: Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

The event: Open Golf Championship of the United States. Fourth and final round in progress.

The leader: Bobby Jones, closely pursued by Al Espinosa, Gene Sarazen, Densmore Shute and Tommy Armour, professionals, and another amateur, George Von Elm.

The background: Six successive years Jones had been National Champion of the United States, either Open or Amateur. He had won eight National titles in the United States and Great Britain.

In prospect: The Grand Slam of 1930, when, as Mr. George Trevor phrased it, his record "was entrenched safely and forever, within the Impregnable Quadrilateral of Golf."

An opinion: I was with Jones at 27 major championships in the United States and Great Britain. I am the only person who saw him win all 13 of his National titles. And I'll always believe that the Grand Slam of 1930 stemmed from a single stroke played at Winged Foot in the U. S. Open the year before.

This is the story.

Through the seventh hole of the final round, Jones was spinning easily along with a widening margin of strokes over his nearest rivals—Al Espinosa, Gene Sarazen and Densmore Shute. Then at the dog-leg eighth he followed a great drive in the angle by holding up a long pitch too emphatically against a hard wind from the right. The ball was bunkered. He blasted out across the green into another bunker, and back again into the first hazard. He was barely out with his fifth and took two putts for a ghastly 7.

The jolt took some of the strain off, and he holed a fine birdie 4 at the ninth, and when he walked off the green of the long twelfth he had a clear lead of six strokes over Espinosa, who had blown himself to a dreadful 8 at that hole.

Now see what can happen when the pressure comes off. Espinosa, convinced that it was all over, played the last six holes with an incredibly brilliant run of four 4's and two 3's, for a round of 75 and a total score of 294.

And now the pressure was on Jones. He lost a stroke at the 213-yard thirteenth, got his par 4 at the next, and then picked up another devastating 7 after a sliced drive among the trees at the fifteenth. His lead was gone, now, for Espinosa was on the board—he couldn't lose any more strokes. And Jones needed 4-4-4 to win by a single stroke, and the sixteenth was a par 5.

Pressure? After a great drive and iron, he was on the sixteenth green, 20 feet from the flag. Then his first putt was five feet short, and he missed the second.

And now it was 4-4 . . . to tie.

He got the first 4. Then after a good drive he pulled his pitch for the home green, and the ball trickled down the steep bank of a deep bunker, stopping in the grass just short of the sand. And his wee pitch was soft. The ball lay 12 feet short of the hole. And it was that—or nothing.

Or worse than that. I'll always believe that the rest of Bob Jones' golfing career hung on that putt. If he missed, it would be the first time in the U. S. Open he had scored as high 80. He would have blown a lead of six strokes, and one more, in the last six holes . . . Standing back of that home green, with a gallery of 10,000 closing round it, I knew in a sort of bewildering flash that if that putt stayed out, it would remain a spreading and fatal blot, never to be wiped from his record.

I was standing where I could see all right. But I couldn't watch it. Some way it seemed that the ball couldn't sink if I were looking at it. Bobby stood up to putt, and I looked at the ground, and the gallery subsided into a strange, breathing silence pressing into the ears; but it seemed that somewhere, a long way off, I could hear a bell ringing slowly.

Then the breathing stopped, and I heard the faint, thin click of the stroke, and the beginning of a kind of sigh in the gallery. The ball was on its way.

Only a dozen feet to go? How long it took! The sigh grew in volume—changed to a gasp!

Missed?

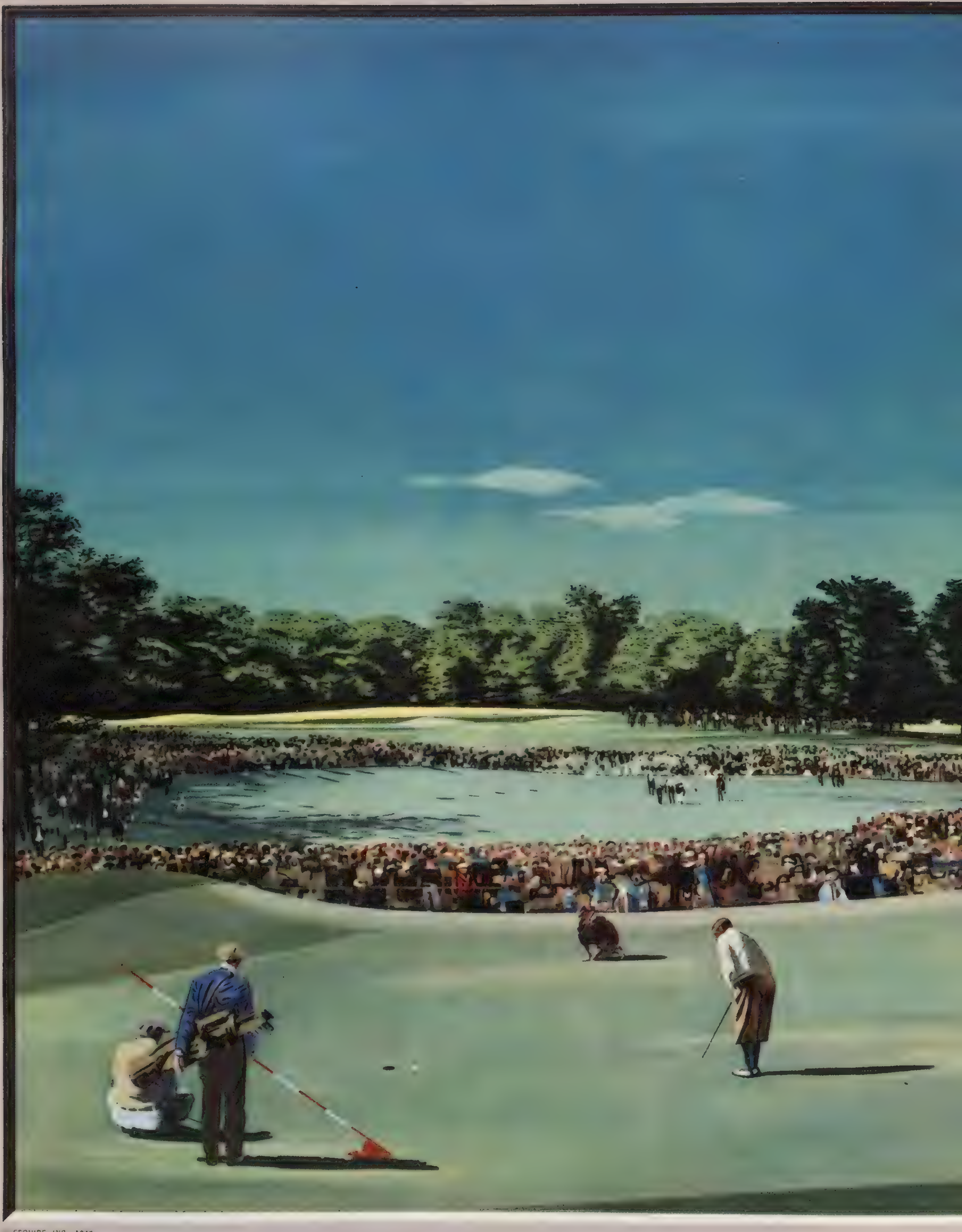
No!

The gasp changed to a stunning roar; the crash of a thunderbolt. . . . The ball had rolled, slowly and more slowly, across a sloping green as fast as ice, to the rim of the hole; had hesitated—stopped. And then—well, then it had dropped.

It was Al Watrous, Bob's fellow-competitor, who described that putt to me a few minutes later in the locker room. It was 12 feet, said Al, and a slope in the lightning fast green necessitated a "borrow" of about 10 inches from the left of the line. Al said the range was so nicely gauged that if the hole had been a 4¼-inch circle on the green, the ball would have stopped in the middle of it.

Next day, the rebound. Playing his best golf of the week, Bobby Jones won the 36-hole play-off from Al Espinosa, weary and stale, by the widest margin in history.

But it all dangled on that putt, and (I'll always believe) the Grand Slam climax of 1930. ⧺



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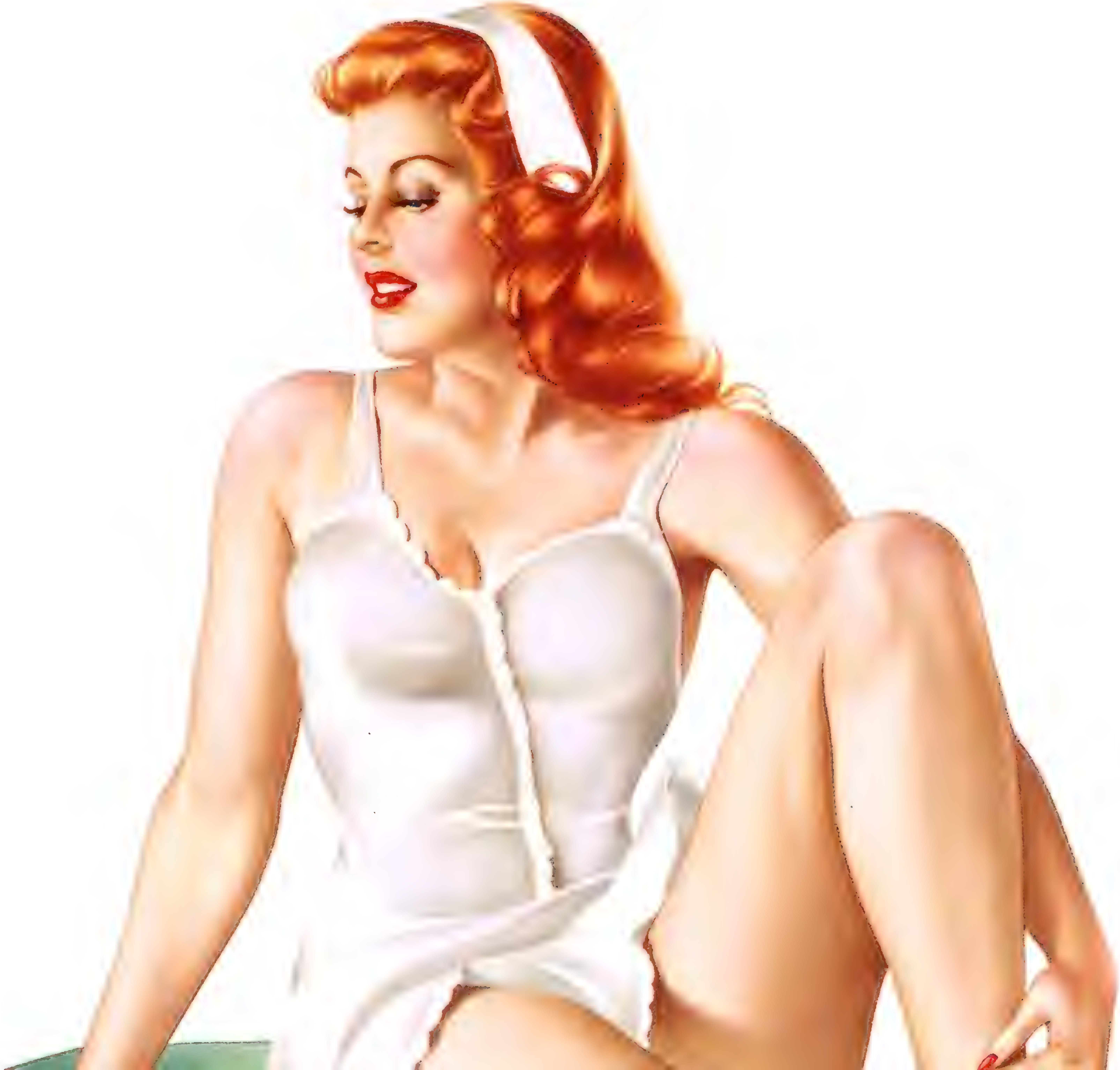
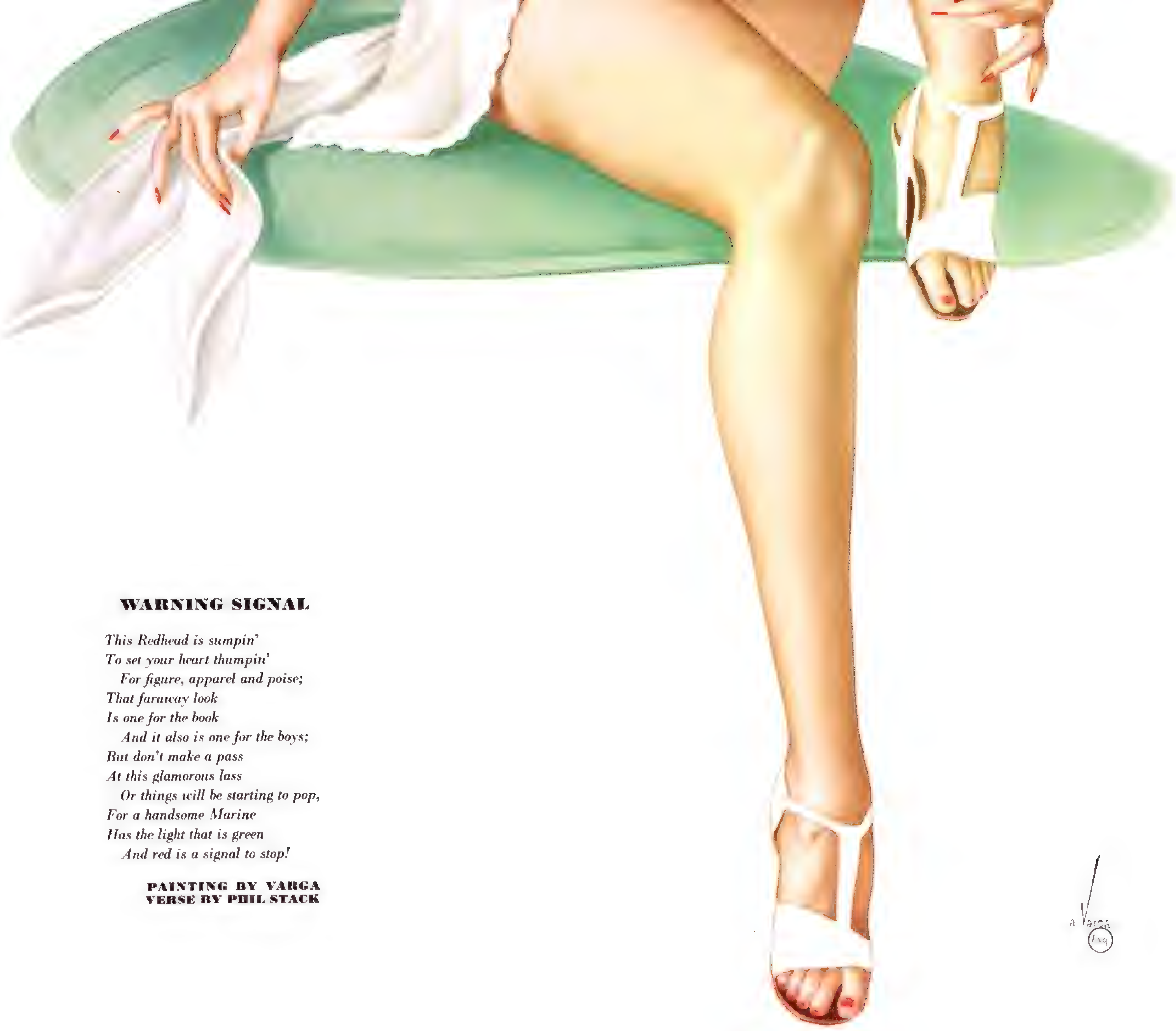
BOBBY JONES' TYING PUTT IN THE '

(Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, New York,

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

29 OPEN *by Robert Fawcett*
June 29, 1929)





WARNING SIGNAL

This Redhead is sumpin'
To set your heart thumpin'
For figure, apparel and poise;
That faraway look
Is one for the book
And it also is one for the boys;
But don't make a pass
At this glamorous lass
Or things will be starting to pop,
For a handsome Marine
Has the light that is green
And red is a signal to stop!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Hayward, Hurley and Hell

In those roaring frontier years, the Wisconsin woods were full of men and women exploiting the easy lumberjacks

by E. E. ROBERTS

• ARTICLE •

"ALL ABOARD," yelled a brakeman on the old Milwaukee and Northern railroad, "for Hayward, Hurley and Hell!"

Without knowing it he coined an immortal phrase. Back in the eighties and nineties when lumber was King in Wisconsin, the "three H's" were considered the toughest places anywhere, and the first two a little tougher than the third. But the number was purely arbitrary. Any clearing in the tall timber qualified in some degree for perdition. There was no monopoly on sin.

There was no quibbling about it, either. A notice in the paper read: "Let all the sinners of Hurley go to the Methodist Church on next Sunday evening and hear about 'The Advantages of Being a Sinner.' Christians are not excluded."

A reporter at the meeting noted "a goodly sprinkling of sinners, and four especially, occupying one seat who have the reps of being particularly 'deeply steeped in sin' and its advantages."

"Advantages" was the right word. Probably no purveyors of iniquitous pleasures on earth ever reaped a greater percentage of profit per capita than did those who preyed on the early populations of Hayward and Hurley.

Save? No one dreamed of it. "It'll take two hundred years to saw all the pine in Wisconsin and Upper Michigan!" cried the early lumbermen. Such profusion on the part of Nature induced a corresponding prodigality in Man. And when Captain Nat Moore of Ashland discovered the fabulous iron deposits in the Gogebic Range, what had been mere prodigality turned into sheer profligacy.

It was in 1878 that the railroad came nosing its way up through Wisconsin's wooded wilderness, so novel to the tawny Indian that he was apt to go trustingly to sleep on its very tracks. The obituary of one such unfortunate concluded: "But he will never do it again. Gone to be an angel."

Finally in 1884 the rails reached the place that was destined to become the No. 1 hot spot of the U.S.A. They dubbed it Hurley. But if there's anything in a name, they might better have called it after its first settler, H. Surprise.

The next two settlers were Thos. Scott and Johnny Ankers. Scott put up a "hotel" where patrons, rich or poor, could get a straw-filled bunk and two blankets and the standard and unvarying menu, breakfast, dinner and supper, winter and summer, of bacon-and-eggs-potatoes-bread-and-butter-tea-or-coffee "and damned if you could tell which was which!"

But it was Johnny Ankers who really made history. For he opened the first saloon in Hurley circa December 1, 1884, thus beginning the lurid career of Silver Street. In a few months that first saloon had increased to six, and there had been four deaths in Hurley, two from natural causes, an average that they managed to maintain pretty well as time went by.

Saloons multiplied almost faster than the population. In came the gamblers with their fierce fighting dogs, and up from Washburn trekked handsome, cold-blooded, smiling Price Wade and built the famous "stockade," and out of the deep woods poured the lumberjacks singing *Shanty Boy* and *Down on the Big Eau Claire* with their winter's "stake" burning their pockets, roaring for liquor and life.

There wasn't standing room in the saloons, and the empty beer barrels were simply rolled out into Silver Street and left there. The gamblers staged dogfights regularly, and there were frequent prize fights with bare fists to the finish. There was cutthroat competition for the money earned so backbreakingly, and the nights were slashed with noise and punctuated with shots.

After a week in Hurley, a lumberjack's boss once asked him what he thought of the place.

"Well," he said, "if I owned Hurley and Hell, I guess I'd live in Hell and rent out Hurley."

Down at Hayward on the Namekagon River, which was perpetually choked with logs, it was just as lively. The first mill had opened in 1883, and soon there were twenty-two saloons running twenty-four hours a day and several gaming houses, the most popular of which was inconveniently located a mile east of town at Shingle Mill Bridge. This fact spelled a small fortune to a certain enterprising livery-stable owner known as "Sliver" Wells. For he trained a no-'count old grey mare to make the two-mile round trip to Shingle Mill on her own, and used her for transporting inebriate lumberjacks.

"I made more money off that old mare," Sliver has often declared, "than all my other horses put together."

And vouching for his story are old-timers like Johnny Kavanaugh, who at ninety-three has the reputation of being able to drink more liquor without getting drunk than any man who ever hit Hayward. And he has had a lot of competition. In the spring, thousands of lumberjacks would swarm into town rarin' to go, but owing to the lumber companies' custom of issuing checks payable the 15th of April and the 15th of September, they didn't have so much as a cent to squander.

A couple of chaps named Warehouser and McCormick soon sized up this sad situation. Announcing they didn't have a safe, but that they had a ferocious bulldog, they set up a "bank" where they cashed those time checks at a mere twenty-five per cent discount. Thus the lumberjacks were able to slake their six-months' thirst, and Messrs. McCormick and Warehouser soon owned the richest institution of its kind in the state.

There was a social scale, its top rung held by the Hayward Fire Department and its bottom rung by the house out by Shingle Mill Bridge. The firemen drilled regularly in smart uniforms, and the elite event of the year was their New Year's Ball. At Shingle Mill and Fiddler's Creek there was ceaseless revelry, and it is said an average of two men a week were killed, yet not a single killer was ever convicted owing to a one hundred per cent lack of witnesses.

But tough as times were, a crude ethics prevailed.

"The front door of a saloon was always closed," recalls old-timer Jim Williams, "and you never saw young fellers under twenty-two going in—or if they did, they sneaked in the back door and were mighty ashamed of themselves. Women never stood at the bar like nowadays, and no drunks were allowed out on the Sabbath when everybody was supposed to go to Sunday School. Fact of it is," concludes Jim, "you can talk about Hayward, Hurley and Hell, but to my mind there's a lot more hell right today."

The Ashland mine, sunk at Hurley in 1885, yielded sixty-nine per cent iron, and everyone went

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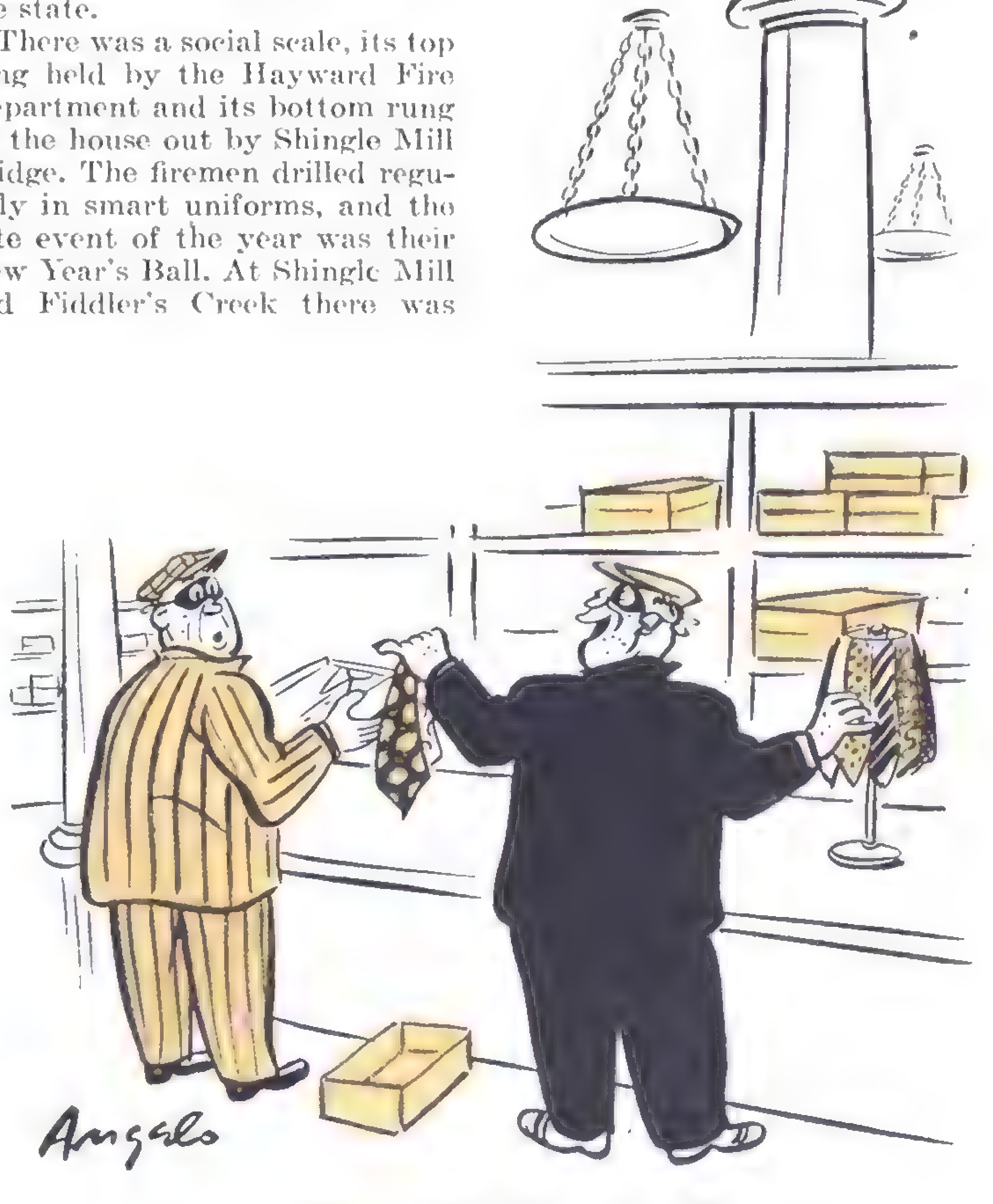

"Happy birthday, Spud"

On Account of Darkness

It is a rule of Jap baseball that an umpire's decision is never disputed, for he represents the Son of Heaven

by ALBERT J. HOBAN

• FICTION •

THE coach train from Washington to Boston was jolting its jampacked way through the night. The Marine sergeant and I had dropped our papers, talking baseball to take the edge off the long hours. His hard young face lighted eagerly as he listened to my stories of Three-Finger Brown, of Burleigh Grimes, the spitter, and of Chief Bender.

"But Hubbell," I said, "was the most resourceful pitcher of them all."

The sergeant sucked a long drag out of his cigarette before he replied. He saw the grumpy conductor coming toward us and leaned over to blow the smoke against the seat in front of us. As he ground out the butt with his boot he said, half to himself:

"The smartest pitcher of all time was Lefty Sullivan."

Then he looked at my puzzled face.

"Ever hear of him?"

"Sure," I replied. "He played a couple of seasons for the Dodgers and then faded like a hundred other hot college pitchers."

I vaguely recalled a little box in the middle of the sport page. It said that Sullivan had left the club after beaning a kid in batting practice. He wasn't important enough to warrant a piece in any of the columns. I couldn't see how anyone would mention him in the same breath with the immortals we were talking about.

"I knew him pretty well in the Islands," said the sergeant as if in answer to my thought. "He coached a team I played on in Manila the summer before the Nips took over. He was on Bataan."

I felt a little let down. The experiences these kids had gone through colored everything. I managed to mumble something about everyone realizing that the men who were on Bataan were always thought of as the greatest in their sports.

He straightened me out on that right away.

"No, I think he's a great pitcher because of a great game he pitched on Mindanao," the sergeant said. "Lefty had strategy." He hesitated a moment and then turned to me.

"You look like an all-right Joe."

He lighted another cigarette. His eyes twinkled in recollection as he began to unfold the saga of Lefty Sullivan.

In the first place, said the Marine, I'm here today because of a weird piece of luck which I can't tell. In the Spring of '42 the Nips picked me up from a certain piece of territory in the Pacific and dumped me in a camp on Mindanao.

Lefty was already there and like everyone else he'd lost quite a bit of weight. But he had a lot of spirit. There were no commissioned officers in the camp. Lefty had taken charge and brought the place up to a point just the wrong side of livable. The space inside the barbed wire could easily hold a couple of hundred midgets so the Nips had pulled their usual trick and cooped up a thousand of us. Every week or so a man fell down in the muck with fever, lingered a few days and was buried. Otherwise it was a dull, miserable hole where the thought that some day a detail of Marines would tramp up to the gate from the jungle and set us free kept us alive.

That is how it was until Major Hawana was placed in charge by the Sons of Heaven.

About three weeks after I'd arrived, we were gulping our bowls of grease and rice when one of the sentries yelled his idea of "Attention." We got to our feet and looked toward the gate.

Sword and smile and thick glasses entered.

It was Major Hawana.

The sentry helped him onto a small table and he looked around as though the smell of the sty offended him. He spoke English.

"I am Major Hawana. Captain Karasi, who has been in charge of this camp, has been transferred to another part of the Empire."

"Okay, it's a date—dinner at five!"

RATION
RATION
2.
HARRY LAMPERT

He spoke as though Captain Karasi's new assignment would not be very agreeable. The thick glasses kept sweeping over us, reflecting the light.

"I believe there is room for more discipline in the establishment and I intend to have it."

The glasses flashed in my direction, stopped for a moment like they'd found what they were looking for. His thick lips came back from his teeth. He concluded abruptly.

"That is all."

He jumped down and went through the gate followed by his flunkies. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell. I returned to my chow. Lefty was sitting next to me. He was chuckling to himself.

"This guy's going to put the screws to us, Lefty," I said.

"I know that monkey."

"So what?"

"Didn't you notice how he stepped down so quickly?" asked Lefty. "He recognized me from the old days."

"What old days?" I asked. "And how did you happen to know a Nip major?"

Just then a sentry looked at us and fingered his rifle.

"Tell you later," Lefty promised.

While we were doing K.P. that afternoon he gave me the word.

Back in the thirties the Nips sent a lot of college boys, with cameras, over here to play baseball, which is their second national sport. They were very fast and the fastest was Mitsui University's team. A Jap named Hawana was their first-string pitcher. Mitsui licked about the best of our college teams and even gave one of the league clubs an interesting afternoon. The Nip coach slated Hawana for the Bolton game and Lefty, who was red hot that year, opposed him.

When Lefty told me the story he didn't go into great detail, but it turned out to be a pitchers' battle and he won. Hawana seemed to take his licking like a man and invited Lefty to dinner after the game. They had a long chat. Hawana asked a lot of questions. They had a regular bull session about baseball during which Lefty learned something about the Jap game. Umpire's decisions are never questioned in Nippon. As Hawana explained it, the umpire is a sort of a representative of the Emperor's Justice so he can't be accused of making a mistake. If he calls a real bad one he's brought so much shame on himself and the Emperor that he's expected to call it a day and begin a new life in the hereafter.

Lefty found Hawana very interesting and even gave him a half promise that he'd come to Japan someday and pitch a game in the interest of Jap-American relations. That was the last he'd seen of Hawana until that morning.

"Betcha I get a call to go to the front office," said Lefty.

He did. But not before we'd learned more about Major Hawana.

When you're in a place like that for a few weeks you get to believe that it couldn't be worse. After Hawana's little talk I found out how mistaken I could be. In no time at all even the greasy look that was in our gruel, and which we felt was somehow associated with nourishment, disappeared. The Nips suddenly became aware that some Marines might like the looks of their smooth, sandy beach so they put us to work sawing palmetto logs for barricades. For every pair of men working there was a sentry standing ready to prod you with his rifle. The little bit of netting that we'd carried with us and which had not interested old Karasi was taken away one week end. When one of the boys asked a Jap lieutenant why, he was told Major Hawana wanted more co-operation. We never learned what you had to do to co-operate until Lefty came back from his chat with the major.

"I'm glad you fellows are around," Lefty began when he saw the little group waiting. "Hawana made me a proposition which I accepted without much thought. You fellows have got to do some scouting for me."

"What's the story, Lefty?" I asked.

"It seems our friend the major remembers the shellacking he got from my college ball club and wants a little revenge. He wants us to play a team from the barracks a week from Monday."

A couple of the boys said they wanted to be counted out.

"I don't like the idea of playing against the Nips myself, but Hawana said it would be considered a refusal to co-operate by the whole camp," Lefty explained. He gave a smirk and added:

"Besides, I think maybe I've got enough in the old soup bone to take care of Hawana and his little gang."

It seemed pretty obvious, particularly when we found out later that some of the generals and admirals from the Jap High Command were inspecting the camp on the day of the game, that the major wanted to show off his prize catch. Tokyo propaganda has never been able to dim the reverence Japs have for American big-league ballplayers.

On the other hand, with Lefty in the box we figured we could certainly beat the bums we saw practicing every afternoon outside the enclosure. Hawana evidently thought the same thing after he saw us warming up a couple of times, because the first thing we knew strange faces began to appear on the diamond. By the Saturday before the game he'd flown in about the best pro team in the Empire.

On Sunday, Lefty was called again to the front office. I'd helped him quite a bit in rounding up talent so he took me along. Ha-

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The Rebellion of Mr. Nedlo

For twenty-two years he had thumped a typewriter, dreaming of a rosy future

by **GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN**

FICTION

Mr. Nedlo typed along as if this day were just like any other day. He typed so evenly that you could have hummed a tune to it. CABBAGE—*Mississippi led in cabbage shipments with 250 cars . . .* His fingers bounced over the keys. CARROTS—*Imperial Valley carrots are in full harvest . . .*

Working dutifully he wondered whether his misery had not telegraphed itself to his fellow workers. Even if it had, he reflected, they wouldn't have cared. That was the way with people in offices. Caged mice on a treadmill. He slammed the typewriter carriage. RUTABAGAS—*Latest estimates suggest curtailment of plantings . . .*

Mr. Nedlo cursed under his breath at the thing that enraged him. His status quo had been caused by clocks and calendars and was therefore irrevocably etched as with an acid. On this 23rd day of April Mr. Nedlo was forty years old.

He had looked forward to this day as that on which he would retire from office drudgery. The thought of his fortieth birthday had been a beacon even before he became a typist at the Produce Market Reporter Company, twenty-two years ago. It was a goal post, and once past it, he'd thumb his nose for go-to-hell.

Mr. Nedlo was interrupted while Mrs. Milton, the switchboard operator, dumped some papers on his desk. "The Rio Grande bulletins," she said. He knew damn well they were the Rio Grande bulletins. He kept on typing.

That horoscope a woman had cast for him long ago. "You will not make money so easily as some," the mimeographed paper said, "but there is every sign of ultimate fortune." Mr. Nedlo had not been lax regarding his future. He had procured free publications of the Department of Agriculture. Evenings in his room he learned about conducting a chicken farm, a silver fox ranch, rearing rabbits, mushroom culture. Mr. Nedlo had not saved any money, nor had he any friends to speak of. But he had anchored himself on the combination of the horoscope and the magic "forty."

He looked now and again out of the open window. Spring was in the air. A waltz came from the radio of a red convertible at the curb. In the coupe was a young couple. The girl wore an impish red fox chubby. The young man pressed his forehead against hers and she beat time with her fingers on the top of his head. They laughed.

CELERY—*Florida celery shipments under prorate . . .*

For the first time in twenty-two years Mr. Nedlo lowered his hands into his lap during working hours. He looked up at the clouds. And within the being of Mr. Nedlo was an omelet of blue skies and free white clouds and red sport cars and girls in chubbies and laughing young men.

He looked back into the office without looking with his eyes. He saw Mr. Kirk, the bookkeeper, looking pale and a fugitive from the sun. Mr. Hanisch, the market reporter, with his bald head. Mrs. Milton with her henna rinse and loud laugh. The other employees didn't count. They were hired and they quit or were fired. All but Mr. Fowler, the office manager.

"Sometimes Bette Davis lays it on just a little too heavy for me"

Now, with his hands in his lap, Mr. Nedlo suddenly saw himself take up his typewriter, hold it out the window and drop it on the concrete. Wheels and springs and keys went bouncing.

Mr. Nedlo laughed wildly, then looked about for a human victim. Mr. Fowler and his loud neckties. Mr. Nedlo took his long scissors. He went to the glassed-in office and opened the door. He turned Mr. Fowler about in his swivel chair, jerked the tie out of his vest and snipped it off. Mr. Fowler didn't say a word.

"Now for Mr. Hanisch," he thought. He picked up a jar of rubber cement. Mr. Hanisch was absorbed in writing something in longhand. Mr. Nedlo painted his bald head all over with the little brush, then stuck a sheet of messy carbon paper on it. Mr. Hanisch kept on with his scribbling.

It was a simple task to take care of Mrs. Milton. A bottle of red ink on her head. "So you want red hair," he said to her.

Now Mr. Kirk, and Mr. Nedlo would be free. He pushed Mr. Kirk into the big ledger, sat on it and pressed him out like a flower.

"Mr. Nedlo!"

Mr. Nedlo jumped. "Mr. Fowler."

"Spring fever got you?"

Mr. Nedlo gulped twice. "I'm sorry, Mr. Fowler."

"What's today's general report?"

Mr. Nedlo found it automatically. Then he listened to himself reading from the bottom of the mile-deep pit he'd been digging for twenty-two years: "The feeling is that the trend will be quite definitely downward . . ." ###

The Man Behind the Bar

There was something strangely familiar in his accent, like the face of a man half-remembered from distant childhood

by JAMES STERN

FICTION

Our first meeting was in the Fall of 1941, when I rented an apartment in the Fifties, just off Third Avenue. He was a tall, thin man with a high forehead and humorous, watchful eyes behind very thick spectacles—more like a schoolteacher, I thought, than the proprietor of a Third Avenue tavern reeking of stale beer.

"Lookat now," he was saying to a petulant customer as I entered, "why not take an honest man's word for ut?"

"I was only saying," argued the customer, finishing his drink, "that William Jameson has no business to be dearer than Johnnie Walker! It's no better and no older!"

The man behind the bar leaned back against the showcase of bottles. "Only rarer," he said, and grinned.

What arrested my attention was not the senseless barroom banter, nor the man's appearance, but his accent, a brogue certainly neither Cork nor Galway, yet not quite Dublin, I thought, but one so familiar—with its slight ironic inflection, the half-comic, half-serious tone uttered from the side of the mouth in an almost conspiratorial whisper—that it struck and bothered me all at once as does the face of a man known during childhood but never seen since, and to whom one cannot immediately put a name.

Only when I closed my eyes and listened, did what I heard create a vision of long ago. I was walking through my dirty native village on market day; the one wide street was packed with cattle, screaming pigs and sheep. Men in ragged clothes whacked at the backs of the animals with thin ash sticks, accompanying their assault with blasphemous oaths. Beyond them, women with their heads wrapped in shawls bargained over vegetables in a language that was the first I ever heard and spoke. "Lookat now, why not take an honest woman's word for ut . . .?"

When I opened my eyes the customer had gone. Being averse to asking direct questions, I ordered another beer and told the man behind the bar a little story about how, when I first arrived in New York, a woman burst into my hotel bedroom one morning to sweep out the room. "Be all that's holy!" she cried. "I thought it's out you were!" I told her to come on in, and I asked her if she knew Dublin well. "Dublin!" she said, "sure I never set foot in Ireland in all me life!"

The man behind the bar grinned. "Well," he said, "I can't say the same of meself, though it's a mighty long time since I was on the other side. Sixteen from forty-one—that's twenty-five years."

"That's a long time," I said. "But I wouldn't say you're a Dubliner."

"I am not," he said, "but near enough. I'm from a wee bit of a place twenty-odd miles from the city. It's not likely you ever heard tell of it. Kilmessan's the name."

As he spoke the word I felt as one does when suddenly remembering the name of the man known long ago in childhood. Kilmessan is two stations before my native village on the single line that runs from Dublin, through the green plains of Meath, to the ancient town of Kells.

"*Kilmessan,*" I said, and I tried to imitate its one porter who screamed, "*Change for Trim and Athboy!*" whenever the occasional train came in.

I watched his eyes open wide and his hand go up to cover his mouth. Then he slowly leaned forward, laid his elbows on the bar so that his face was only a few inches from mine. "Be all that's holy!" he muttered.

"I come from a couple of stations up the line," I explained.

"I'll drink to a man from Meath," he said, and he took down a bottle of Jameson, emptied my beer down the sink and poured out a couple of drinks. "*Slainthé!*" he said, and we raised our glasses and drank them down.

"And how is th' old place?" he asked, wiping his mouth on his hand. "When did yez see it last?"

"I left in '22 and was never back."

His eyebrows went up over the thick rims. "You were through the Throubles then?"

"I was and I wasn't—for part of the time I was at school in England. But I heard and saw enough."

"Me, too."

"You?" I said. "But didn't you leave in sixteen?"

"Oh, I did. But—" and he looked away as though the memory of those days embarrassed him "—well, a lot can happen even in a week."

"Sure," I said. "A lot certainly happened in Easter Week."

"It certainly did."

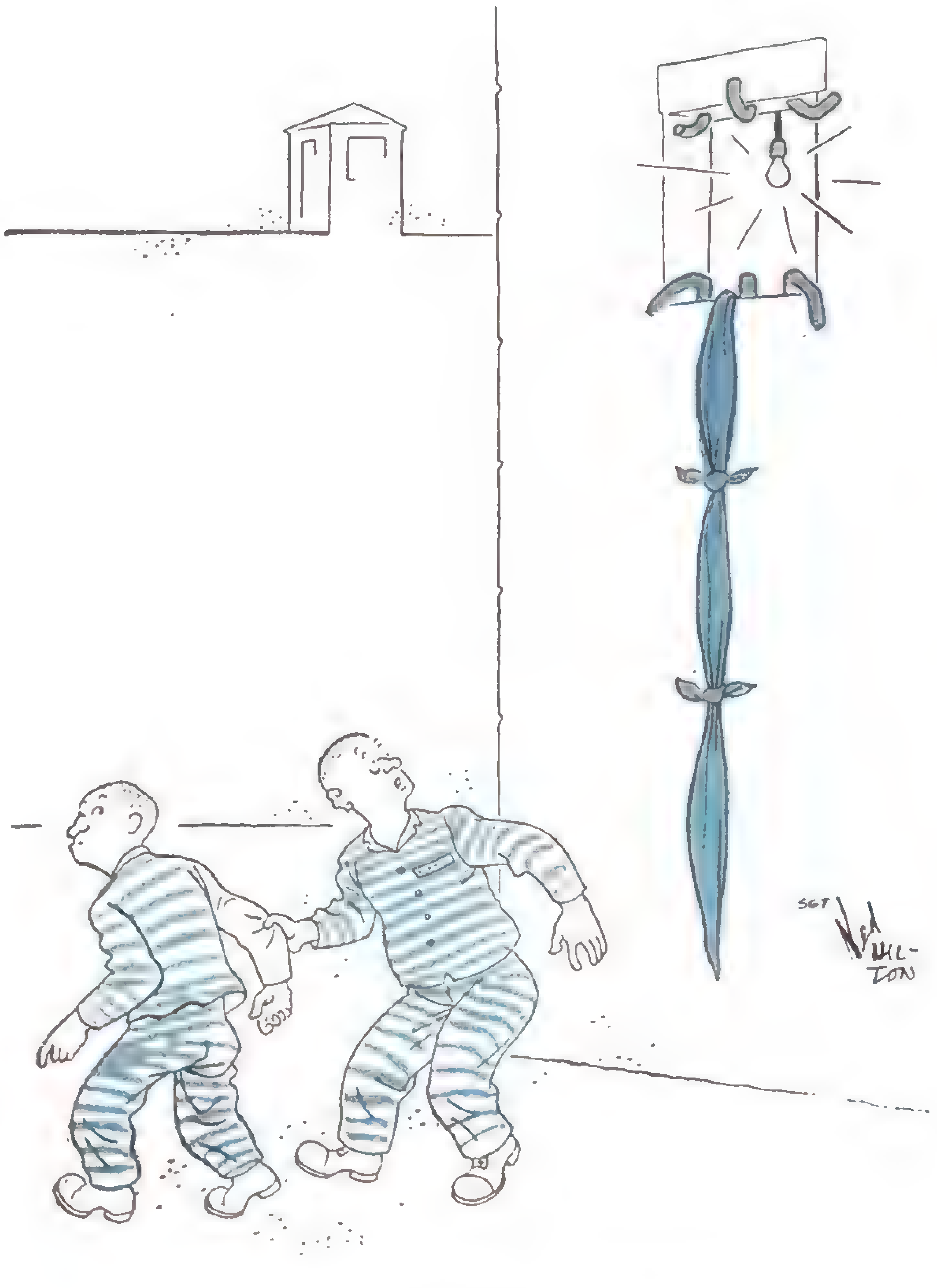
"Even I have something to remember that Monday by," I told him, and I pulled up the sleeve of my left arm, revealing to him a scar running from the wrist halfway to the elbow.

"That looks more like a knife than a bullet," he said.

"It was neither. I was a kid of twelve at the time and all I saw of the fighting was a house going up in flames and all I heard was the guns shelling Dublin and the talk of murder. It happened this way. Easter Monday there was a black frost, and I was trying out a new bicycle on one of the narrow garden paths at home. Round a sharp corner my rear wheel skidded and I saw myself falling onto a cold frame which my mother used for growing violets. To save my head, I put out my arm and the glass ripped out a large piece of flesh . . ."

"Musta been a nasty gash," he said.

"It looks bad because it was never stitched," I told him. "When my mother tried to phone for the doctor she found the wires had been cut. At that moment we knew nothing about any Rebellion. So she put me in the car, with my bandaged arm in a sling, and started to drive me to the nearest doctor, five miles away. Our place had an avenue and when we got to the lodge the gates were shut and there was a long wooden bar fixed across them on the other side. Behind the bar stood five strange men, one much taller and younger than the rest, and they all carried rifles—"



"I forgot to turn off the light"

I stopped suddenly, for the man behind the bar had taken a step back. His hand was up to his mouth and he was gazing at me with wide-open, incredulous eyes.

"What's up?" I asked.

After a moment's hesitation, he said: "Oh, nothing—nothing at all. I was just thinking. Go on."

"Well," I said, "my mother knew none of the men and they wouldn't let us through. There was a war on, they said, and they were under orders to picket the place. When my mother got me out of the car and showed them my bandaged arm and said that if I didn't see a doctor in a few hours maybe I'd bleed to death, one of the men put his face up to the gate and said: 'Lady, we have nothing against you personally, but we happen to know that your husband's a British officer in France. We also happen to know that your cowman's son, who lived in this lodge, was a member of the R.I.C.* He tried to get away this morning, but we got him, lady—he's lying over there behind the house . . .' My mother gave a short cry and we got into the car and drove home. There was a man in our stables who used to be assistant to a dog vet and he bandaged up my arm with what looked like ordinary adhesive tape. At the end of the week, when the Rebellion was over, the arm was green and the wound was cauterized by a surgeon in Derry . . . Well," I concluded, "I guess that's all—but I'll always remember Easter Monday."

"I guess we all will," said the man behind the bar. I looked up at him and he had his arms folded across his chest and a peculiar expression on his face. He stared at me hard for a moment, and then he said: "I remember feeling mighty sorry for your mother that day. She was a nice-looking woman!"

I stared at him in silence, blankly, for fully half a minute. Then he reached out for the bottle and filled the two glasses. He raised his drink, while his mouth slowly turned up in a grin. But I did not move. I was thinking: Just what kind of an Irishman is this? Then he said: "Lookat now, can yez tell me this? How in the name of all that's holy can we expect to smash the Nazis if those divils over there don't offer us the use of their harbors?"

"You know," I said at last, "you could easily be kidding me!"

"And why would I?" he asked. "I was afther thinking you had a good memory."

"You didn't wear glasses in '16," I said.

"You're right," he said, grinning. "And very likely your mother's hair is no longer red!"

"You're right," I said, and we shook hands and drank.

We've had many a drink since that day. The last time was a couple of weeks ago. Wandering down East Fifty-ninth Street one evening, I stopped outside a secondhand bookstore, where I noticed a large folio of old maps priced at a dime apiece, three for a quarter. All of the maps were of European countries, many of parts of Germany, and almost all, I discovered, were of German make. Among them, to my surprise, I found a colored map of Ireland with detailed insets of *Dublin und Dublin Hafen* and *Die Seen von Killarney*, each drawn to a scale *zehn Mal grösser als die Karte*. With Christmas near, I decided to buy the map either as a present to myself or for a friend. With it rolled up in brown paper and tied with string, I set off down Third Avenue. On the way, I stopped in at the grocery and bought some vegetables, and before reaching home decided to visit my friend behind the bar, have a beer, and maybe show him the map of our native land. He, however, had taken a day off, so when I had finished my drink I went on home. I had not been there more than three minutes when I realized I had brought with me the vegetables, but left the map in the bar. Returning immediately, I found the map had gone. I asked the barman. At first he said he had not noticed it, but when I described the appearance of the package, he recalled having seen, among the crowd at the bar, a man drawing a woman's attention to the fact that she was leaving behind her a brown paper parcel which answered to the description I had just given of mine. And the woman, whom the barman said he had never seen before, had departed with the package.

This is the kind of situation which makes me very angry—not least because there was no one to blame but myself. Now what, I asked myself, does a woman do when she finds that her deliberate theft (and how else could I interpret her action?) turns out not something of value, but a useless old map of Ireland? More important, just when does she make this discovery? Does she open it right away, or does she wait until

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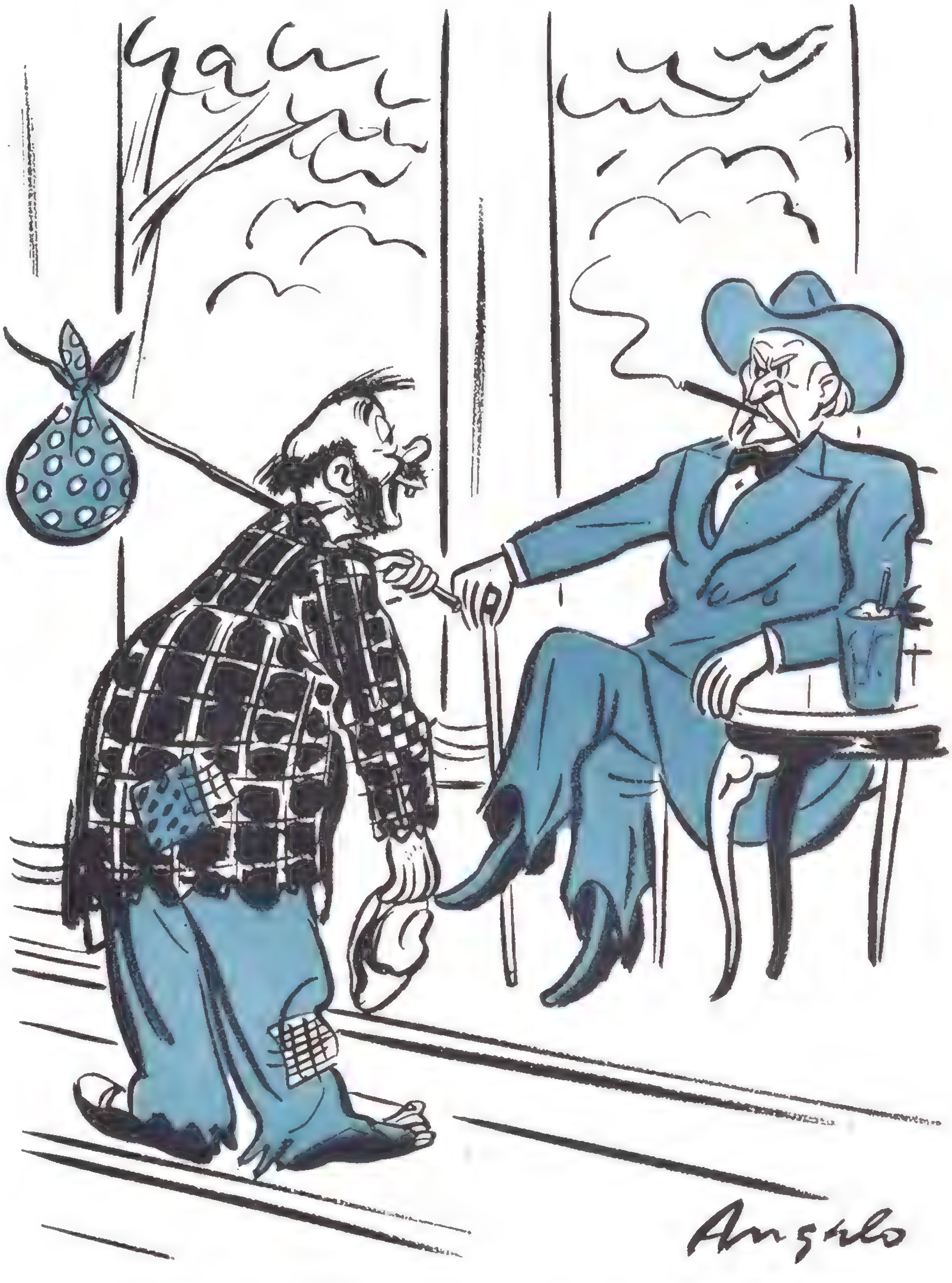


"I'm conducting a personal survey of Southern hospitality"

---

*Royal Irish Constabulary.

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Spanish I

How to learn pronunciation of basic Spanish words easily and pleasantly as though they were written in English

by FRANK HENIUS

• EDUCATION •

Spanish is the native tongue of over eighty-five millions of our good neighbors in South and Central America, Mexico and the West Indies. Our ever-increasing trade and travel in their countries obviously makes a widespread knowledge of Spanish imperative. And nowhere will we meet with a more warm-hearted response to our efforts to speak their language than among the Latin Americans and Spaniards.

* * *

Syllables separated by hyphens must be pronounced distinctly and separately putting the accent on those printed in CAPITAL letters. The main trick is to remember that consonants and vowels and their combinations must always be pronounced in the same way as indicated by the soundwriting. A always sounds as in "father," never as in "angel"; Y as in "yes," never as in "why."

Please pronounce the letters in the soundwriting in accordance with the following instructions:

A	= A	in the English words	far, father
AY	= AY		may, day
E	= E		pet, met
EE	= EE		meet, need
O	= O		go, no
OO	= OO		moon, spoon
CH	= CH		church, chin
G	= G		go, get
S	= S		son, sin
Y	= Y		yes, you

R at the beginning of a word or syllable is rolled by vibrating the tip of the tongue.

H at the beginning of a syllable is a scraping sound, like the "ch" in the Scotch word "loch" and the German word "ach."

H added to A and O is to remind you of the one and only pronunciation of these vowels.

Other consonants are pronounced as in English.

Nouns in the English word list are capitalized for immediate recognition and distinction from the other grammatical classifications, abbreviated as follows:

a for adjective
art for article
av for adverb
c for conjunction
n for neuter
p for preposition
pr for pronoun
pl for plural
s for singular
v for verb

Spanish nouns are either masculine (m) or feminine (f); adjectives follow the sex of the noun and change from the masculine to the feminine mostly by changing the final "o" to "a."

English	Sound-spelling	Spanish
a, an	OON, OO-na	un art m, una f
able	ka-PAHS	capaz a
above	ar-REE-ba	arriba av
Absence	aw-SEN-sya	ausencia f
accept	ah-sep-TAR	aceptar v
accompany	ah-kohm-pahn-YAR	acompañar v
Account	KWEN-ta	cuenta f
Ache	do-LOR	dolor m
Address	dee-rek-SYOHN	dirección f
Admission	en-TRA-da	entrada f
Advice	kohn-SAY-ho	consejo m
after	des-PWES day	después de p
afterwards	des-PWES	después av
Afternoon	TAR-day	tarde f
again	O-tra VES	otra vez av
against	KOHN-tra	contra av
Age	ay-DAHD	edad f
Agent	ah-HEN-tay	agente m
agree	es-TAR day ah-KWAYR-do	estar de acuerdo v
aid	ah-yoo-DAR	ayudar v
Air	AH-ee-ray	aire m
Airplane	ah-VYON	avión m
all	TO-do	todo a
allow	payr-mee-TEER	permitir v
almost	KA-see	casi av
already	YA	ya av
also, too	tahm-BYEN	también av
always	SYEM-pray	siempre av
am	SOY, es-TOY	soy, estoy v
American	ah-may-ree-KA-no	americano m, a
among	EN-tray	entre p
Amount	SOO-ma	suma f
amuse	dee-vayr-TEER	divertir v
and	EE	y c
angry	ay-no-HA-do	enojado a
Animal	ah-nee-MAHL	animal m
another	O-tro	otro a
answer	res-pohn-DAYR	responder v
apologize	eks-koo-SAR-say	excusarse v
appear	ah-pa-ray-SAYR	aparecer v
Apple	mahn-SA-na	manzana f
Appointment	SEE-ta	cita f
are, we	es-TA-mos, SO-mos	estamos, somos v
are, you	es-TA, ES	está, es v
are, they	es-TAHN, SOHN	están, son v
Arm (body)	BRA-SO	brazo m
around	ahl-ray-day-DOR	alrededor av
arrive	lyay-GAR	llegar v
as	KO-mo	como c
as much as	TAHN-to KO-mo	tanto como av
as soon as	tahn PROHN-to KO-mo	tan pronto como av
ask	pray-goon-TAR	preguntar v
assure	ah-say-goo-RAR	asegurar v
at	AH	a p
at first	ahl-preen-SEE-pyo	al principio av
at last	ahl-FEEN	al fin av
Aunt	TEE-ah	tía f
awaken	des-payr-TAR	despertar v
awful	tayr-REEB-lay	terrible a
Back	es-PAHL-da	espalda f
Bacon	to-SEE-no	tocino m
bad	MAHL-O	malo a
badly	MAHL	mal av
Baggage	ay-kee-PA-hay	equipaje m
Baker	pa-na-DAY-ro	panadero m
Bank	BAHN-ko	banco m
Barber	bar-BAY-ro	barbero m
Basket	ka-NAHS-ta	canasta f
Bath	BA-nyo	baño m
be (to be)	SAYR, es-TAR	ser, estar v
Beach	PLA-ya	playa f
beautiful	BAY-lyo	bello a
Beauty	bay-LYAY-sa	belleza f
because	POR-kay	porque c
Bed	KA-ma	cama f
Bedroom	dor-mee-TO-ryo	dormitorio m
Beef	KAR-nay day-VA-ka	carne de vaca m
Beefsteak	bees-TEK	bistec m
Beer	sayr-VAY-sa	cerveza f
before	AHN-tes	antes av
begin	ko-men-SAR	comenzar v
behind	ah-TRAHS	atrás av
Belief	kray-EN-sya	creencia f
believe	kray-AYR	creer v
Bell	kahm-PA-na	campana f
below	ah-BA-ho	abajo av
better	may-HOR	mejor a
between	EN-tray	entre p
big	GRAHN-day	grande a
Birthday	koom-play-AH-nyos	cumpleaños m
black	NAY-gro	negro a
Blanket	fra-SA-da	frazada f
blue	ah-SOOL	azul a
Boat	BAR-ko	barco m
Body	KWAYR-po	cuerpo m
boil	ayr-VEER	hervir v
Book	LEE-bro	libro m
Boot	BO-ta	bota f
born	na-SEE-do	nacido a
borrow	pres-TAR	prestar v
Bottle	bo-TAY-lya	botella f
Box	KA-ha	caja f
Boy	moo-CHA-cho	muchacho m
Brandy	kohn-YAHK	coñac m
Bread	PAHN	pan m
Breakfast	des-ah-YOO-no	desayuno m
Bridge	PWEN-tay	puente m
bring	tra-AYR	traer v
Brother	ayr-MA-no	hermano m
brown	kahs-TA-nyo	castaño a
Building	ay-dee-FEE-syo	edificio m
Business	LOHS ne-GO-syos	los negocios m
Bus	OHM-nee-boos,	ómnibus m
busy	o-koo-PA-do	ocupado a
but	PAY-ro	pero c
Butter	mahn-tay-KEE-lya	mantequilla f
Button	bo-TOHN	botón m
buy	kohm-PRAR	comprar v
by	POR	por p
Cab (taxi)	TAHK-see	taxi m
call	lya-MAR	llamar v
can (be able)	po-DAYR	poder v
Can (tin)	LA-ta	lata f
cancel	kahn-say-LAR	cancelar v
Car (auto)	aw-to-MO-veel	automóvil m
careful	kwee-da-DO-so	cuidadoso a
carry	lyay-VAR	llevar v
careless	des-kwee-DA-do	descuidado a
Cellar	SO-ta-no	sótano m
certain	SYAYR-to	cierto a
Chair	SEE-lya	silla f
change	kahm-BYAR	cambiar v
cheap	ba-RA-to	barato a
Chest (body)	PAY-cho	pecho m
Chicken	PO-lyo	pollo m
Child	NEE-nyo	niño m
Chocolate	cho-ko-LA-tay	chocolate m
Church	ee-GLAY-sya	iglesia f
Cigar	see-GAR-ro	cigarro m
Cigarette	see-gar-REE-lyo	cigarrillo m
Citizen	syoo-da-DA-no	ciudadano m
City	syoo-DAHD	ciudad f
Class	KLA-say	clase f
clean	LEEM-pyo	limpio a
clear	KLA-ro	claro a
clever	LEES-to	listo a
close, shut	sayr-RAR	cerrar v
Clothes	RO-pa	ropa f
Cloud	NOO-bay	nube f
Coal	kar-BOHN	carbón m
Coat	SA-ko	saco m
Coffee	ka-FAY	café m
cold	FREE-O	frío a
Collar	KWAY-lyo	cuello m
Color	ko-LOR	color m
Comb	PAY-nay	peine m
come	vay-NEER	venir v
comfortable	KO-mo-do	cómodo a
complete	kohm-PLAY-to	completo a
Condition	kohn-dee-SYOHN	condición f
confirm	kohn-feer-MAR	confirmar v
Connection	kohn-nek-SYOHN	conexión f
consent	kohn-sen-TEER	consentir v
construct	kohn-stroo-EER	construir v
continue	kohn-tee-NWAHR	continuar v

English	Sound-spelling	Spanish
Contract	kohn-TRA-to	contrato m
Cook	ko-see-NAY-ro	cocinero m
cool	FRES-ko	fresco a
correct	kor-REK-to	correcto a
Cost, cost	KOHS-to, kohs-TAR	costo m, costar v
cough	to-SAYR	toser v
count	kohn-TAR	contar v
Court (law)	tree-boo-NAHL	tribunal m
Courtyard	PA-tyo	patio m
cover	koo-BREER	cubrir v
Crime	KREE-men	crimen m
Cup	TA-sa	taza f
cut	kor-TAR	cortar v
damp	OO-may-do	húmedo a
dance	ba-ee-LAR	bailar v
Dance	BA-ee-lay	baile m
Danger	pay-LEE-gro	peligro m
dangerous	pay-lee-GRO-so	peligroso a
dark	oh-SKOO-ro	oscuro a
Date	FAY-cha	fecha f
Daughter	EE-ha	hija f
Dawn	AHL-ba	alba f
Day	DEE-ah	día m
dead	MWAYR-to	muerto a
dear, beloved	kay-REE-do	querido a
decide	day-see-DEER	decidir v
deep	pro-FOON-do	profundo a
definitely	day-fee-nee-tee-va-MEN-tay	definitivamente av
delay	ray-tar-DAR	retardar v
deliver	en-tray-GAR	entregar v
deny	nay-GAR	negar v
depart	par-TEER	partir v
desire	day-say-AR	desear v
die	mo-REER	morir v
different	dee-fay-REN-tay	diferente a
difficult	dee-FEE-seel	difícil a
dine	ko-MAYR	comer v
Dinner	ko-MEE-da	comida f
direct	dee-REK-to	directo a
dirty	SOO-syo	sucio a
discuss	dees-koo-TEER	discutir v
do	ah-SAYR	hacer v
Doctor	MAY-dee-ko	médico m
Door	PWAYR-ta	puerta f
doubt	doo-DAR	dudar v
dress oneself	ves-TEER-say	vestirse v
Dress	ves-TEE-do	vestido m
drink	bay-BAYR	beber v
Drink	bay-BEE-da	bebida f
drive	kohn-doo-SEER	conducir v
Drop	GO-ta	gota f
dry	SAY-ko	seco a
during	doo-RAHN-tay	durante p
Duty	day-BAYR	deber m
each	KA-da	cada a
Ear	O-RAY-ha	oreja f
early	tem-PRA-no	temprano av
East	O-RYEN-tay	oriente m
easy	FA-seel	fácil a
eat	ko-MAYR	comer v
Egg	WAY-VO	huevo m
electric, -al	ay-LEK-tree-ko	eléctrico a
empty	va-SEE-O	vacío a
End	FEEN	fin m
end	tayr-mee-NAR	terminar v
Engine	MA-kee-na	máquina f
English	een-GLAYS	inglés m, a
enjoy	go-SAR	gozar v
enough	bahs-TAHN-tay	bastante av
enter	en-TRAR	entrar v
exact	ek-SAHK-to	exacto a
excellent	ek-say-LEN-tay	excelente a
except	ek-SEP-to	excepto av
Exchange	KAHM-byo	cambio m
excuse	eks-koo-SAR	excusar v
expect (hope for)	es-pay-RAR	esperar v
expensive	KA-ro	caro a
explain	eks-plee-KAR	explicar v
Eye	O-ho	ojo m
Face	KA-ra	cara f
Fact	AY-cho	hecho m
fall	ka-AYR	caer v
false	FAHL-so	falso a
Family	fa-MEE-lya	familia f
far	LAY-hohs	lejos av
farm	kool-tee-VAR	cultivar v
Farm	ah-SYEN-da	hacienda f
fat	GOR-do	gordo a
Father	PA-dray	padre m
Fault	KOOL-pa	culpa f
fear	tay-MAYR	temer v
feel	sen-TEER	sentir v
Few	PO-kohs	pocos m pl
Field	KAHM-po	campo m
fight	pay-lay-AR	pelear v
find	ah-LYAR	hallar v
Finger	DAY-do	dedo m
Fire	FWAY-go	fuego m
first	pree-MAY-ro	primero a
Fish	pes-KA-do	pescado m
Flower	FLOR	flor f
Fly	MOS-ka	mosca f
fly	VO-LAR	volar v
follow	say-GEER	seguir v
Food	ah-lee-MEN-to	alimento m
Foot	PYAY	pie m
for	PA-ra, POR	para, por p
Foreigner	eks-trahn-HAY-ro	extranjero m
forget	ohl-vee-DAR	olvidar v
Fork	tay-nay-DOR	tenedor m
free	LEE-bray	libre a
Freedom	lee-bayr-TAHD	libertad f
French	frahn-SES	francés m a
Friday	VYAYR-nes	viernes m
Friend	ah-MEE-go	amigo m
Friendship	ah-mees-TAHD	amistad f
from, of	DAY	de p
Fruit	FROO-ta	fruta f
full	LYAY-no	lleno a
Garden	har-DEEN	jardín m
get	kohn-say-GEER	conseguir v
Girl	moo-CHA-cha, NEEN-ya	muchacha, niña f
give	DAR	dar v
glad	kohn-TEN-to	contento a
Glass (drinking)	VA-SO	vaso m
go	EER	ir v
go up	SOO-BEER	subir v
God	DYOHS	Dios m
good	BWAY-no	bueno a
good-bye!	ah-DYOHS	¡adiós!
great	GRAHN-day	grande a
green	VAYR-day	verde a
grow	kray-SAYR	crecer v
guide	gee-AR	guiar v
Hair	PAY-lo	pelo m
half	MAY-dyo	medio a
Ham	ha-MOHN	jamón m
Hand	MA-no	mano f
Handkerchief	pah-nyoo-AY-lo	pañuelo m
happy	fay-LEES	feliz a
hard	DOO-ro	duro a
Hat	sohm-BRAY-ro	sombrero m
have	tay-NAYR	tener v
have (auxiliary)	ah-BAYR	haber v
he	EL	él pr
Head	ka-BAY-sa	cabeza f
Health	sa-LOOD	salud f
healthy	SA-no	sano a
Heart	ko-ra-SOHN	corazón m
Heat	ka-LOR	calor m
heavy	pay-SA-do	pesado a
help	ah-yoo-DAR	ayudar v
her	LA, LAY	la, le pr
here	ah-KEE	aquí av
hers	day-EL-ya, SOO	de ella, su a
high	AHL-to	alto a
him	ah-EL, LAY	a él, le pr
his	day-EL, SOO	de él, su pr
Holiday	FYES-ta	fiesta f
honest	ohn-RA-do	honrado a
Honey	MYEL	miel f
hope	es-pay-RAR	esperar v
Horse	ka-BA-lyo	caballo m
Hospital	ohs-pee-TAHL	hospital m
hot	ka-LYEN-tay	caliente a
Hour	O-ra	hora f
House	KA-sa	casa f
how?	KO-mo	¿cómo? av
how much?	KWAHN-to	¿cuánto? av
hungry, to be	tay-NAYR AHM-bray	tener hambre v
Husband	ma-REE-do	marido m
I	YO	yo pr
Ice	YAY-lo	hielo m
if	SEE	si c
ill	en-FAYR-mo	enfermo a
imagine	ee-ma-hee-NAR	imaginar v
immediately	een-may-dya-ta-MEN-tay	inmediatamente av
important	eem-por-TAHN-tay	importante a
impossible	eem-po-SEE-blay	imposible a
in	EN	en p
Information	een-for-ma-SYOHN	información f
Ink	TEEN-ta	tinta f
Inside	een-tay-RYOR	interior m
instead of	en-VAYS DAY	en vez de av
Instruction	een-strook-SYOHN	instrucción f
interesting	een-tay-ray-SAHN-tay	interesante a
Introduction	een-tro-dook-SYOHN	introducción f
invite	een-vee-TAR	invitar v
Iron	YAYR-ro	hierro m
it	EL, LO	él, lo pr
jump	sahl-TAR	saltar v
just, fair	HOOS-to	justo a
keep	gwar-DAR	guardar v
Key	LYA-vay	llave f
kind	bohn-da-DO-so	bondadoso a
Kitchen	ko-SEE-na	cocina f
Knife	koo-CHEE-lyo	cuchillo m
know, be acquainted with	ko-no-SAYR	conocer v
know	sa-BAYR	saber v
Lamp	LAHM-pa-ra	lámpara f
Land	TYAYR-ra	tierra f
Language	LEN-gwa	lengua f
last	OOL-tee-mo	último a
last	doo-RAR	durar v
late	TAR-day	tarde a
lately	ray-syen-tay-MEN-tay	recientemente av
laugh	ray-EER	reír v
learn	ah-pren-DAYR	aprender v
Leather	KWAY-ro	cuero m
left	ees-KYAYR-do	izquierdo a
lend	pres-TAR	prestar v
less	MAY-nohs	menos a
Letter	KAR-ta	carta f
lie	men-TEER	mentir v
lie down	ah-kohs-TAR-say	acostarse v
Life	VEE-da	vida f
Light	LOOS	luz f
light (weight)	lee-HAY-ro	ligero a
Lightning	re-LAHM-pa-go	relámpago m
like, equal to	ee-GWAHL	igual a
like	goos-TAR	gustar v
Lip	LA-byo	labio m
listen	es-koo-CHAR	escuchar v
little (small)	pe-KAYN-yo	pequeño a
little (not much)	PO-ko	poco a
live	vee-VEER	vivir v
long	LAR-go	largo a
look for	boos-KAR	buscar v
lose	payr-DAYR	perder v
love	ah-MAR, kay-RAYR	amar, querer v
Love	ah-MOR	amor m
lovely	ayr-MO-so	hermoso a
low	BA-ho	bajo a
Luck	SWAYR-tay	suerte f
Lunch	ahl-MWAYR-so	almuerzo m
Madam, Mrs.	se-NYO-ra	señora f
make	ah-SAYR	hacer v
Man	OHM-bray	hombre m
Manager	hay-REN-tay	gerente m
many	MOO-chohs	muchos a
Map	MA-pa	mapa m
Market	mayr-KA-do	mercado m
marry	ka-SAR	casar v
Matches	FOHS-fo-rohs	fósforos m pl
Material	ma-tayr-YAHL	material m
matter, what's the?	KAY PA-sa	¿qué pasa?
matter, it does not	NO eem-POR-ta	no importa v
me	MAY, MEE, ah-MEE	mé, mí, a mí pr
Meal	ko-MEE-da	comida f
mean	seeg-nee-fee-KAR	significar v
Meat	KAR-nay	carne f
Mechanic	may-KA-nee-ko	mecánico m
Medicine	may-dee-SEE-na	medicina f
meet	en-kohn-TRAR	encontrar v
mend	ray-men-DAR	remendar v
Merchant	ko-mayr-SYAHN-tay	comerciante m
Midnight	MAY-dya NO-chay	media noche f
Mile	MEE-lya	milla f
Milk	LAY-chay	leche f
Mill (factory)	FA-bree-ka	fábrica f
Minute	mee-NOO-to	minuto m
Miss	se-nyo-REE-ta	señorita f
Mistake	ayr-ROR	error m
Mister, Sir	se-NYOR	señor m
Moment	mo-MEN-to	momento m
Monday	LOO-nes	lunes m
Money	dee-NAY-ro	dinero m
Month	MAYS	mes m
Moon	LOO-na	luna f
more	MAHS	más av
Morning	mahn-YA-na	mañana f
Mother	MA-dray	madre f
Mouth	BO-ka	boca f
move	mo-VAYR	mover v
Movie (theatre)	SEE-nay	cine m
much	MOO-cho	mucho a
must	day-BAYR	deber v
my	MEE, MEES	mi, mis a
Name	NOHM-bray	nombre m
Nation	nah-SYON	nación f
naturally	na-too-rahl-MEN-tay	naturalmente av
near	SAYR-ka	cerca av, p
necessary	nay-say-SAR-yo	necesario a
Neck	KWAY-lyo	cuello m
need	nay-say-see-TAR	necesitar v
neither . . . nor	nee . . . nee	ni . . . ni c
never	NOON-ka, ha-MAHS	nunca, jamás av
New	NWAY-VO	nuevo a
News	no-TEE-syas	noticias f pl
Newspaper	payr-YO-dee-ko	periódico m
next	PROHK-see-mo	próximo a
Night	NO-chay	noche f
no	NO	no av
nobody	NA-dyay	nadie pr
Noon	MAY-dyo-DEE-ah	mediodía m
North	NOR-tay	norte m
Nose	na-REES	naríz f
not	NO	no av
note	no-TAR	notar v
nothing	NA-da	nada av
now	ah-O-ra	ahora av
Number	NOO-may-ro	número m
obey	o-bay-day-SAYR	obedecer v

Continued on next page

English	Sound-spelling	Spanish
of, from	DAY	de p
offer	o-fray-SAYR	ofrecer v
Office	o-fee-SEE-na	oficina f
Officer	o-fee-SYAHL	oficial m
often	ah may-NOO-do	a menudo av
Oil	ah-SAY-tay	aceite m
old	VYAY-ho	viejo a
on, upon	SO-bray	sobre p
only	so-la-MEN-tay	solamente av
open	ah-BYAYR-to	abierto a
or	o	o, c
order	mahn-DAR	mandar v
otherwise	day O-tra-ma-NAY-ra	de otra manera av
outside	FWAY-ra	fuera av
own	PRO-pyo	propio a
Pair	PAR	par m
Paper	pa-PEL	papel m
Parents	PA-drays	padres m pl
Part	PAR-tay	parte f
Patience	pa-SYEN-sya	paciencia f
pay	pa-GAR	pagar v
Pea	gee-SAHN-tay	guisante m
Pear	PAY-ra	pera f
Pen	PLOO-ma	pluma f
Pencil	LA-pees	lápiz m
People	HEN-tay	gente f
Pepper	pee-MYEN-ta	pimienta f
perfect	payr-FEK-to	perfecto a
perhaps	tahl VAYS	tal vez av
permit	payr-mee-TEER	permitir v
Person	payr-SO-na	persona f
Photograph	FO-to	foto f
Piece	PYAY-sa	pieza f
Pillow	al-mo-AH-da	almohada f
Pin	ahl-fee-LAYR	alfiler m
Place	loo-GAR	lugar m
Plate	PLA-to	plato m
pleasant	ah-gra-DA-blay	agradable a
please!	por fa-VOR	¡por favor!
please	goos-TAR	gustar v
Pocket	bohl-SEE-lyo	bolsillo m
Point	POON-to	punto m
Police	po-lee-SEE-ah	policía f
polite	kor-TES	cortés a
poor	PO-bray	pobre a
Porter	por-TAY-ro	portero m
possess	po-say-AYR	poseer v
possible	po-SEE-blay	posible a
Post Office	KA-sa day kor-RAY-ohs	casa de correos m f
Potato	PA-pa, pa-TA-ta	papa, patata f
Pound	LEE-bra	libra f
Powder	POL-VO-ra	pólvora f
prepare	pray-pa-RAR	preparar v
present	ahk-too-AHL	actual a
Present	ray-GA-lo	regalo m
Price	PRAY-syo	precio m
print	eem-pree-MEER	imprimir v
probable	pro-BA-blay	probable a
promise	pro-may-TAYR	prometer v
pronounce	pro-noon-SYAR	pronunciar v
prove	pro-BAR	probar v
pure	POO-ro	puro a
put	po-NAYR	poner v
Quality	ka-lee-DAHD	calidad f
quarrel	ray-NYEER	reñir v
Question	pray-GOON-ta	pregunta f
quick	RA-pee-do	rápido a
quiet	KYAY-to	quieto a
Railroad	fayr-ro-kar-REEL	ferrocarril m
rain	lyo-VAYR	llover v
Rain	LYOO-vya	lluvia f
Razor	na-VA-ha day ah-fayee-TAR	navaja de afeitar f
read	lay-AYR	leer v
ready	LEES-to	listo a
receive	ray-see-BEER	recibir v
red	RO-ho	rojo a
refuse	ray-oo-SAR	rehusar v
regret	sen-TEER	sentir v
Relatives	pa-RYEN-tes	parientes m pl
remember	ray-kor-DAR	recordar v
rent	al-kee-LAHR	alquilar v
repair	ray-pa-RAR	reparar v
repeat	ray-pay-TEER	repetir v
Reply	res-PWES-ta	respuesta f
reserve	ray-sayr-VAR	reservar v
rest	days-kahn-SAR	descansar v
Rest (remainder)	RES-tohs	restos m pl
return (come back)	vohl-VAYR	volver v
return (give back)	day-vohl-VAYR	devolver v
Rice	ar-ROHS	arroz m
rich	REE-ko	rico a
right (correct)	kor-REK-to	correcto a
right (direction)	day-RAY-cho	derecho a
ripe	ma-DOO-ro	maduro a
River	REE-o	río m
Road	ka-MEE-no	camino m
roast	ah-SAR	asar v
Roof	TAY-cho	techo m
Room	KWAR-to	cuarto m
round	ray-DOHN-do	redondo a
run	kor-RAYR	correr v
sad	TREES-tay	triste a
safe	say-GOO-ro	seguro a

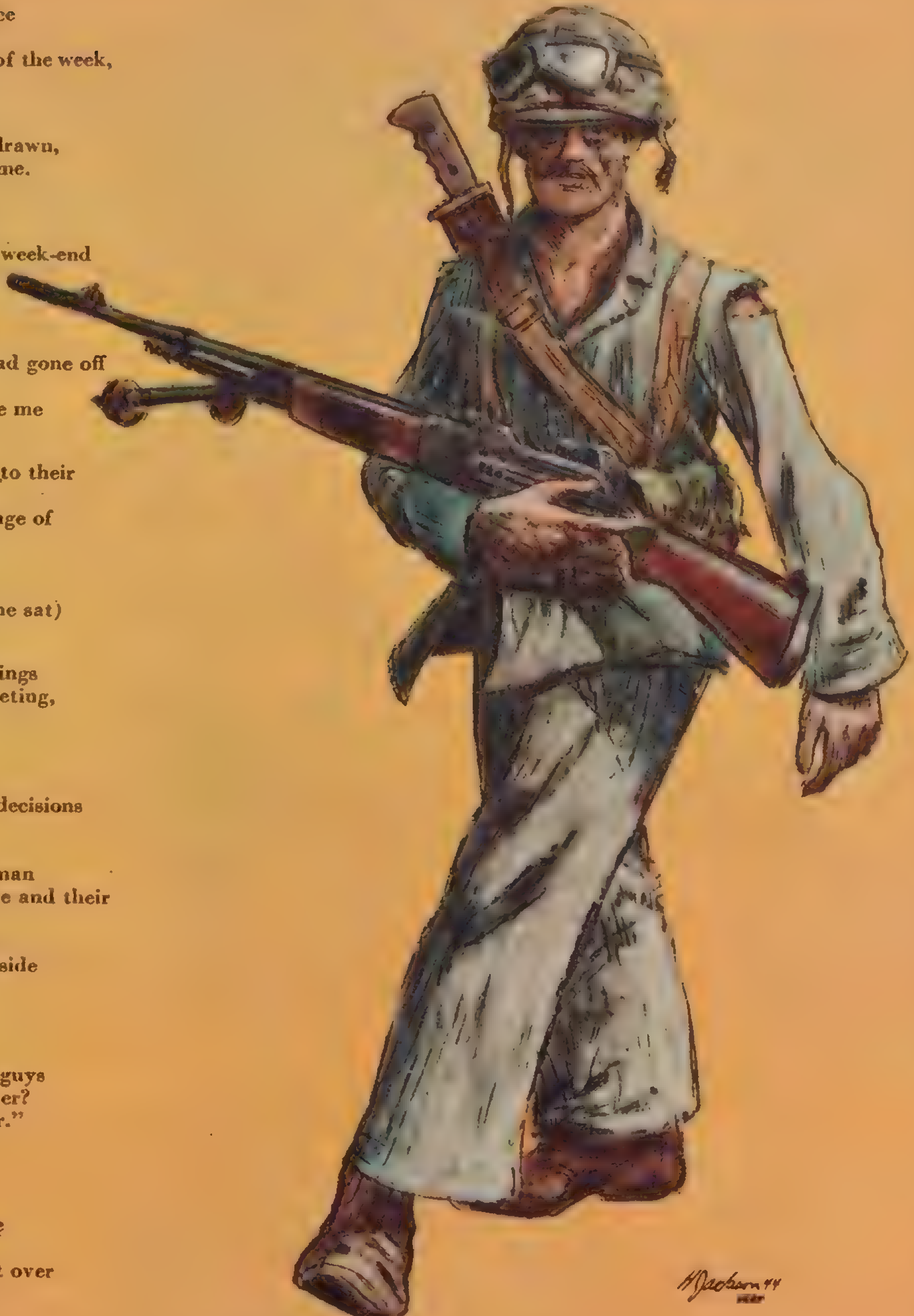
English	Sound-spelling	Spanish
Sale	VEN-ta	venta f
Salt	SAHL	sal f
same	MEES-mo	mismo a
satisfy	sa-tees-fa-SAYR	satisfacer v
Saturday	SA-ba-do	sábado m
save	sahl-VAR	salvar v
say	day-SEER	decir v
School	es-KWAY-la	escuela f
Scissors	tee-HAY-ras	tijeras f pl
Sea	MAR	mar m
Seat	ah-SYEN-to	asiento m
Second	say-GOON-do	segundo m, a
see	VAYR	ver v
seem	pa-ray-SAYR	parecer v
seldom	ra-ra-MEN-tay	raramente av
sell	ven-DAYR	vender v
send	mahn-DAR	mandar v
serve	sayr-VEER	servir v
Shade, Shadow	SOHM-bra	sombra f
share	kohm-par-TEER	compartir v
shave (oneself)	ah-fayee-TAR-say	afeitarse v
she	AYL-ya	ella f pr
Sheet	SA-ba-na	sábana f
Ship	NA-vay	nave f
Shirt	ka-MEE-sa	camisa f
Shoe	sa-PA-to	zapato m
shoot	tee-RAR	tirar v
Shop	TYEN-da	tienda f
short	KOR-to	corto a
show	mohs-TRAR	mostrar v
sign	feer-MAR	firmar v
Silence	see-LEN-syo	silencio m
sing	kahn-TAR	cantar v
Sister	ayr-MA-na	hermana f
sit down	sen-TAR-say	sentarse v
Skin	PYAYL	piel f
Sky	SYAY-lo	cielo m
sleep	dor-MEER	dormir v
slow	LEN-to	lento a
smell	O-LAYR	oler v
smoke	foo-MAR	fumar v
so	ah-SEE	así av
Soap	ha-BOHN	jabón m
soft	BLAHN-do	blando a
so long!	AHS-ta LWAY-go	¡hasta luego!
some	ahl-GOO-nohs	algunos m
someone	AHL-gyen	alguien pr
so much	TAHN-to	tanto av
Son	EE-ho	hijo m
Song	kahn-SYOHN	canción f
soon	PROHN-to	pronto a
Soup	SO-pa	sopa f
South	SOOR	sur m
speak	ah-BLAR	hablar v
Speed	vay-lo-see-DAHD	velocidad f
spend	gahs-TAR	gastar v
Spoon	koo-CHA-ra	cuchara f
Spring (season)	pree-ma-VAY-ra	primavera f
Staircase	es-ka-LAY-ra	escalera f
stand up	pa-RAR-say	pararse v
Start	ko-MYEN-so	comienzo m
Station (RR)	es-ta-SYOHN	estación m
Station (radio)	ay-mee-SO-ra	emisora f
steal	ro-BAR	robar v
Steamer	va-POR	vapor m
Stone	PYAY-dra	piedra f
stop	day-tay-NAYR	detener v
Storm	tem-pes-TAHD	tempestad f
Story	KWEN-to	cuento m
straight	day-RAY-cho	derecho a
Street	KA-lyay	calle f
strong	FWAYR-tay	fuerte a
such	TAHL	tal a
sudden	SOO-bee-to	súbito a
sufficient	soo-fee-SYEN-tay	suficiente a
Sugar	ah-SOO-kar	azúcar m
Summer	vay-RA-no	verano m
Sun	SOHL	sol m
Sunday	do-MEEN-go	domingo m
Supper	SAY-na	cena f
sure	say-GOO-ro	seguro a
sweet	DOOL-say	dulce a
swim	na-DAR	nadar v
Table	MAY-sa	mesa f
Tailor	SAS-tray	sastre m
take	to-MAR	tomar v
talk, speak	ah-BLAR	hablar v
tall	AHL-to	alto a
taste	goos-TAR	gustar v
Tea	TAY	te m
tell	day-SEER	decir v
terrible	tayr-REEB-lay	terrible a
thank	DAR GRA-syahs	dar gracias v
thanks!	GRA-syahs	¡gracias!
that	KAY	que c and pr
the	EL, LA, LO LOHS, LAHS, LOHS	el m, la f, lo n los m, las f, los n pl
there	ah-EE, ah-YEE, ah-YA	ahí, allí, allá av
they	EL-yohs, EL-yahs	ellos m, ellas f
Thing	KO-sa	cosa f
think	pen-SAR	pensar v
Thirst	SED	sed f
this	ES-tay, ES-ta	este m, esta f
through	ah-tra-VES	a través av
Thunder	troo-AY-no	trueno m

English	Sound-spelling	Spanish
Thursday	HWAY-ves	jueves m
Ticket	bo-LAY-to	boleto m
Time	TYEM-po	tiempo m
tire	kahn-SAHR	cansar v
to	AH	a p
Tobacco	ta-BA-ko	tabaco m
today	OY	hoy av
together	HOON-to	junto a
tomorrow	ma-NYA-na	mañana av
tonight	ES-ta NO-chay	esta noche av
too	day-ma-SYA-do	demasiado av
Tooth	DYEN-tay	diente m
touch	to-KAR	tocar v
towards	AH-sya	hacia p
Town (small)	PWAY-blo	pueblo m
Train (RR)	TREN	tren m
translate	tra-doo-SEER	traducir v
travel	vee-ah-HAR	viajar v
Tree	AR-bol	árbol m
Trousers	pahn-ta-LO-nes	pantalones m pl
Truck (auto)	ka-MYOHN	camión m
true	vayr-da-DAY-ro	verdadero a
try	tra-TAR, pro-BAR	tratar, probar v
Tuesday	MAR-tes	mártes m
turn	vohl-VAYR	volver v
ugly	FAY-O	feo a
unable	een-ka-PAHS	incapaz a
uncertain	een-SYAYR-to	incierto a
Uncle	TEE-O	tío m
under	BA-ho	bajo p
understand	en-ten-DAYR	entender v
University	oo-nee-vayr-see-DAHD	universidad f
unless	ah MAY-nohs kay	a menos que c
until	AHS-ta	hasta p
unusual, rare	RA-ro	raro a
Value	va-LOR	valor m
various	VAR-yo	vario a
Veal	KAR-nay day tayr-NAY-ra	carne de ternera
Vegetable	lay-GOOM-bray	legumbre f
very	MWEE	muy av
visit	vee-see-TAR	visitar v
Voice	VOHS	voz f
wait, hope for	es-pay-RAR	esperar v
Waiter	MO-so, ka-ma-RAY-ro	mozo, camarero
walk	ahn-DAR, ka-mee-NAR	andar, caminar
want, desire	day-say-AR	desear v
War	GAYR-ra	guerra f
warm	ka-LYEN-tay	caliente a
wash	la-VAR	lavar v
Watch (timepiece)	ray-LO	reloj m
Water	AH-gwa	agua f
we	no-SO-trohs, no-SO-trahs	nosotros m, nosotras f
weak	DAY-beel	débil a
Weather	TYEM-po	tiempo m
Wednesday	MYAYR-ko-les	miércoles m
Week	say-MA-na	semana f
weight	PAY-SO	peso m
welcome	byen-vay-NEE-do	bienvenido a
well	BYEN	bien av
West	O-ES-tay	oeste m
what?	KAY	¿qué? a
what is this?	KAY ES ES-to	¿qué es esto?
when	KWAHN-do	cuando av
where	DOHN-day	donde av
whether	SEE	si c
which	KWAHL	cual a, pr
while	MYEN-trahs	mientras av
white	BLAHN-ko	blanco a
who?	KYEN	¿quién? pr
whole, entire	en-TAY-ro	entero a
why	por-KAY	¿por qué? c, a
wide	AHN-cho	ancho a
Widow, -er	VYOO-da, VYOO-do	viuda f, viudo
Wife	es-PO-sa	esposa f
win	ga-NAR	ganar v
Wind	VYEN-to	viento m
Window	ven-TA-na	ventana f
Wine	VEE-no	vino m
Winter	een-VYAYR-no	invierno m
Wire (metal)	ah-LAHM-bray	alambre m
wish (congratulate)	fay-lee-see-TAR	felicitar v
with	KOHN	con p
without	SEEN	sin p
Woman	moo-HAYR	mujer f
Word	pa-LA-bra	palabra f
Work	tra-BA-ho	trabajo m
Worker	tra-ba-ha-DOR	trabajador m
World	MOON-do	mundo m
worse	pay-OR	peor, a
write	es-kree-BEER	escribir v
wrong, false	FAHL-so	falso a
Year	AHN-yo	año m
yellow	ah-ma-REE-lyo	amarillo a
yes	SEE	sí av
yesterday	ah-YAYR	ayer av
yet	to-da-VEE-ah	todavía av
you	OOS-TED, OOS-TE-'des	usted pr s, ust pr pl Abbreviat Vd., Vds.
young	HO-ven	joven a

"Muster at Halloran and Bethesda"

by Lieut. (j.g.) Richard James Goggin

PAINTING BY SGT. HARRY JACKSON, MARINE COMBAT ARTIST



I walked
Into a radio executive's office
The other day, boys.
It was Friday, and the end of the week,
About 1730.

A hot and humid Friday,
And I found him pale and drawn,
And getting ready to go home.

He looked up
As I stepped into his office,
And his eyes, mirroring his week-end
thoughts,
Opened wide in surprise.

I was one of many
Of his ex-employees who had gone off
to war
And he was surprised to see me
After so many months.

But his eyes dropped back to their
Far-away look
After the customary exchange of
greetings
Had gone its usual way,
And we stood there
(or rather, I stood, and he sat)
And looked at each other.

After the exchange of greetings
Our common ground . . . fleeting,
casual, insignificant . . .
Was gone.

He lifted his head,
The head that made great decisions
Among the liveliest
Of the moneyed arts;
The head that topped the man
Who bought and sold people and their
hopes
With lunches and contracts
And who could cast them aside
With a flick of the pen,
And no lunches.

He spoke . . .
"When," he said, "are you guys
going to get this thing over?
I'm awfully tired of the war."

I looked at him closely.
And he was tired.

Boys, the people back home
Are tired of the war.
When are we going to get it over
So that the radio executive
Can stop being tired?

Boys, you haven't done enough
To get this war over
In a hurry.
You haven't given enough
Of life and limb
And pain,
Of suffering of mind
And ache of heart.

You haven't spent more than
Seven days a week
Tempting death
In all his many guises . . .
His thundering guns and high velocity
whines,
His sinking ships
And watery graves,
His grasping for your breath with the
Fluidity of the sea,
And blowing out hot blasts of flame
From burning oil upon the crests and
hollows
Of the waves . . .
His bomb blasts
Against your hand-dug slits,
His tracers drumming against the
cowling of your planes
His ack-ack chewing up your props
and tails.

And death has still more guises
Known to you . . .

He weakened you with dysentery
And the fevers,
And split your mind against itself
With fear and shock and high insanity.
He rode the swift lunge
Of a bayonet, and the fiery hell
Of flame throwers.
He lurked among the land mines
And the booby traps, the tourniquets
And the swelling horror of gangrene.

Yes, all his forms
Are familiar to you men who lie in cots
And beds, on operating tables and in
Wheel chairs, and who beat your hands
and heads
Against the padding of your cells.

Oh, yes, I know
You've all made sacrifices.

You, Thomas, that withered thing
You dangle from your shoulder was
The strong right arm
That pitched baseballs and
Grenades with equal skill and speed.

Witnak,
Your mind, no marvel at its best,
Is broken,
And you are a caricature of a man
With head and trunk and legs
And babbling mouth.

Yes, Luizzi, I know,
You were there too. You won
Your membership
In our corps with loss of eyes
And traded worldly sights for quiet
corridors
And hospital smells. Ether and iodine
And clean white linen
Can become one's best friends
In time.

And time here is not of the essence,
But the essence
Is of time.

No, Ventnor, you
And your pals in blue and khaki
Have not done well by the folks at
home.
You're *wasting* time here,
Their time,
And they're annoyed.

So, get up, boys,
Get out of your cots, and wheel chairs,
Come, boys, don't draw back.

Throw away your crutches, Brown,
and walk out to the wars again.
Men are needed to get this over.
Brown, don't quibble! Some magic from
The home front will support you.
Forget your artificial legs!
Walk, man,
Walk upon your stumps!

And Nurse,
When this muster is finished,
Bid the orderlies unbind Witnak and
Let him be free again,
A man in custody
Has no dignity.
Witnak must return to the rapid
concussions
Of powder, air and flame.
He must return with head held high
To the fight that laid him low,
To the fight that took his mind, but
Left his body for the psychiatrists
To study
At their leisure.

What's that, Hartmann,
You protest that surely a man
Whose guts
Are fertilizing a roadside hedge
In Normandy will not be needed?
You, whose indebtedness
To the surgeon's scalpel
And the physician's healing hand
Is measured by hours and minutes
and seconds
Of borrowed time,
Defying the mysterious processes
Of digestion and assimilation
With bottles and curving tubes
Of glass
As a substitute for a stomach?

Agreed, a bayonet by moonlight
Can do things like that to a man,
But there are still other
Bayonets, Hartmann,
Bright or bloody, awaiting your bottles
and your tubes.

Do not flinch, McCarthy,
At the thoughts of rolling surf and
beachheads
Along the Gallic coast,
A host of people are behind you . . .
On the North American coast.

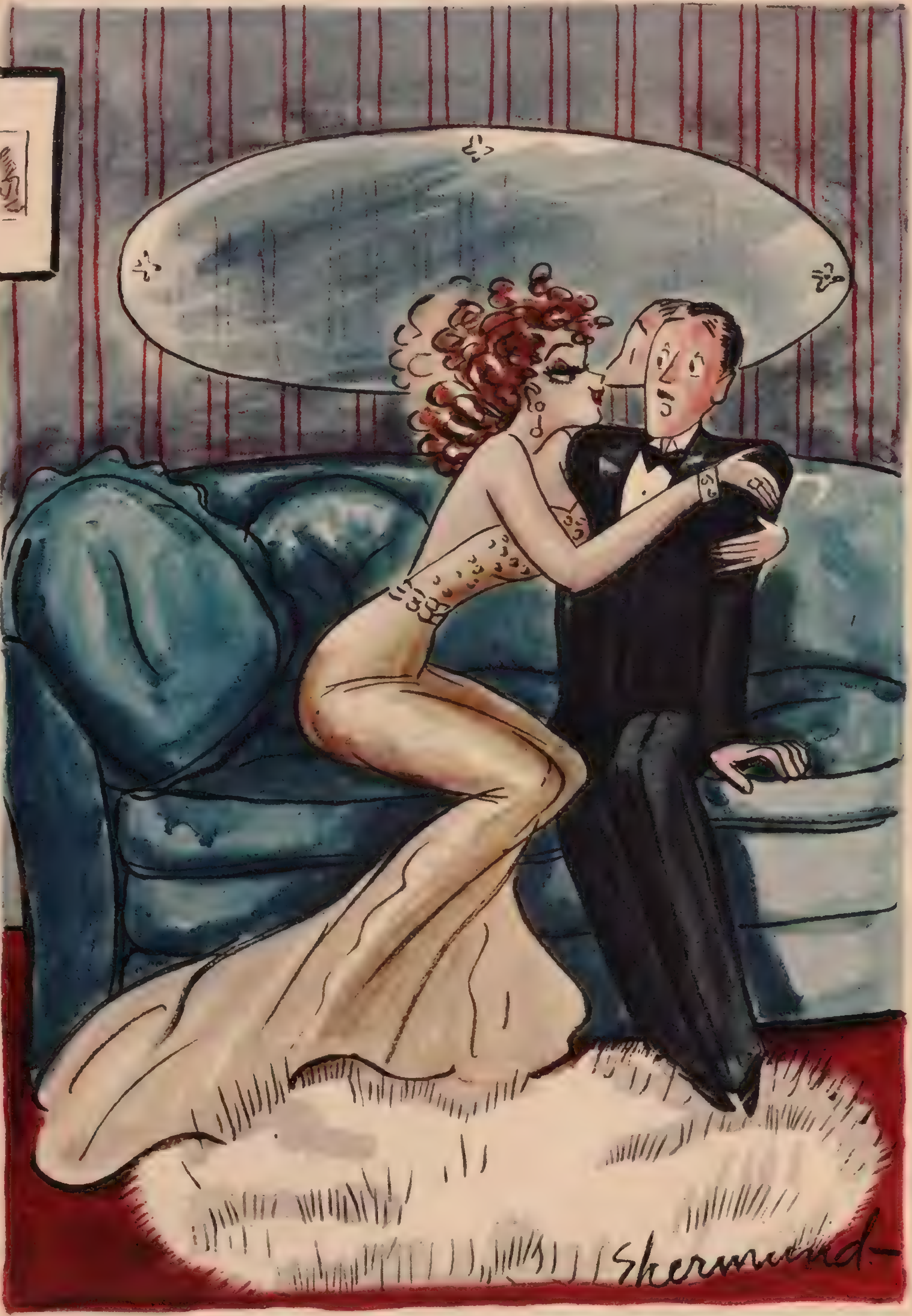
They're tired,
They're anxious to get it over.
And they're doing their part to speed
the thing along
With stragglers in shipyards,
And strikes throughout the States.
With nylon and gasoline
And meat
Purchased from the highwaymen at
prices
Very neat.

All praise and profit to the markets
that are black,
They kept up the home morale
While you were dodging flak.

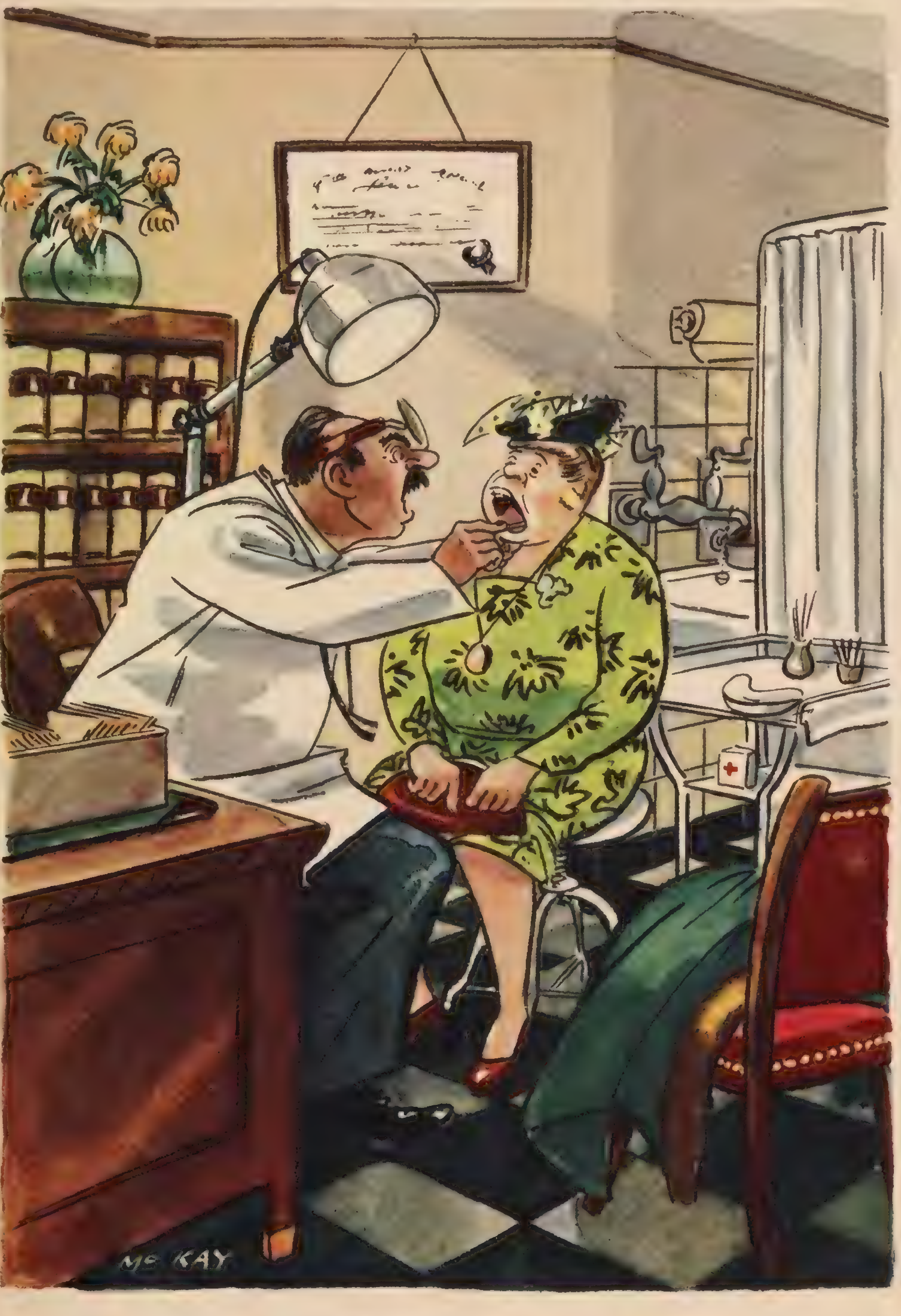
So out you go, boys,
Tomorrow,
At break of dawn,
Out you go
Hobbling,
Crawling,
Tapping with your canes
To the overseas encounter with the
Hun and Jap again.

You now have a bigger job to do
Than "fight for what is right,
For Democracy, and the American
way of life."

It's long past time
You discovered
That death has still one more disguise:
You must give up life and limb
For him,
And the circles 'neath his eyes.



"Please, please, Miss Lamont—I have a wife in the service overseas!"



"*Not so wide, Mrs. Nyes—I'm getting an echo*"

This Man's World

Of a non-neurotic vet, radio announcing with gestures, the curfew, surf-casting and a plea for a good poison ivy remedy

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

The other evening I met by accident a young guy in civilian clothes, a quiet, pleasant-looking kid who was standing outside the N.B.C. studios on 49th Street and whom I shall not name because he probably would not like me to do so.

He happened to be going our way and he joined us when we offered to drop him at his destination. He was so mild and inoffensive looking with a kind of shy Caspar Milquetoast quality that he seemed hardly to be present on the trip, and nobody talked to him much or paid him any attention. One figured he was probably a 4-F, or that there was some adequate reason for his not being in uniform, the chief impression being that someone so slight and so mild and self-effacing was hardly likely to be good soldier material.

It wasn't until I heard a member of our party who knew him slightly address him as "Captain" that I became interested and began to talk to him, without appearing to pry into his affairs.

It developed that he had captained a Flying Fortress flying the Devil's Run over Germany during the dark and awful days when the B-17s flew their missions without fighter escort, and that eventually he had been invalided out of the Army and was back in civilian life. It also developed that he had six Purple Hearts. He did not mention the other decorations he had. But in the course of our talk he did refer to his artificial leg.

I said, "You're kidding."

He grinned. "It's pretty good, isn't it?"

"Why," I said, "I never would have suspected . . ."

"I can do anything with it I could with the real one—play golf . . ."

"Dance?"

"Hell, yes."

It was queer, crossing the 59th Street bridge with the lights of Manhattan behind us and the smooth, quiet river below, thinking of this youngster flying his big metal bird through death and destruction, looking down over Berlin, watching the bombs blossom while the black flak rocked his ship and the Messerschmitts peeled off spitting orange flame, and there he was in civilian clothes and a slouch hat with not so much as a button or a ribbon on him, or for that matter, any visible mark.

And so I guess I was tactless, but I felt I had to know and I blurted out, "Look, you've been through it all and got more than your share of Purple Hearts and come back—are you shaky and restless and hungry for action? I mean do you go for that neurotic stuff about being unable to settle down now that you're back? Has the war . . ."

The young man laughed out loud and said. "Aw, nuts!"

"You mean the war hasn't changed you . . . ?"

"Oh, I guess it's changed me some all right. Nobody's pushing me around any more the way they used to. You know, when I was in school on Long Island, I was a kind of a meek kid and not too strong—the kid that's always getting shoved around by the big guys. It was the same thing when I got out of school and went into show business. Well, that's the only difference. I can't be pushed any more—by anybody. Hell, I don't go for that neurotic stuff. What have I got to be neurotic about? I'm out of it. I've got a good job in radio. I feel great. What would I be restless for? Anybody who is restless to be back flying through that flak is plain nuts. I figure I'm lucky to be where I am, and I'm settling for it . . ."

The flying, the danger, the strain and tension, the shooting and the dying all about him, the shock and sting of wounds, the long aching weeks in hospital and transport, the lost limb, the terrible years of war, were wiped out in the quiet realization that it was over and that he had exchanged some youth and one leg for the knowledge that no one could ever push him around again, and found the bargain somehow not an unfair one.

I thought I would like to write about my meeting with him.

Help Wanted

I am writing this in the chill interim between winter and spring, but by the time these words struggle through the mechanical mill necessary to get them into a modern magazine, the snows will long have vanished, fruit trees will be in blossom and the fields will be green once more. And by the time these lines meet your eye, whoever you may be and wherever you are, I shall have poison ivy. I shall have it good.

What I am after is a remedy, a small return to ask for the numerous benefits that must have accrued to you through consistent perusal of this department. I am imploring you to devote a three-cent stamp and a few minutes of your time to write me your favorite antidote, specific, corrective and counter-poison. Lord, I am already itching in anticipation.

Send me prescriptions, recipes, elixirs, panaceas, balms and catholicons to combat the coming of the dreadful day. And come it will. And look, it's no use suggesting that I stay away from poison ivy. I have a farm. We grow it there. A guy simply can't stay in the house all the time. Sooner or later I will go for a walk down to the brook, or go out into the garden to smell a flower—and boom, I've got it.

Calamine lotion won't work for me, or any of that stuff that the drugstores sell in bottles. I am looking for secret ointments, salves, cereates, embrocations and cataplasms originated and discovered by your grandmothers, backed by personal testimonies of their efficacy. If anything ever worked for you, I want to know about it.

I will settle even for spells, if you know of any good ones to stop the fiendish itching, the slow, inexorable spread of the plague from one finger to two, over the back of the hand, up the wrist, leaping to the other arm. I will try shamanism, thaumaturgy and necromancy, cantrips and philters.

This is really a public service in a way, for I am a stubborn case. To date, I have tried everything available on the drugstore shelf, and still I itch and scratch and suffer until the venom has run its three weeks' course. Somebody must have run across something to combat that scourge which has been raging since the beginning of time. I offer myself as a guinea pig to try them all. The one that works I will give to the world via this magnificent medium of public information. Let's go, boys!

Technique

If you have ever wondered how radio announcers manage to get so much unction and sincerity into their readings of the commercials, I am happy to be able to inform you that it is done with gestures. So help me, Hannah, the guys who read those things all but knock themselves out waving their arms about in the studios

Continued on page 180

◆

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

A prewar dream and a postwar girl

Of all the dreams shattered by the realities of war, none has been more bitterly relinquished than the vision of a South Sea paradise of exotic flowers and luscious native wenches, all looking like Milada Mladova, as she appears opposite in slanting tropical moonlight and the sea shells she wore in Broadway's latest production of *Rain* (called *Sadie Thompson* this season).

Soldiers, who had daydreamed of being beachcombers back in the days when they were civilians, after a look at the island and island belles, sourly V-mailed home, "Beieve me, it isn't so." But although *hat* dream is gone, a girl like Miada is fine for dreaming any time. ust shift the scene because, as a vise man remarked, there are some hings that never change.

Besides being blessed with an ye-satisfying figure, and face to atch, Milada has a clean line and recise ballet technique that shines rightly no matter what flavor the horeography. In *Allah Be Praised* he was première danseuse in harem ants. In A. P. Waxman's greenack-drenched *Sadie Thompson*, with music yet, she had hula movements twined in with her classic arabesques. But Ali Baba or Pago Pago, she's good ballet and good looking.

The daughter of a Czech violinist, Milada was born in Oklahoma City. She began to study ballet when she was five because most little girls go to dancing school. But she had more than a casual talent, and when she was twelve, she was taken backstage during an Oklahoma engagement of the *Ballet Russe* to be introduced to Léonide Massine. She danced for him and on his recommendation was sent to Paris to study with the great Preobrajenska. She was barely fifteen when Massine sent for her to join the troupe at Monte Carlo. For seven years she toured the capitals of Europe and South America and the United States. She left the Ballet Russe in 1942 to become première danseuse in the New Opera Company's revival of *The Merry Widow*.

Both *Allah Be Praised* and the musical *Rain* turned out to be theatrical mistakes, but Milada Mladova wasn't. You'll be seeing her.

HOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

No Woman Can Tame Me

No woman could make him eat dirt, so naturally what happened at Whorfle's store had nothing to do with Nancy

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

• FICTION •

The first time I saw the old man he was having an argument in the bargain basement at Whorfle's, where I used to work. He was arguing with a clerk at a hardware counter. The clerk said the gallon of linseed oil costs five dollars and ten cents, and the old man said no he is sure it only costs four ninety-five. The old man was waving his arms around and yelling like that tobacco auctioneer on the radio. The old man was a character and I don't mean a person in a book. He was a little nob, dressed in a velvet jacket, which was trimmed with blue piping. He was also wearing one of those enormous Windsor ties that practically covered his chin. I said to myself, for fifteen cents nobody should have to curse Whorfle's department store.

I shoved my way into the argument, and said, "This is Stacey, Joe Stacey. I will pay the difference of fifteen cents, mister, if you will just take it easy."

The old man turned around and gave me the freeze. He said, "Who asked you to butt in, nosy parker?"

I said, "This is Stacey, public relations director, Whorfle's department store. I will be happy to pay the fifteen cents out of my own pocket." I explained my position.

"All right," he said, "but someday I will pay you back. Kindly take down my name and address. Roderick P-e-a-v-i-s," he spelled it out, "pronounced pay-vis. I thank you kindly, sir. The best damn linseed oil in the world is sold right here at Whorfle's."

That was my job: making the customers at Whorfle's happy. Also getting the store into the newspapers. FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE. MEMO TO CITY EDITOR. EXCLUSIVE TO YOU. And I do mean you. That's what was giving me the pain in the head when I got back to my office. Today was my deadline for the publicity prospectus on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Whorfle store and I didn't have an idea in my head.

Sidney Whorfle himself was standing at my desk. I expected the worst. I got it. He looked at me with a why-do-I-pay-your-salary look. Sidney Whorfle is the kind of guy who has jowls, real jowls, like empty sacks. He sucked his jowls at me maliciously and said, "I don't know why I ever let the board of directors talk me into hiring a Broadway press agent. You are incompetent, irrelevant, and, as far as the profits of this store are concerned, immaterial. What are you waiting for—our hundredth anniversary?"

I was fighting for time. I lit a cigarette. I tied my shoelace. I wiped sweat off my forehead. It was one hot day. Stacey could always think himself out of trouble. No man, or woman either, ever makes me rattled. I thought of the old man cursing Whorfle's for fifteen cents.

Whorfle said, "Your contract comes up for renewal next month, Mr. Stacey. Your job is literally hanging by a thread, and the thread is raveling."

I took a deep breath. Ideas began to spin around in the brain. I said, "What would the average press agent dream up if he was handling a department store with a Fiftieth Anniversary? Probably he would spend a million dollars on a parade down Fifth Avenue. Or he would stage a fashion show with all the styles from the Gay Nineties onward."

"Not a bad idea," said Whorfle.

I laughed. I took out a hunk of paper and made a diagram.

I said, "I will take this Fiftieth Anniversary and bring it down to the level of the man in the street."

I drew a street and a man in it.

"I will find you the oldest customer at Whorfle's, who has been buying since it opened," I said. "I will find you probably the oldest customer in the world. In fact, I have found him, but we will run a contest anyway."

I explained about the character in the basement.

I said, "We will build the idea of the Anniversary around one man. We will spring him on the day of the Anniversary. We will give him a banquet, and present him with a golden plaque because he represents Fifty Years."

First, Whorfle thought I was crazy, and he combed his head very fast, which he always does when he thinks I am crazy. He has no hair on his head and he has practically worn his scalp down to the skull with all that imaginary combing. But finally I conned Whorfle into the stunt, proving that it packed a terrific human punch.

"At least," he said finally, "it's cheap. We won't have to hire a hundred Powers models to dress up like rabbits like the idea you had for Easter . . . Are you sure it won't hurt the dignity of the store? We mustn't forget the dignity of the store."

I telephoned McNulty, the city editor of the New York *World Mail*. We used to be reporters on the old *World*. I told him I was working on a great stunt. He asked if it were funny. I replied that it was funny and serious both. He said he was looking for good light yarns in the paper because there was too much grim news from Europe, and he would send somebody over to look into the story.

She got there in less than an hour—and was she a crusher! But don't get me wrong—no woman makes me forget my work. She had big blue eyes, like a hunk of sky. Her hair was blonde and wavy and fell over her shoulders. She had on a pair of white moccasin shoes, a white flannel skirt and a blue sweater. She looked all set to play a set of tennis. I notched up the electric fan on my desk. It isn't hot enough— a real August scorcher in Manhattan, with the temperature knocking hell out of Fahrenheit, but McNulty has to send over . . .

"I'm Nancy Miller from the *Mail*," she said shyly. "I hope this is a good story. This is my first real assignment. Up till now I have been covering society weddings mainly."

"This is a great story," I said. "Julia McCarthy or Anne O'Hare McCormick or Irene Kuhn couldn't ask for a juicier angle."

She took out a pencil. "Did you make it all up?" she asked. "I hear that press agents make everything up." The way she smiled at me made me happy to be a press

SODA
CANDY
McKAY

"Boy! Is his allowance going to take a beating!"

agent, the first time in my life I was happy about it.

"You are the first press agent I ever met," she explained.

I was looking at her figure, the way it curved in and out of the sweater, and suddenly I felt very cold for August. And then hot again. I must have a fever. No woman makes me feel like that!

"You are the best looking sob sister," I heard myself saying "that I ever saw. In fact, you are better looking than any of the models in the fur department at Whorfle's."

When she blushed her cheeks were like a pair of round ripe apples, white and pink interspersed.

She laughed and dimpled up around her lips. "Oh," she said, "you have to say that. You're a press agent. You have to be nice to reporters."

"But I meant it," I said. "I never said it to a girl before."

"Press agents never mean what they say. That's what everybody claims."

Nancy and I visited Roderick Peavis. When I checked up on my little friend, I learned that for twenty years he had been buying nothing but linseed oil at Whorfle's. Peavis lived with his sister in old Chelsea, a slightly decayed piece of Manhattan. He lived on the top floor of a grey stone walk-up. He wouldn't let us in when I knocked, but we finally convinced him we weren't selling brushes or taking opinions for the Gallup Poll. Nancy's blue eyes were sparkling with excitement, like her eyes were Central Park lake with the sun on it.

We found ourselves in a small room that was dark and musty, like a secondhand bookstore on Fourth Avenue. There were no windows around, but only a sort of slanting skylight in one corner. Peavis was running around me, looking like one of the seven dwarfs—Dopey, for my money—in a misty cave. The place stunk with gasoline or kerosene. All around the room were pictures, pictures hanging on the wall in three rows, pictures stacked on the floor, piled on a table.

Peavis' easel was standing by the skylight, and I suddenly tumbled. He was a painter! What had fooled me was that this was too far north for Greenwich Village. But then, they have screwballs all over in Manhattan.

In front of the easel, a wrinkled little lady dressed in a black dress was sitting in a Windsor chair. Her skin was so white, like wax for a church candle, that I thought she was a papier-maché model.

Her name was Sara, and she thought we were from a museum and wanted to buy some of the paintings.

I looked at Nancy, but she was full of excitement, making notes on a sheaf of copy paper. Then Peavis said that I looked familiar, like the chap who had helped him out at Whorfle's, and I said yes that was me, and he explained as follows about the museum:

"My sister," he said, "is referring to the fact that I am the greatest living undiscovered painter in the world. I have been the most advanced technician since I returned from Paris in 1904. At that time, I was ignorant enough to believe that the galleries, the museums, the critics, and the so-called connoisseurs knew something about art. Today I am wiser. I ignore them all. In a hundred years from now the canvases in this room will be worth approximately one million, five hundred thousand dollars. And now, sir, that you have stuck your snout into my affairs, will you kindly remove yourself and your *belle dame* from these premises?"

I looked over and winked at Nancy. She wasn't taking notes any more. Her chin was resting in the palm of one hand and she was staring at Peavis and his sister.

The sister, whose name was Sara, came to my rescue. She said maybe I came to buy some paintings for Whorfle's.

I snapped my fingers. That was it, exactly! Whorfle's was going to buy all his paintings and Whorfle's was giving him a banquet. All I wanted was for him to attend the banquet. He was too dumb to figure my angle.

I was talking faster than Roderick Peavis, and I had him lined up before he even knew it himself.

Before we left, I said, "What do you do with all the linseed oil you buy at Whorfle's?"

"Mix it with paint," he cried. "I like color, lots of color, oceans and rivers of color." His eyes became big, and he rolled his eyeballs around. "I am the greatest man for color since Titian."

There was nothing wrong with that guy, I said to myself, that a good brain operation couldn't cure.

I took a gander at the painting on the easel, at which I nearly fainted. For a moment, he had me thinking maybe he was a painter. But if this was art then my teacher in kindergarten should have sent over my drawings to

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"You've simply got to be more careful, dear—you're spending money I haven't even borrowed"

Hollywood's Dollar Bills

Pine and Thomas have novel ways of making their Class B movies—among these taking their actors to lunch

by JOHN REDDY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Four years ago, two reformed Hollywood press agents walked out of Grauman's Chinese theatre after viewing the première of a million-dollar picture.

"How did you like it?" asked Bill Pine.

"It was so bad," replied Bill Thomas, "that even the footprints in the lobby should have walked out."

That million-dollar flop convinced the two ex-press agents that they could make better movies for one-tenth the money, and they've been doing it ever since.

Today Paramount producers Pine and Thomas are the leading makers of Class B pictures, and have won the title of the "Dollar Bills" for the economy with which they turn them out.

These ripsnorting action dramas, which are zipped off like hot cakes, are often frowned on by the more aesthetic movie-makers, but this fact fails to daunt the Messrs. Pine and Thomas.

"We don't want to make million-dollar epics," they shrug, "we just want to make a million dollars."

Since their quickies cost an average of 90,000 dollars apiece, and have grossed better than 500,000 dollars each, it is obvious that the two producers are well on the way toward realizing their understandable financial ambition. Paramount paid them 191,520 dollars in 1943 in bonuses and profit-sharing dividends alone.

This financial hay is being made by a system—or lack of system—all their own. The pictures are shot on the dilapidated rear end of an old film lot, a relic of silent movie days, by what is surely the strangest film company in the strange and wondrous place called Hollywood. The production manager insults the stars, the producers take everyone to lunch everyday so they won't waste time, the head grip tells the director whether a scene has to be re-shot, the scenarist owns a piece of the company so he won't think up expensive ideas, and everyone from stenographers to passers-by offer advice, which is frequently accepted. Despite this seemingly haphazard system, Pine and Thomas turn out six pictures a year for Paramount, as well as a couple on the side, and they all make money.

When the "Dollar Bills" began producing four years ago, they were determined to be different. The timeworn formula for new producers starting on a shoestring is to combine economy and action by making westerns.

"We'll take a new approach," Pine and Thomas announced triumphantly. "We'll put our cowboys in airplanes instead of on horses."

This was the start of the long line of Pine-Thomas action epics like "Power Dive," "Forced Landing," "Flying Blind," "Wildcat," "High Explosive," "Wrecking Crew," "Tornado" and "I Live on Danger." In this bloodcurdling succession of thrillers, Pine-Thomas characters were plummeted to earth in planes, blown up by nitroglycerin, buried under toppling buildings, drowned in submarines and asphyxiated in coal mines.

"Sadistic, aren't we?" chuckles Bill Thomas.

From this fulsome experience with disaster in some of its most forbidding forms, these two masters of mayhem have come to look upon the cataclysms devised by other producers as mere minor unpleasantries.

"Any dope can kill off a character with a gun or a blunt instrument," Pine explains, rather patronizingly. "We like to be more imaginative. Anyway, it's a matter of necessity with us since we usually kill, or at least maim, several people in each picture, and we hate to repeat ourselves."

In one picture the Bills disposed of a character by having him run over by an eight-bladed rotary discing machine. Another neat devise was having the telescope in a giant revolving observatory conk the villain on the head, knocking him over a 9,000-foot precipice. But the one that would have won the Oscar for the most scrambled performance of the year, if they gave Oscars for such things, was the time they had a villain fall from a balcony into the whirling blades of a propeller mounted on a test block in an aircraft plant. After this scene, Thomas wanted to have a character comment: "That's him all over." He was restrained by Pine.

Both Pine and Thomas arrived at their present lucrative but morbid calling from backgrounds that were both similar and normal, except for their interludes as press agents.

Both were born in Los Angeles (which is almost unheard of among producers), back in the days when they were shooting movies in a barn at Sunset and Gower, now a busy intersection known as "Gower Gulch" because screen cowboys gather in the two drugstores there to sip cokes and devour banana splits.

Both started as newspapermen and soon gravitated to publicity. Pine became press agent for Gilda Gray and put the shimmy queen over with such a bang that the Chicago theatre partners, Balaban and Katz, hired him as their director of publicity.

In 1932 Sam Katz became president of Paramount, and one of his first acts was to create an exploitation department headed by Bill Pine. Pine began hunting for an assistant and hired Bill Thomas, who was handling promotion for the Pantages theatre circuit.

Together they began a series of wild-eyed searches. They searched for practically everything and found a lot of space in the papers doing it. For months they searched for a "Panther Woman," to the tune of plenty of newspaper space. Kathleen Burke won the title but soon slipped back into obscurity, while one of the runners-up, Gail Patrick, became a star.

There followed a national hunt for a "Lion Man," and from the blizzard of news clippings swimming champion Buster Crabbe emerged as the winner.

The search to end all Pine-Thomas searches was the "Search for Beauty," in which they brought twelve prize examples of pulchritude, both male and female, to Hollywood from all over the globe including North Africa, New Zealand and Australia. The only one of the dozen left is Clara Lou Sheridan of Denton, Texas, now known to the screen as Ann Sheridan.

The most classical publicity stunt that the two Bills ever pulled backfired on them. To publicize a Mae West picture entitled "It Ain't No Sin," the two praise agents purchased a hundred parrots and locked them in a room with a phonograph that played over and over again the phrase, "It Ain't No Sin." The idea was that after the parrots had learned the phrase, they would be shipped to a hundred leading newspaper editors throughout the country to publicize the picture.

Two weeks before release of the picture, just as the parrots had finally learned to say, "It Ain't No Sin," the studio suddenly changed the title to "I'm No Angel!"

It may have been things like

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Virginia Mayo

Slim, blue-eyed, blonde and recently voting, Virginia Mayo has been in show business for eighteen years. Born in St. Louis, she went on her third birthday to her aunt's dramatic school. There she majored in singing and dancing and, while still in the pre-school age bracket, lent a lisping note to the Stratford-on-Avon players during their visits to her home town. Later, in Soldan High, she was in all the plays and always staged the dance numbers.

With graduation came time to decide about her dramatic career. And while decisions were being weighed, along came Pansy with the answer. Pansy was two men in a horse . . . Andy Mayo's comedy horse act. The act adopted Virginia for its ring mistress. For four years Virginia and Pansy were No. 1 headliners featured on Broadway in *Banjo Eyes*. After that it was only a short canter to Billy Rose's Diamond Horse Shoe where the great Goldwyn saw her and decided she should exchange sawdust for sound. So Virginia, her mom and their Boston bull trekked to California. She was one of the Goldwyn gals in *U in Arms*, and then given the par of royalty in Bob Hope's *Th Princess and the Pirate*. She love working with Messrs. Kaye an Hope. Says there is only one thin she asks of "Mr. Right," that h be a funny man. She's also determined to be a comedienne i her own right. The Miss from St Louis loves excitement but say she is the type that comes alon just after something has happened She doesn't smoke or drink because it makes her dizzy . . doesn't go in for romance becaus she works too hard. And she als thinks when a girl is wedded to a acting contract she'd better wai till her feet are firmly grounde in success before thinking o matrimonial contracts. Whe asked if she didn't get a big ban out of working with Kaye an Hope she said, "Definitely, bu not quite the bang I would hav if I'd been younger." Virginia—with Kaye again—is now in th Goldwyn *Wonder Man*.

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5 f 5 in.; *Weight:* 113 lbs.; *Bust:* 34 in *Waist:* 24 in.; *Hips:* 35 in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRE

HURRELL

Relaxation Is the Art of Bums

Relaxation may be a gift to some, but many a great athlete owes his success to the gift of intensity

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

"Are you often a 'bundle of nerves'?" a man asks in his ad which tries to high pressure me into buying a book on *How to Relax.*

Yes, I am, mister, and I'll tell you why.

I am a bundle of nerves because the fifteenth of each quarter at midnight is the deadline for tax payments. I do not want to relax myself into Alcatraz. In the meantime I do not want to relax myself into hock with the groceryman (who has a butcher shop in connection), the F.H.A., the insurance companies I depend on to finance my widow to her next husband, and divers and sundry other characters who want the moola laid on the line.

You ask me can I "lie back with the heart-and-soul 'restedness' of a sleek and lazy cat by the fireside?"

And I say, "Goddlemighty, no," for this reason:

I am not dealt destiny's ace cards like our cat is.

All our cat has to do at home is to lie by the fireside, lap up milk, nibble his chow and keep social engagements. If that's all I had to do I could give lessons in relaxing to Casanova, which is the name of our cat.

Casanova has never had to concern himself with the midnight curfew on amusements. When it gets around midnight and I am all tied up in nervous tension at a typewriter, Casanova rubs against me suggesting that we relax and go out to the kitchen and dip into some liverwurst and beer. He will take the liverwurst.

Then, as he uses one paw to clean the liver sausage out of his ears and eyes, he thumbs over the pages of his address book with another paw. After he locates a few good numbers he goes to the back door and meows and I let him out.

Pretty soon I hear him plighting his troth, and from the shrieking and swooning I listen to, I can tell you that when Casanova plights he plights all the way.

In the morning, when we let him in, his legs are shaky and he drags himself in eight paces to the rear of the bags under his eyes. He is so weak he has to lie down to take his breakfast. Then he sleeps all day and the early evening.

If your book can tell me how to get away with this at my time of life, and gives the answers to the arguments my wife would put up, then, Mister Relaxing Expert, you've sure got something. But the truth of it is that Casanova is a bum, and leading the sort of existence that already has him on Life Number Eight of his worldly career.

Your ad says that your book will show me how to be "ready, even eager, at the end of a day to indulge in your favorite recreation." I hope, sir, you do not think I am like our sleek and lazy cat, Casanova. Our favorite recreations differ. Mine is curling up in bed with a good book.

I am ready, even eager, to do it at any time—even when reading your ad. I am so good at it I don't even need a good book.

Your ad says that you have "made a great personal study of scores of sports stars, including Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden and Joe Louis," and you "proved they won fame primarily because they had mastered scientific body control through the art of relaxation."

Well, I have made a great personal study of scores of sports stars too and I have seen many of them relax themselves out of their leagues. My memory is dim about plenty of the performances of Jim Thorpe, but I do remember that when he was trying to hit a curve ball he was so relaxed he waved futile figure eights with his bat. The only trouble with his relaxation was that he struck out on wild pitches.

In football when Jim got tense as the last lone man between an opposing ball carrier and the goal line, most of us greybeards can remember that Jim relaxed the other guy until a gent with the bucket ran out from the bench and dashed water into the puss of the unconscious and supine athlete.

Sometimes I think, Mister Relaxer, that sports writers have done wrong to many a promising athlete by descanting vigorously on the relaxing qualities of noted sports performers. Finally some of the noted sports performers got to believing the secret of success is relaxing. That is, some of those who could read.

Relaxing is why so many sports stars wind up on the borderline of bumhood. If they had kept as tense at trying to make a living in commerce as they did while they were sports stars, they'd have been captains of industry. What gradually is dawning upon sports authorities is the fact that it is the gift of intensity, not of relaxation, that accounts for athletic success.

Take Bill Tilden, for instance. In competition Bill's attitude toward his opponent, officials, press, spectators and the world at large, was that of hair-trigger irritability. And Bill probably was a greater standout in tennis than any other character in any other sport. What was interpreted as Tilden's capacity for relaxation was actually his contempt for matters beneath him.

Contempt, or confidence bred of contempt for the opposition, is more of a factor in spectacular individual athletic success than the over-advertised faculty of relaxation. Some great athletes hide this contempt better than others. The others are frank about it. They let the other guy try to relax in the hope that if he's relaxed it won't hurt so much.

Babe Ruth, coiled as tightly as the spring of an eight-day clock, wasn't relaxing. Pointing toward the faraway fence and leering at the doomed pitcher, the Bambino was anything but loose as a goose. It was the pitcher who was that way in fear and trembling.

Bobby Jones was so tense in competition he'd shoot his meals between rounds. Competition was such nervous strain on Jones he limited his appearances to major national championships. Jones carried the same intensity, masked by his Georgia drawl, into business and into the Army Air Force. In the Air Force Bob was too much "a bundle of nerves" to take normal leaves in England for the golf Yank airmen sometimes got a chance to enjoy. He carried the same disinclination to relax into his profession and that's why he is a very successful lawyer with clients who wouldn't trust their legal affairs to a chronic relaxer.

Bob didn't call his putter Calamity Jane because he went up to those putts without tension. He was harassed by the torments of what might happen that wouldn't get the ball into the cup.

Sarazen went around as a bundle of dynamite exploding inside himself, during the championships he won. Hagen and Armour, reputedly the masters of relaxation in golf, couldn't get themselves into bed at civilized hours for relaxing. Relaxation was artificially induced in them by masseurs or by other reliable means.

Craig Wood, the duration Na-

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◆

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Blithe spirit—with music

Opposite, Vera Zorina as she appears in the latest production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, directed by Margaret Webster. The same trick of the inspired-unexpected in casting that led Miss Webster to choose Canada Lee for Caliban (and last season, Paul Robeson for Othello) put Zorina in the role of Ariel. And by her dancer's grace she brings an extra airiness to the sprite who flies on the wind to do the bidding of Prospero.

With *The Tempest*, Margaret Webster proves once more—as she has for the past eight years—that under her talented hand Shakespearean drama can be a joy rather than a duty to behold. In addition to some brisk editing, she keeps the comedy moving along at 20th-century pace by means of an ingenious turntable set. The sumptuous costumes by Motley and the special music by David Diamond turn the production into a handsomely bound and illustrated collector's item.

In her first role outside the ballet and musical comedy fields Zorina, as Ariel, dazzled the New York critics. After making her reputation as a ballerina with Léonide Massine in the *Ballet Russe*, Zorina reluctantly departed from the troupe in 1936 for her first musical comedy role—in the London production of *On Your Toes.* When she returned to America she was under contract to Sam Goldwyn and went to Hollywood to appear in the movie *Goldwyn Follies.* Her dancing in this picture did as much as anything to speed the growing popular interest in ballet, and in recent years the name of Zorina has become synonymous with "ballerina" in the mind of the public, just as Pavlova was to an earlier generation.

Back on Broadway, Zorina was starred in *I Married an Angel,* and in *Louisiana Purchase.* She has been in several other movies.

In *The Tempest* she sings in an enchanting but not entirely musical voice such magic lines as—

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made. . . .

Her voice is throaty and with a suggestion of flatness that makes the hearer listen sharply. You know—like Marlene Dietrich's.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

A Rope Around His Neck

Tale of a string of pearls with a twist that neatly reverses the theme of the classic narrative by Guy de Maupassant

by JOSEPH YABLONSKI

▪ FICTION ▪

He stood in the doorway of the five and dime store, a big, redheaded man in a blue work shirt and trousers. He looked around until he saw the strings of colored beads hanging on rods, and then he edged through the Saturday shoppers to the jewelry counter. There were rings with bits of glass in tiny paws, earrings on paper cards, bracelets and charms. Many strings of colored beads were hanging on the chrome rods. Jerry Lowell was interested in pearls. A hundred strings of them must have been hanging on the chrome rods and piled in boxes. Big, fat ones to wear high on the throat, small, dainty strings, some with two and three strands. At last he saw what he wanted, a single strand of graduated pearls.

"Can I help you?" asked the girl clerk.

"Yeah, I wanna get some pearls." He took from his pocket a jeweler's case and opened it, showing the black velvet-lined interior. "Lemme see if these will fit in here."

The girl snickered. "Those are too short. Try these." She unhooked another string.

The second necklace fitted perfectly in the velvet groove. Jerry was tickled. This sure would fool Kate. The fancy case would do it. That had been a stroke of luck, finding this apparently new case in the attic of the old Robinson house where he had been working with the remodeling crew. When he picked up the case the idea for this gag had come to him. Why, these dime store beads looked like the real thing in this swell case. He'd pour it on. He'd tell Kate they set him back fifty bucks. He felt in his pocket for change.

"Twenty-one cents with the tax," said the girl.

That was a dime more than he expected, but it had its good side. When Kate got wise and squawked at him that he had cheated her with a dime store necklace, he'd throw back at her that it was no dime string of beads, it cost twenty cents.

His next stop was at Klierhart's across the street where he had the case elegantly wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbon. Fifteen cents more, but Kate would fall in a fit. It was years since he had taken home a gift except at Christmas time.

He hurried home, but when he opened the door his face was wiped clean of humor. Kate was sprawled in the chair by the radio, listening to a story, sloppy as usual, dirty dress ripped open and buttons off where she had burst out of it, stockings hanging down, old broken shoes, hair in a mess. Nobody would suspect she ever had been good looking.

Little Jerry was on the floor playing with blocks and Mary was yawning on the broken-springed davenport.

"Well, here I am," he said. Kate did not look at him. This was fine, he thought. What the hell. He was home early and sober.

"Hello, Daddy," said Mary. The baby knocked the blocks over getting at his father to grab a leg.

It was Mary who spied the package. "What's that?" she squealed.

"Nothing for you, kid." He rumpled her head. The package he handed to Kate.

He watched maliciously as her eyes opened wide almost in girlish astonishment, in contrast with her slack mouth and the black smudge she hadn't bothered to wipe off her cheekbone. She stared, afraid to open the parcel.

"Take the wrapping off. It ain't poison." It was hard not to laugh. But maybe she would know right off the bat. Maybe even Kate knew cheap beads when she saw them. The only jewelry she ever had was a thin gold chain with a tiny pendant, gone long ago.

Wonderingly she untied the satin ribbon and unfolded the tissue paper. When she saw the pale grey morocco case and opened it she acted as if she were dreaming. The beads looked like a million dollars in their bed of black velvet. Mary shrieked, "Wow!" and Kate, stupefied, closed the case for a moment to look at the crest and the celebrated fashionable jeweler's name, stamped on it in gold. She quickly opened it again to gaze at the pearls.

"I didn't steal them," said Jerry. "I bought them for you." Kate took the necklace from the case and made for the strip of mirror above the mantel. Her shaking finger couldn't manage the clasp.

He came behind her and fastened it with a smirk. She was falling for it with a splash. Boy, what a circus it would be when she found out!

She turned and twisted before the mirror, lifting her chin to try to give her neck a better line. She lovingly fingered the beads. Suddenly she flung her arms around him. "Oh, darling, thank you."

He returned the embrace with a hypocritical grin. His back was to Mary so she couldn't see his face over her mother's shoulder. This was going better than he had expected. He was prepared for suspicion or squawks that he must have been drunk. But Kate was falling for it like a child. Gosh, how she would collapse when she found out. This was handing it back to her for giving him hell all the time.

She was back at the mirror. A tear had made a white streak on her face. "Oh, my pearls," she cried. "My beautiful pearls. I must reduce now. I must take care of myself to make myself fit to wear them."

That was the talk, Jerry thought. He had heard plenty of moaning about how she had lost her slim figure from childbearing and hard work. And she had given up and let herself go into sloppiness. "Why should I try to be a glamor girl? I never go anywhere. And it takes money and that's something I never see anything of." Well, what the hell. Jerry was a fellow who had a good time every Saturday night. A married man ain't a dead man, is he? If he made a cleanup in a poker game he'd give her some of it, but then she had to use it on what they owed everybody.

But now she was dancing in front of the looking glass. She turned again and grabbed him around the neck. "Oh, Jerry, you did this for me. You spent all this

". . . in sickness and in health . . . in nylon and in rayon"

money for me. I don't care if it was crazy, you did it for me. You won't be sorry, darling. I'll make it up to you." She kissed him passionately on the mouth. It was a long time since anything like that had happened.

Then Kate had a new idea.

"Jerry," she said timidly. "What are you doing tonight?"

He opened his mouth to say that she knew damn well he had plenty to do on a Saturday night. But he held in. "Up to you."

"Whoops," she said. "Let's go to a show. Mamie will come over to stay with the kids. I'll wear my black dress. Pearls show up fine with black. Okay?"

"Okay, Toots." What a laugh. In the movie they sat with Kate squeezing his hand while Jerry grinned in the darkness.

During the week every time he came home he braced himself, expecting her to jump him. He was ready to bear everything down with a big laugh. But it didn't happen. She cleaned the four room house inch by inch. The curtains were crisp on spotless windows. The furniture and floors shone with polish.

Then on the eighth night Kate met him with a tight mouth and dull eyes. "Oh ho," he greeted her with the big smile. He waited for the screech about his dirty trick.

"We're in trouble, Jerry," she said. "Pete Campbell and the rent agent are down on us. Somebody told them about my pearls. This afternoon Campbell told me our bill would have to be paid in full before we got another cent of credit. Grocery bills come before jewelry, he said. And the rent man was here an hour ago and said if the back rent wasn't paid up right away, out we go."

Jerry sat down to think it over. They owed lots of others who would be hounding them now. If he told Campbell and the rent man that the pearls were dime store fakes they wouldn't believe him. Or they would think he was a heel to play such a trick on his wife.

Kate said, "Jerry, we could pawn the pearls. It's only for awhile. I love you just the same for giving them to me. They cost a hundred and twenty-five and you ought to be able to get seventy-five at least on them."

"Listen, Kate," he said. "Let a man think." He had to think. He was in a corner. He'd only look like a fool himself. Finally he said, "Listen here, Kate. You ain't goin' to hock those pearls. They're yours. I'll put the bee on somebody."

It was his boss who stood the touch. Jerry's friends sneered at the idea of lending money to a man who threw dough around on pearls for his wife and then came mooching. Jerry had to swear to work steady everyday, overtime when necessary, and to have a twenty-dollar deduction every week until the two hundred was paid back.

They got out of debt. And Jerry, having demonstrated that he could get out of debt in ten weeks, proceeded to get right back into debt again. He'd take a couple of days off for a good time when he felt like it; there were other jobs, and he had his good old Saturday nights. Things were the way they were before except that Kate, no matter how miserable she was, would get out an old blue dress and put on that fool string of beads. Jerry was just waiting for her to jump on him, just once, the way she used to, and then he'd tell her what a fool she was.

And then one Saturday night late he came in stiff-legged, his tongue a little thick, and found her bent over the ironing board.

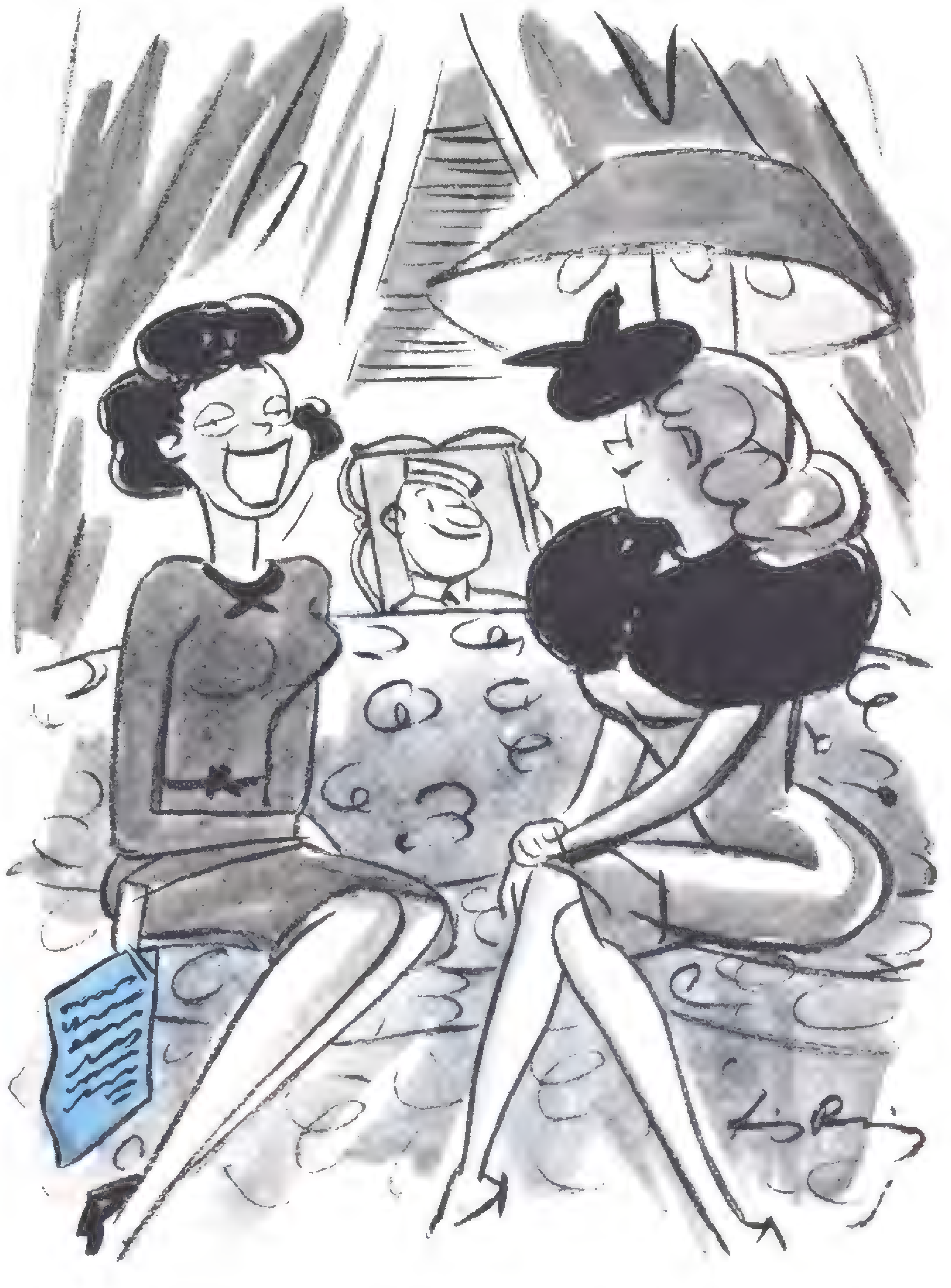
That was when he found out that she was taking in washings, three washings a week. If he had paid any attention he would have seen the lines hanging in the yard.

"If I didn't have to stay home and take care of the kids I'd go in a factory," she said. "I pretty near went and pawned my pearls. But that will be the last thing I give up. I'll never forget you gave them to me, Jerry. You did give my pearls to me, Jerry."

He was sick. What must the other men think of him. How could a man go out with the gang and blow himself, and his wife taking in washing. He was sick. He wanted to beat her for showing him up this way. She was saying, "I didn't get dressed and put on my pearls this evening, Jerry, because you never come home Saturdays. And I promised to have this washing ready tomorrow morning. But I'll get dressed tomorrow, after I take the washing to Mrs. Donlin. I'll get dressed and put on my pearls so you won't be ashamed of me. If it weren't for my pearls I'd never take the trouble to get dressed. I'll always be proud that you gave my pearls to me, Jerry." She kept on ironing a shirt. She still had a basketful to iron.

That was the time he pretty near told her. He was so mad. But it wasn't the moment, not

Continued on page 144



"It will be strange at first—I've never been married to him as a civilian"

The Conquest of Arithmetic

Dropped by impersonal Uncle Sam in a strictly scientific naval training program, a moron at math carries on

by ELLIOTT COLDMAN

• ARTICLE •

I do not believe anyone has gone to greater lengths than I to avoid adding a column of figures. In 1930 I went seven hundred miles, the distance from my home to Madison, Wisconsin, where the Experimental College of the state university was then in career, a college requiring no mathematics of its students. Several colleges adequate by other standards flourished in my home town, but none was so considerate of my mathematics requirements. For such a reason, Wisconsin has the honor of including me in its periodic plate-passing.

I do not suggest I am alone in this mathematephobia. More men than not are proud of their inability to deal with numbers, in the way people after 1929 exulted they were absolutely flat broke. Even men who handle plus, minus and times with facility apologize for it. Recently a lecturer before a group of naval officers-in-training in whose company I sat, interrupted his blackboard talk to request someone in the front row (I sat in the back row) to multiply a set of figures. "I am not very good at figures," he said. He was a professor of physics at Harvard.

As it is some such necessity as stomach ulcers that usually drives the drunkard to reform, so it was with mathematics and me. Shortly after Pearl Harbor I was ordered to duty under instruction in a technical department of naval warfare. With some pain I realized that duty under instruction meant school, an institution which I have always distrusted and which never has shown any confidence in me. However, inasmuch as I had already assured the Navy people I would go in with them, and not liking to go back on my word, I purchased the necessary freshman uniform (including ensign collar bars and a hat with an eagle on it), kissed my wife goodbye, and left for a place the captain asked me not to mention.

At Nameless I presented my credentials to the Executive Officer who harangued me in a peculiar, honking voice on the moral rectitude, physical fortitude and mental exactitude required by naval life and, having thus converted my patriotic zeal into a fine case of nervous stomach, he advised me to carry on toward the lecture hall where things shortly would begin to happen.

I entered the hall with misgiving (a WAVE) and, after apologizing my way along a row to a vacant seat, I looked about me with all the savoir of a child bride who had been retailed to the village idiot.

The thing that finally registered on my blurred attention was the blackboard on which appeared this pregnant notification:

$$\frac{73}{\frac{6+3+21}{9}} = \frac{73}{\frac{6+31-7}{3^2}}$$

Heavens to Betsy! I was terror-stricken. My fears had been confirmed, cum laude. Still I experienced a fleeting pride that these stone-faced officers around me, who could have been expected to faint like flies in an ice house, showed nothing of their inner trepidation. What magnificent countrymen! The sense of pride, I say, was fleeting, for I rapidly concluded that the place for me personally was elsewhere.

I rose in my seat, intending to flee, but the seneschal slammed the door, a lighthouse horn hidden offstage let go, and the instructor began to intone the muster. They had me. I fell back in my seat.

"Churchill."

"Here, sir."

"Clark."

"Here, sir."

"Coldman . . . Coldman!"

"Here, sir."

"*Sing it out!*"

"Here, sir."

Now it was surely too late, I had admitted I was there and there remained nothing to do but sit through the session. I grunted to the lieutenant next to me. "How are you in math, fella?"

He shook his head dejectedly. "Not so good."

That bucked me up. I had company. "What were you in the old days?" I inquired.

"Electrical engineer."

So! I turned to the Junior Grade on my right. "How are you in math, fella?"

"Mighty poor, mighty poor."

"What did you do before you got in?"

"Designed Diesel engines."

So! I relapsed and sat through the lecture, numb, sick. Apparently I was an island of liberal education in this scientific sea.

The instructor who identified himself as Commander Morosz requested that we take notes so that we might refresh ourselves on the matter later. I obliged him. I still have my notes and will be glad to show them to you:

"Pythagorean rule—square of hypotenuse equals sum of squares of other sides."

That is all. I did not understand another word. I did not even understand the several I had put down. I do not think I heard another sentence, for each time I ceased listening to the fear in my stomach and attended the lecture, the commander said "R squared" or "The reciprocal of the vector" and I returned to the vigil at the bedside of my fear.

"*And there is no discharge from the wars, no discharge from the wars, no discharge from the wars.*" I repeated this rhythmic triplet to myself each time the commander's jabberwocky intruded into my consciousness. The lecture continued for two hours, and two more would have made exactly one month. Immediately thereafter I set sail for the Executive Officer's quarters to talk things over.

"Sir," I began in the usual way, "an error has been made in my assignment. I am a personnel man. This training is for engineers. I have not added a column of figures in fifteen years and I do not think I got the right answer then. Is it possible to transfer me to some routine sea duty where I won't be much in the way or to a station where they need a man with my kind of experience?"

The Executive was a fellow who could look you straight in the eye and over his left shoulder at the same time, the eye behind being to keep him alert to what the Bureau might have in mind in any given instance.

"Right now the Navy doesn't need personnel men, Mr. Ah," the Executive honked sternly.

"But, sir, that does not seem right. The reason I was commissioned was that I had a particular kind of experience. That was gone into very carefully. I had to produce seven copies each of six letters testifying to what kind of personnel man I was. This is not only an injustice to me, which is unimportant, it is an injustice to the Navy . . ."

"We have only a twenty-four-hour day here, Mr. Ah, so excuse me if I interrupt. You were commissioned because you had experience in the organization of men. You will need that experience as an officer. Beyond that you need a technical skill that any man with sense can learn. You will get that here."

I mentioned that I had a tech-

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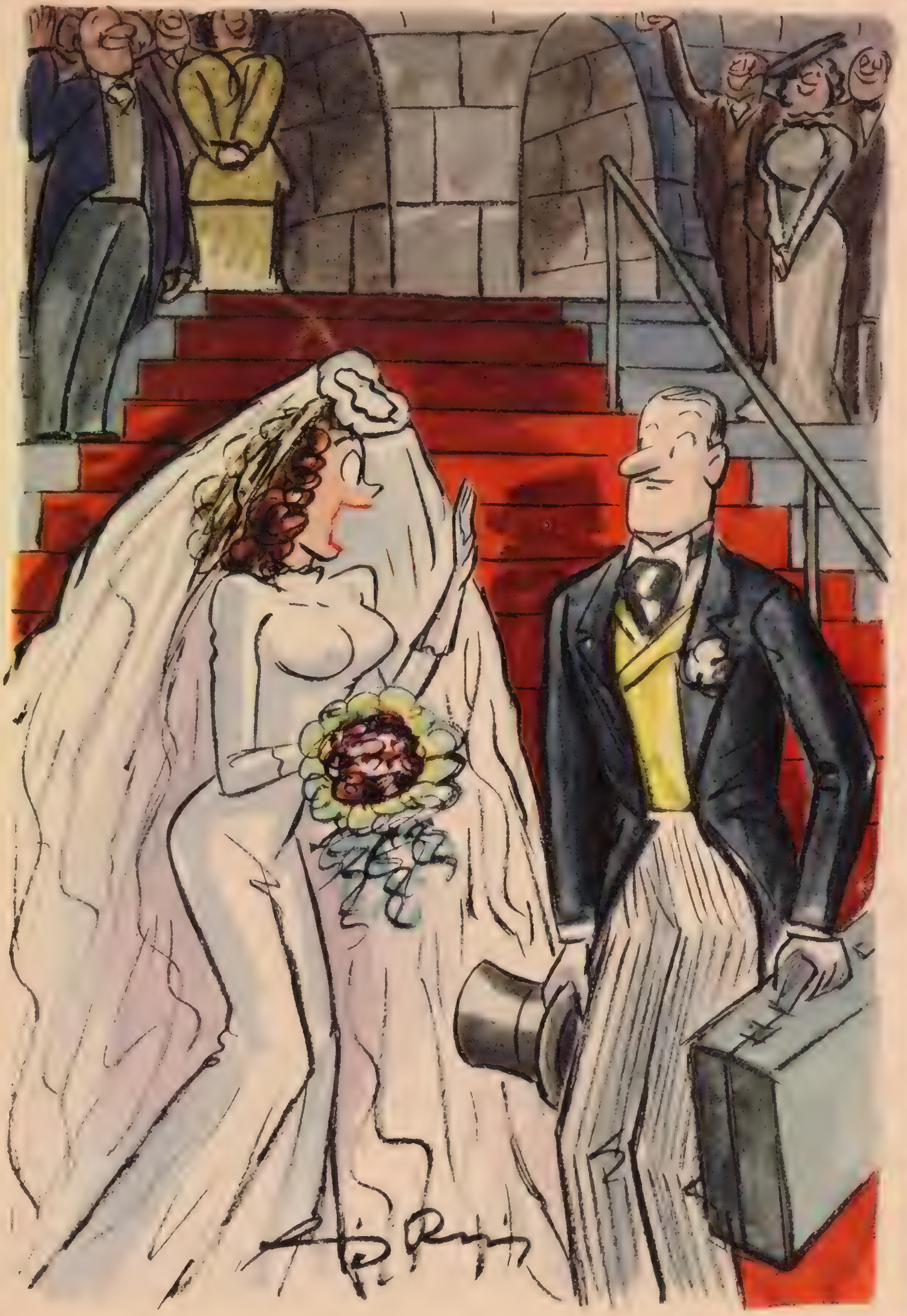
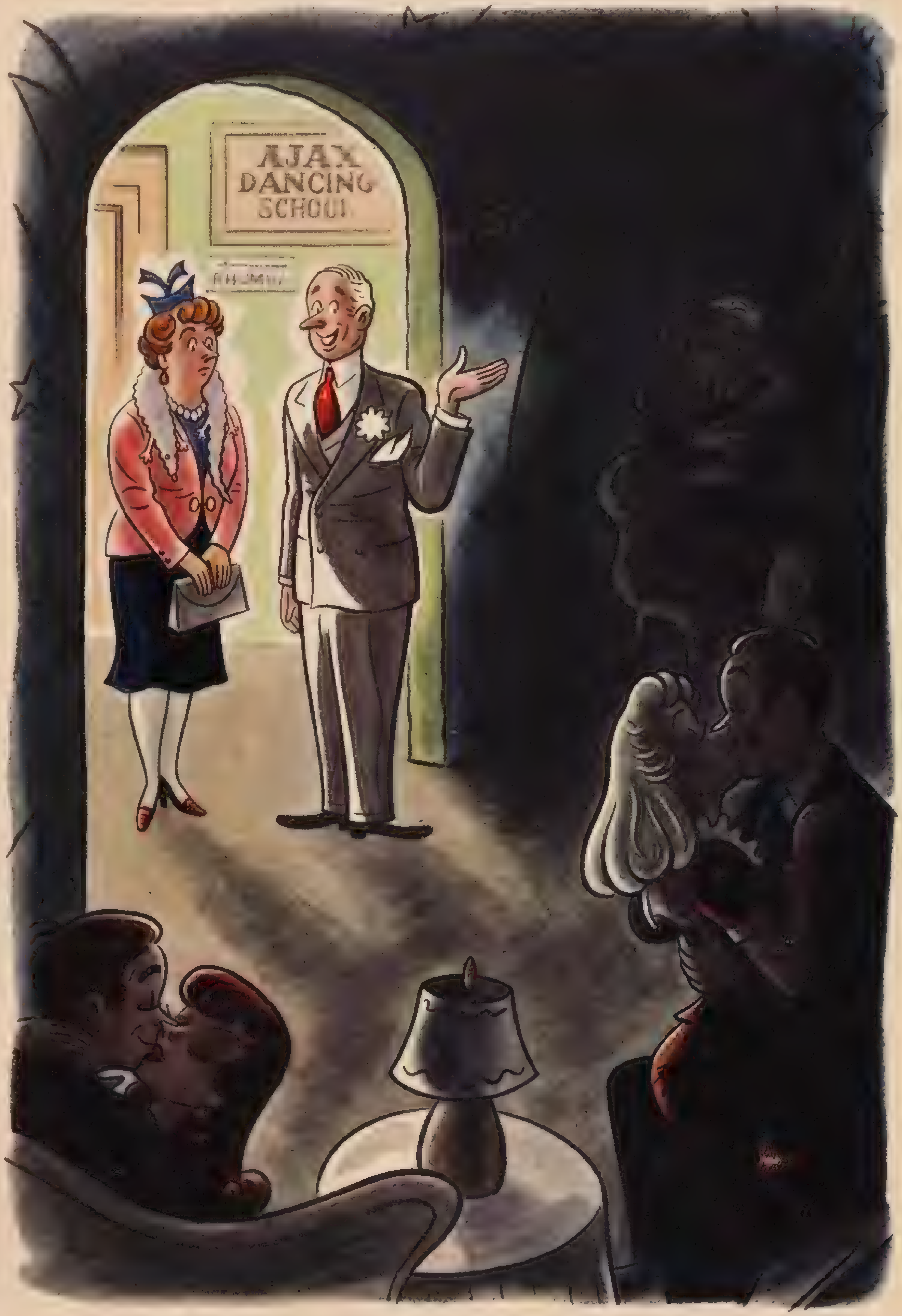
CO
GIG
MAGAZ
GRISLY COMICS
COMIC
COMIC
CRIME COMICS
COMIC
COMIC
CRIM
COMIC
BURR SHAFER

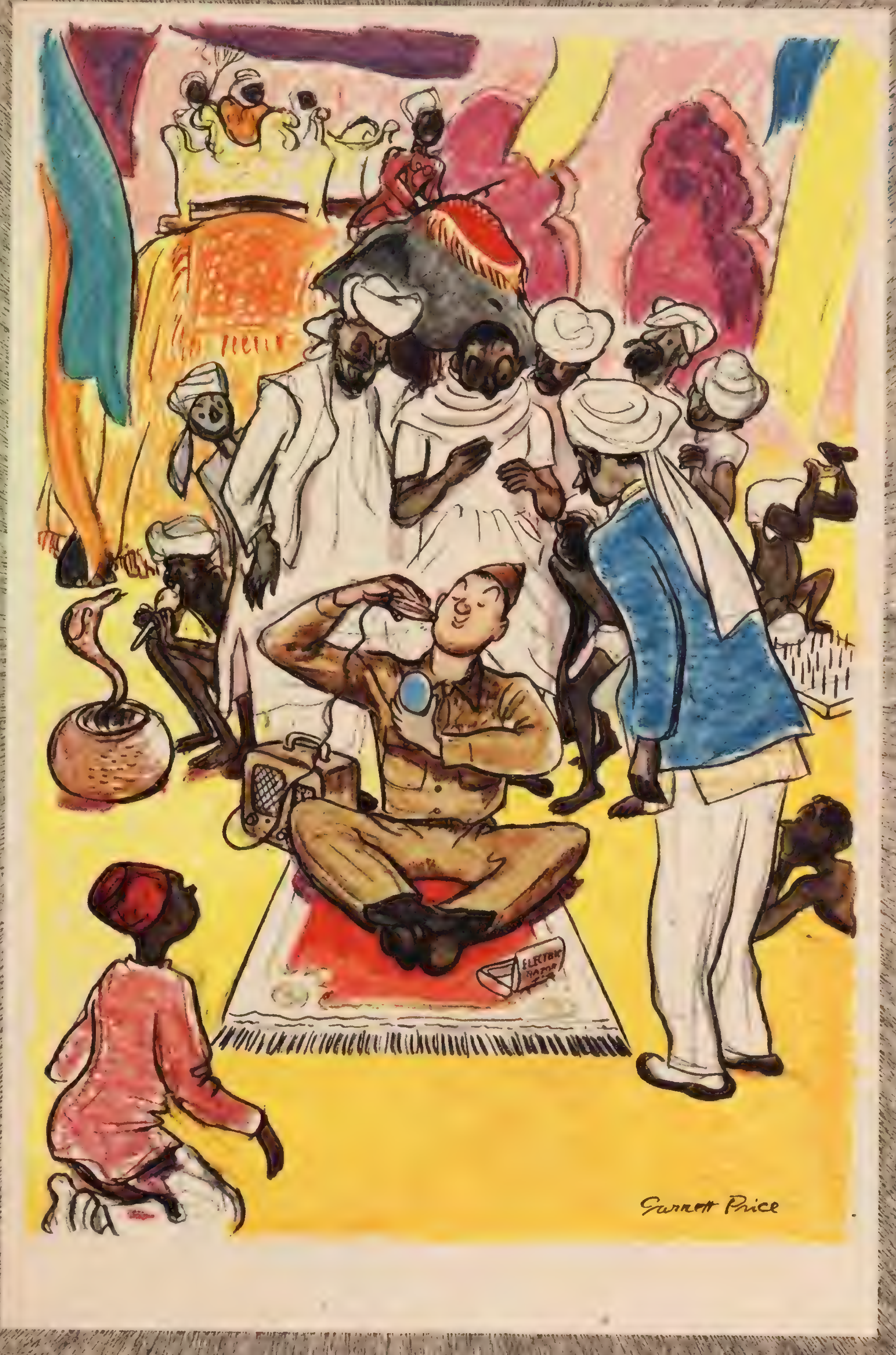
"Of course, one can't be surrounded constantly by literature without acquiring a certain superficial polish"



"You run along, dear—this is the day I play Gin Rummy"


AJAX
DANCING
SCHOOL

"In this room the students are taught how to sit out a dance"


Garrett Price

Maneuver on a Dark Night

The fellow on the street car terrified her and she was more than relieved when the other man offered to take her home

by JAN KENWORTHY

• FICTION •

The streetcar lurched and weaved its uncertain way into the summer night, like a drunken man who is still on his feet but not sure how long he can stay there.

The lights glared down upon a small group of people. A few of them slept in spite of the terrific noise of the wheels. Although it was against the rules, the conductor and motorman, together in the front of the car, were deep in conversation to help relieve the monotony of the late run.

On and on the car clanged through Chicago's almost deserted West Side district. Twice the buzzer was rung and twice the car screeched to a stop, jerking its occupants back into consciousness for a moment; twice a person nearly asleep, stumbled off and started away into the darkness.

Just five were left.

She had the uneasy feeling of being watched. She scrunched up to the window, although the din from the tracks was deafening. She could see two people ahead of her, but could not risk turning around to verify this feeling of eyes upon her.

A movement across the aisle gave her an excuse for glancing up. Someone had moved from behind and sat down in the seat opposite her. The glimpse she had of him did not tend to ease her mind. He was young but slovenly, with a cheap, tough air about him.

And he was watching her.

Without turning her head she could sense his eyes upon her as he slouched in the seat, legs crossed wide apart and hat pulled down over his forehead.

"I hope he gets off before I do," she thought. "If not, what shall I do!" She began to plan.

Insolently, after awhile, he came over and flopped himself beside her. He threw his arm carelessly along the back of the seat.

She turned toward him, terrified, yet not wanting to create a scene, wishing with all her heart that someone would notice. Her panic increased as she looked at him. His face had the grey tone of scanty washing; his mouth was full and wet looking. His eyes were hard and appraising.

"Excuse me, please." She made a move to pass him.

"Oh, no you don't!" He blocked the way.

He had the somewhat sour, stale smell of long accumulated dirt. His arm was immovable as she tried to loosen it where he held fast to the seat ahead of them.

She looked around, desperate.

"You let me go!" Her voice was keyed higher than the car noise. The two people in front of them turned to stare with sleep-vacant eyes, but she happened not to be looking in their direction. The only person behind them was a man dozing with his head against the window frame. He came to with a start, and realized that something was wrong.

Her eyes appealed to him frantically. He sauntered up.

"Perhaps I could help?" His hat was lifted courteously.

"Oh yes! I—," she began.

He moved in closer. "Go on, get out of here!" he said. He was having no nonsense, she saw that. He was a big chap and looked as though he would have no trouble making good his threat. The other fellow apparently thought so, too, muttered something before walking back to the rear platform. He slouched there, eyeing them in half defiance.

"Thanks a lot." She was near to tears.

"Sorry he bothered you. Would you like me to sit with you?"

"Oh, please do!" She smiled at him gratefully.

"However, I doubt if you'll have any more trouble with him. Those fellows usually haven't the nerve to buck any opposition." His tone was comforting. "How much farther do you go?"

"Only about four blocks. I'll be all right once I get off."

"Not afraid?"

"Well, a little. But I'll run."

A few moments later she rang the buzzer. He stood aside for her to pass, lifting his hat with the same courteous gesture.

She left by the front door. The conductor, who thought it was late for a girl to be alone on the streets, asked if she were afraid.

"Oh, no!" She answered him. The mere protest served only to heighten the fear that was again mounting within her.

"If I'm just alone," she thought as she stepped down. She kept from glancing toward the other end of the car, afraid that she might see what she dreaded most.

And as she reached the curb, he was there beside her.

Panic so completely held her that she simply stood there; witless with the fear that gripped her, she was not even aware that the second man had come up.

"Now listen, you. I told you to keep away from her and I meant it. Go on, get out of here!"

Her relief at hearing his voice again was so intense she could not speak. Her mouth was dry, forcing her to keep up a constant, nervous swallowing.

"Come on, I'll walk with you," he said. "My stop was only a little farther on. I was watching to see if he got off when you did." His hand lightly cupped beneath her elbow steadied her.

The other fellow had gone a few steps away from the corner. As they started into the darkness he stood looking after them, seemingly undecided. She glanced back. He was still standing there, making no attempt to follow.

Near-hysteria had made her voice strident. It compelled her to keep talking and the quietness of the street was broken by it, high-pitched and constant.

"I was never so glad to see anyone before in all my life!" She was not able to quit talking. "I don't think I'll stay downtown for anything again. I simply can't thank you enough. You see, I don't do this often and when I do, my brother meets the car. But he's working nights now."

"It's not safe, you know. Chicago's a big city." His voice was low, quieting her as a child is quieted. His hold on her arm was comforting and steady.

The darkness in the middle of the block was intensified by the contrast of the faint light given out by the street lamps at either corner. The alleyways were black and deep between the low buildings. No house was lighted, no one other than themselves was on the streets; no sound common to a large city disturbed the night around them; only their voices as they talked together.

The sidewalk was quite a lot higher than the alley just at that point, and as they stepped down the jolt came as a surprise.

"I'm sorry, I should have warned you!" She was apologetic.

His hand tightened on her arm. She glanced about her in alarm at the dark alley they passed.

The move he made was sudden. His hand was clamped across her mouth with such force that thumb and fingers dug in deeply on either side of her face. She had no time for thought or sound. His other arm held her tightly against him as he called softly over his shoulder. "Okay, come on!"

Darkness merged with darkness. The last thing she remembered was the sound of running feet as the other man came up to them. ##

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Dorothy Hart

Blessed with beauty, brains, ambition and a talent for hard work, Dorothy had that extra blessing called "fortune's smile." One day in 1941 she was working as a dentist's nurse in her home town, Cleveland, saving money for three months in New York and a try at the stage. The next day she was *in* New York for two weeks of glamor-living on the house—installed in a Park Avenue hotel, posing for magazine covers, being interviewed on the radio, listening to screen offers. She had won the National Cinderella Cover Girl contest over 22,000 contestants.

Other Cinderellas may slip back to oblivion after the ball, but not Dorothy. She settled down to work at dramatic and vocal lessons while she supported herself with photographic modeling. "Of course, I would have got here eventually on my own," she points out realistically, "but it was a lot easier to be a Cinderella and I'm grateful for my good luck."

Dorothy knows she'll never be satisfied short of success. As a freshman at Flora Stone Mather College she decided the theatre was for her. She also got a college degree in two and a half years. And found time on the side to appear in leads at the Cleveland Playhouse, do radio work, preside as Homecoming Queen at Western Reserve University and as Queen of the Air at the air races in 1941.

With offers from several movie companies, Dorothy still has a yen for the stage. But whether it's Broadway or Hollywood, Dorothy says, "I want to be an actress, not a glamor girl. You have to be a genuine person to do the kind of roles I hope to do." She wants to marry "sometime," but doesn't want to give up her career.

Miss Hart on Men: "I believe very few men are ever really sympathetic with a girl's desire for a career. They just won't take it seriously, and they can't understand why you can't stay up late every night in a night club—why you may not care to drink—why you can't spend hours on the telephone in aimless chitchat."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover. *Height:* 5′ 8″ with heels; *Weight:* 110; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 22; *Hips:* 34.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT

Gentlemen, This Is Revolution

Discovered: the new and not surprising pattern of a universal revolt against the old domination of white smugness

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

BOOKS

Black Boy,
by Richard Wright, Harper, $2.50

A Rising Wind,
by Walter White, Doubleday, $2.00

An American Dilemma,
by Gunnar Myrdal, Richard Sterner & Arnold Rose, two volumes, Harper, $7.50

What the Negro Wants,
by several Negro educators and journalists, University of North Carolina Press, $3.50

Black Boy, the story of his own youth in the South by Richard Wright, the enormously talented young Negro who also wrote *Native Son*, has been greeted by several placidly busy white reviewers and by a couple of agitated Negro reviewers as betraying too much "emotion," too much "bitterness."

Now this is the story of a colored boy who, just yesterday, found in his native community not merely that he was penalized for having the same qualities that in a white boy would have warmed his neighbors to universal praise—the qualities of courage, energy, curiosity, refusal to be subservient, the impulse to record life in words—but that he was in danger of disapproval, then of beatings, then of being killed, for these qualities, for being "uppity." Not bitterness but fear charges the book, and how this young crusader can be expected to look back only a few years to the quiet torture with anything except hatred is beyond me.

When we have a successful comedy by an ex-prisoner about the kindness and humor of the warders in a German concentration camp, then I shall expect Mr. Wright to mellow and to speak amiably of the teachers who flattened him, his colored neighbors and relatives who denounced him, the merchants who cheated him, the white fellow-mechanics who threatened him for wanting to learn their skills, and the librarian who suspected him—quite rightly—of reading that militant and bewhiskered Bolshevik, that polluter of temples and Chambers of Commerce, Comrade H. L. Mencken.

There has recently appeared, at the same time as *Black Boy*, the skilled and important report by the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, my friend Walter White, upon what has been happening to American Negro soldiers in our camps at home and in England, and at the battlefront in Italy and Africa. There are in this report numerous exact incidents of Jim Crowism lugged into our Army of Democracy. The main impressions that come out of reading it are the continued segregation of Negro soldiers from their white comrades in Red Cross clubs and even in adjacent villages, and the fact that, except for a few sectors in which Negroes have brilliantly fought and flown, they have been restricted to labor units instead of being trusted as fighters.

Soldier workers, lugging supplies ashore during landings, or driving trucks or repairing roads under fire, get killed just as frequently—it may even be just as painfully—as the white fighters, but there is no credit in it. They are expected to live like dogs and not even to die as heroes.

The assertions of Mr. White are amply backed up by a woman, a white woman, a woman from a Navy family, in another just-issued book, *Jim Crow Grows Up*, by Ruth Danenhower Wilson.

If there had appeared only these three books, these three disturbing Border Incidents, they would still be enough to make the wise observer fear that a revolution in Negro affairs is threatened. But one may go beyond them to a score of other related books published in the past three years, and if America can possibly take the time from its study of comic strips to discover even the titles of these books, it may realize that this is a revolution, and that it is not coming—it is here.

The unwritten manifesto of this revolution states that the Negro, backed by a number of whites in every section of the land, is finished with being classed as not quite human; that he is no longer humble and patient—and unlettered; and that an astonishingly large group of Negro scholars and journalists and artists are expressing their resolution with courage and skill. They are no longer "colored people." They are *people*.

Lillian Smith's novel, *Strange Fruit*, still a best seller and as such revealing new audiences, is not merely a small tragedy about two lovers separated by a color line which bothered everybody except the lovers themselves. It is a condensation of the entire history of one-tenth of our population.

That amusing and amazingly informative book, *New World A-Coming*, by Roi Ottley, published in 1943, is not just a report of the new Negro life in Harlem. It is a portent of an entire new life for all American Negroes, and it was written by what is naïvely known as a "colored man"—that is, a man who has by nature the fine rich skin that the rest of us try to acquire by expensive winter trips to Florida.

And the 1943 biography of Dr. George Washington Carver by Rackham Holt—who, like Lillian Smith, is very much the White Lady—portrays, on the positive side of the question, what one Negro could do, given any chance at all, even so small a chance that to a white man it would have seemed a balk. Dr. Carver, whose discovery of the food and the plastics to be found in the once disenfranchised peanut was salvation for large sections of the South, was the greatest agricultural chemist of our time. It is doubtful whether any flamboyant soldier or statesman or author has done more solid good for America than this Negro, the child of slaves.

But in one thing the intellectual or just the plain reasoning Negro today has broken away from the doctrines of Dr. Carver. This newcomer has progressed or seriously retrogressed, whichever you prefer. He is no longer, like Dr.

CIGARS
NO CIGARETTES
CIGARETTE LIGHTERS
El Ropo
Cigars
Angelo

"We're out of cigarettes, but we finally got hold of a few lighters"

Carver, ecstatic with gratitude to the white men who permit him the singular privilege of enabling them to make millions of dollars.

To such innocent readers as have not known that the Negro doesn't really like things as they are, such as have been shocked by the "bitterness" of Mr. Wright's *Black Boy*, there is to be recommended a book much more shocking. But here the shocks are communicated by graphs and columns of figures and grave chapters of sociology, which add up to exactly the same doctrines as Mr. Wright's.

This is *An American Dilemma*, a 1,483-page treatise by Professor Gunnar Myrdal of Sweden and a staff of American assistants. Mr. Myrdal was invited by the Carnegie Corporation to come to America precisely because he was a foreigner, and less subject to our own prejudices.

Anyone who reads through this vast work will really know something about the identity and the social position of the Negro, and anyone who desires to "argue the question" is invited to read it, whether he was born in Maine or Mississippi. Probably no other book has more exact information, more richness of Negro lore. Here is his complex origin, whereby the yardman whom you think so clownish may have in him the blood of Arabian princes as well as of Bantu warriors; here are his economic status today, his religion and culture, his past and present share in politics, his social conflicts, his actual and possible jobs, his dollars-and-cents budget today. It is all as impersonal as penicillin, and as powerful.

To this sober pair of volumes should be added the enlightenment and stimulation and considerable entertainment in a book published a few months ago by that excellent Southern institution, the University of North Carolina Press, at Chapel Hill; a book called *What the Negro Wants*. In this, fourteen distinguished Negro writers such as Langston Hughes, A. Philip Randolph, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Mary Bethune, Roy Wilkins tell precisely what they think of it all.

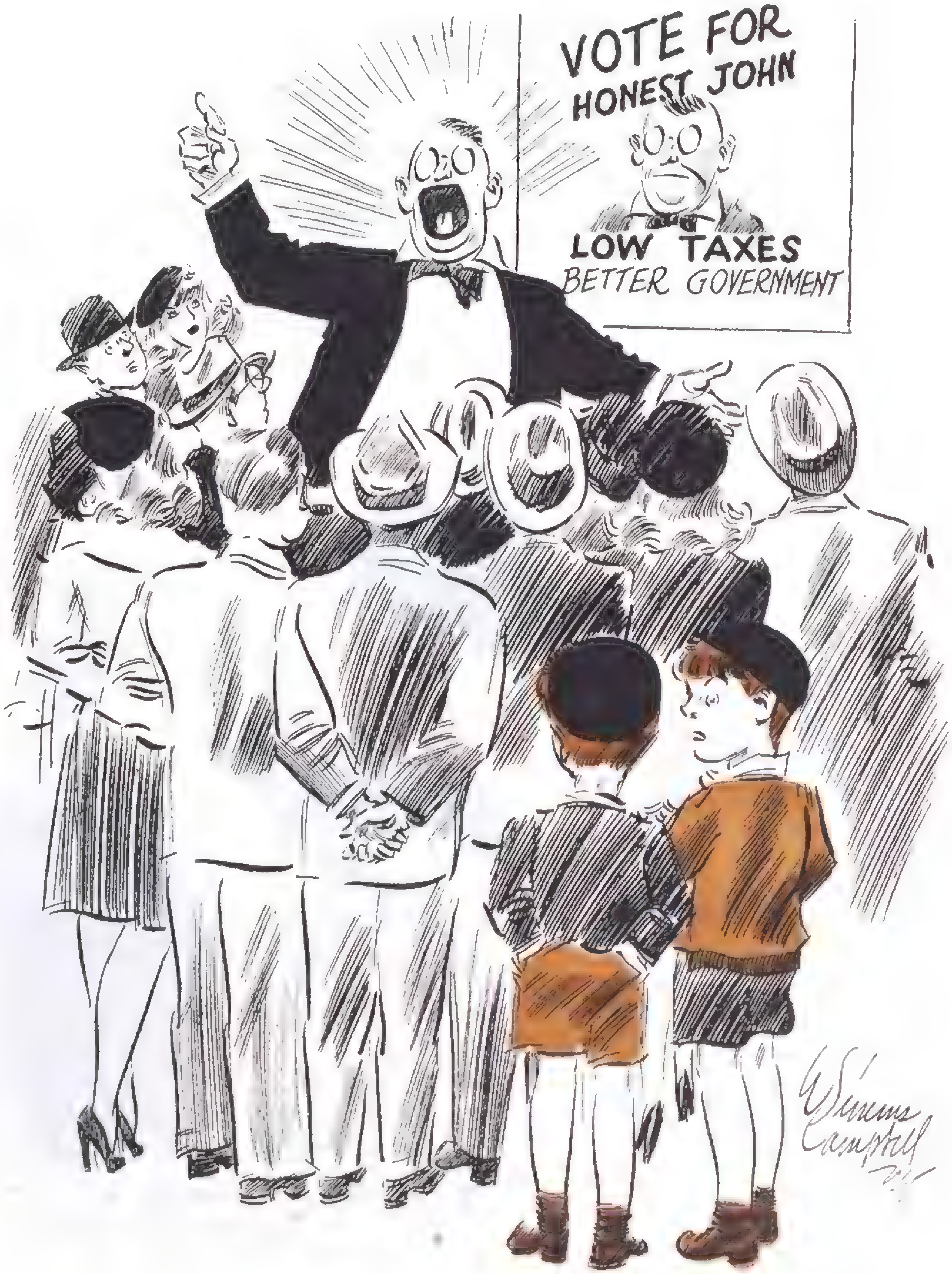
They are all serious, honest, and informed, but among them I prefer George Schuyler of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, who, despite his wit and easy urbanity, is perhaps the most serious of the lot. How any person so cultured that he can add two and two and get as much as three out of it can read the deft pages of Mr. Schuyler and still accept any of the Comical Coon, the Dancing Dinge, the Grateful Bellhop, the "Mah brethrens, Ah absquatulates tuh consider" theory of Negro culture, I cannot understand.

His thesis, bland as dynamite soup, is that there is no Negro Problem at all, but there decidedly is a Caucasian Problem; that of the universal American-English-Belgian-Dutch-French-German-Portuguese exploiter who smugly talks about the "white man's burden" while he squats on the shoulders of all the "colored men" in the world. Mr. Schuyler suggests that in Kenya and Burma and Jamaica and Java and Peking just as much as in America these colored races are now effectively sick of it. He is, however, too polite to point up the facts that there are a lot more of them than there are of us, and that a machine gun does not inquire into the complexion of the man who uses it.

Here, all of these books begin to fit into a pattern. This suggestion of a universal revolt against the domination of white smugness is also the conclusion of *A Rising Wind*, even though the author is so gay and gentle a leader as Walter White. Quoting from Pearl Buck, another white woman who is not content to be nothing more than that, Mr. White indicates with what frightening care the entire "colored world" — including Japan — is watching and reporting upon our treatment of our own Negroes in Army and Navy, in hotel and bus, in factory and pulpit and congressional committee room.

Gentlemen, my pukka English-Irish-Yank-Swede-Dutch brethren, it behooves us to find out what this larger part of the world is thinking and most articulately saying about us. A slight injection of knowledge may hurt our feelings, but it may save our lives.

I am delighted that in my first column for that stately household compendium, Esquire, I have been able to uphold the standards of refined and uncontaminated rhetoric and, here in my ivory tower in Duluth, to keep from taking sides and to conceal my personal views upon Messrs. White, Wright, Schuyler and Myrdal. Let us by all means avoid distasteful subjects and think only of the brightest and best. ⁂



"... and they laugh at us for believing in Santa Claus!"

The Doctor Was Doubtful

Eleven of his patients had died in less than ninety days, and he knew the man was a poor operative risk

by GEORGE WISWELL

• FICTION •

He came in on a wheel chair about midnight, a beefy, florid man in his early sixties. He gave his name as Dodre and his occupation as a precision grinder in a tool plant. Dr. Cleary had diagnosed the trouble as gangrenous appendix, but the intern who took his history as they were getting him ready for surgery said it was a bowel obstruction. The skin stretched tight and unyielding across the man's abdomen, indicated there was distension underneath.

A laboratory technician pricked his finger and went down to get the white count. While he was gone a nurse helped Dodre undress and shaved his stomach. The lab man came back and announced the white count was 18,000—the infection was running high.

"The guy's sick as hell," said the intern when he was out in the hall. "He'll probably die on the table. Where's Cleary, anyway?" No one knew. Everything was ready in the operating room. The summer night was warm and steamy. There was nothing to do now but wait. The intern kept saying that this stalling was bad for the patient. Dodre's daughter arrived, a very plain, housewifely woman who was making an effort to be composed. But she was worried and it kept coming out in her conversation.

"He wasn't at all sick really until yesterday . . . then a fever and some vomiting . . . but nothing really bad. . . . I don't think it can be too serious, do you? . . . I mean appendix is just like tonsils these days, isn't it?"

She looked longingly at the intern and the nurses. It was against the rules for hospital employees to give opinions, and they all looked busy and pretended not to hear her. Dodre said nothing and watched the preparations with glittering eyes, jerking his head this way and that, trying to see everybody at once. He was unused to hospitals and doctors and his confidence had deserted him with the first whiff of antiseptic halls and the sight of nurses whisking in and out of doorways carrying charts and hypodermic needles and medicine. Ordinarily he was probably a cheerful man, for the lines in his face seemed to have been etched by constant smiles, and even through the sheen of fever his eyes looked as though they were more accustomed to amusement than what they were seeing now. The window of the admittance room was open, and from time to time Dodre gazed at it peculiarly as though he had seen something on the window sill that the others could not see, or heard something that the others could not hear.

Finally Cleary came down the hall and into the room. The intern, who had seen him many times and watched him work often and did not like him very well, could see that he was troubled. As they put Dodre on the white cart, Cleary was silent. There was no use telling the intern what he had been doing. Cleary had been on the phone for the past half hour trying to get someone else to do the job. Martin was out of town. DuVrail was at the country club too plastered to come to the phone and his wife had answered for him saying, "He's quite ill. . . . Yes, nausea, you know. . . . He even had to leave the bridge table and lie down. . . . No, he couldn't possibly come tonight, he's positively too ill to speak." Dr. Moroni's maid said he was out and she didn't know when he would be back, but if he came in she'd send him right over.

Those were the only men Cleary could trust on a case like this. At sixty or better a man is a poor operative risk. The longer he stays on the table the weaker he gets. Speed would be needed, but how could you work fast when you weren't sure of the trouble. Appendicitis, he had said, a nice simple diagnosis that everyone has heard of and leaves few questions to be answered. Probably the appendix was inflamed, but there was more to it than that.

So now it was up to him. He looked at the white count and the chart and then at Jones, the intern. Their eyes met for several seconds and each man was thinking, "We're polite to each other and on the surface we get along all right, but there's something about me he doesn't like. I don't know what it is, but it keeps me from getting near him and having the confidence in each other we may need for this and other operations." Slightly discomforted by each other's presence, they rode the elevator to the top floor in silence.

The intern, already in working white, began to wash immediately, and Cleary went to the dressing room to change. Half-undressed, he picked up the phone and dialed a number. There was a long wait during which he wondered if Dodre was Catholic and if he should call a priest, and when the other end answered he forgot who he was calling.

"Who's this?" he asked.

"Dr. Moroni's residence."

"Oh, Dr. Cleary. Is Dr. Moroni in yet?"

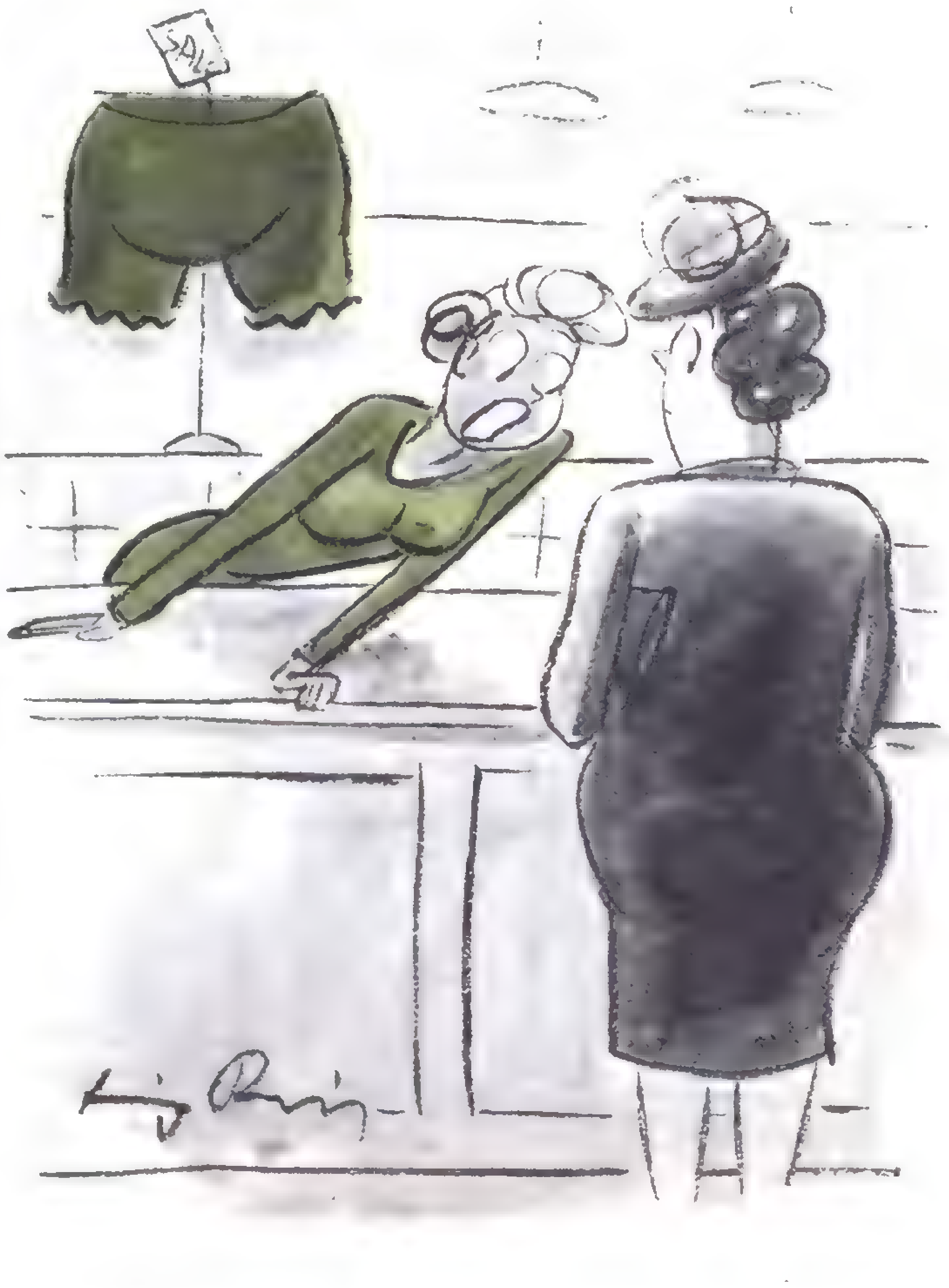
"No, Dr. Cleary, but I'll have him come right over."

"Thanks, that'll be fine."

He changed his clothes and started to wash. Ten minutes by the clock, a large quiet electric one with a full sweeping second hand that hung on the wall directly above the washstand.

It was at times like these that he wished he had never become a doctor. Almost anything seemed better than the mess and misery waiting for him wherever he went. He couldn't go to bed at home without knowing that he might have to leave the warm comfort for a room smelling of vomit or blood or containing a white-faced fearful, pain-ridden person looking at him with imploring eyes, relying on him, trusting him implicitly. It was hard to seem poised and assured at times like that; he was no god.

In medical school the books showed you exactly where everything was and told you what caused it, and if you knew your stuff it went down on paper cleanly. Yet, by the time you were an intern, you knew the human body didn't always act as the book said it was supposed to act, that there was sometimes bewildering tissue and gut between your fingers and the part you were trying to reach. You made a diagnosis and then felt depressed and embarrassed when the doctor in charge gave



"Ummm—just a trifle over medium, I think"

you the laugh and proved that it was something you hadn't even thought of. Even now, after nearly ten years of practice, Cleary still got the chills when he botched a diagnosis or muffed a simple piece of surgery.

A doctor missed a lot of life, he thought. There used to be cute nurses and pick-ups, with a night full of silly, dirty stories, and beer that made no difference how much you drank because if you had to you could sleep the next morning. All that ended gradually as the work got tougher and the higher-ups made you understand that you weren't expected to sow your oats indiscriminately.

Nevertheless, as he grew older and his practice began taking up his time, he seemed to move into respectability without too much effort. He felt that he belonged to the community and was really doing something constructive. It was good to have people walk by his table in a restaurant and say respectfully, "Good evening, Dr. Cleary."

But in the past few months he seemed to be leading a jinxed life. Respect from the public and your friends begins to be on a shabby basis when eleven patients die in less than ninety days, nine of them from ailments they should have survived. Old man Bloomquist was old and his time had come; and leukemia will kill anybody, even young Wright. But the others should have lived. He'd never forget that sickening silence that came while he was removing Mrs. Cartmell's tumor. Everything was going along okay and you could hear her breathing under the mask and suddenly she stopped, and in that clammy absence of noise you looked at the anesthetist and the intern and felt a knot in your stomach getting bigger and bigger as you grabbed for the pulse and saw there wasn't any. Having them die on the table isn't pleasant and that, together with the others, made you wonder if your judgment wasn't going sour.

As the nurse pulled on his gown and pushed the rubber gloves over his hands, he felt again that uselessness and inadequacy that had been coming over him lately, like some cold, leprous hand grabbing his wrist and telling him that he wasn't much of a doctor and that this operation was too big for him. When the feeling left him it drained away suddenly, leaving his hands trembling and the sweat cold on his brow.

Dodre was taking the anaesthetic. For the few seconds he was conscious he breathed deeply and well, but as he went under he twitched and jerked and tried to pull his face away from the mask. Cleary could hear the intern talking with the nurse as they rigged up the plasma he had ordered. The circulating nurse was moving back and forth quietly, bringing out the laparotomy pads. Another nurse was painting Dodre's stomach with antiseptic that dried quickly in a broad, yellow-brown stain almost as soon as it left the swab. His arms and legs were strapped and the table broken in the middle, causing the abdomen to jut out higher than his head and feet. The light was centered on the operating area and the curved table, gleaming with instruments, was in order. The smell of anaesthetic was powerful now and Dodre's breathing grew regular but labored. A sheet with a slit in it was placed over

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Rub Me Mama—the Right Way

If everybody would stop quibbling and take a massage, this would be a far better world

by **JAMES R. LUNTZEL**

• ARTICLE •

I WAS sitting in a bar the other day, having a beer after a tough day at the office, when a sergeant came in. He was just back from the South Pacific, and glancing at my pin-striped business suit, he spotted me as a civilian. We got to talking—about the problems of the home front.

"I hear things are pretty rugged in North Hollywood," he prodded me. "The housing shortage, the rising divorce rate, juvenile delinquency—must be awful."

"It certainly is," I told him. "It takes four of us civilians working forty-four hours a week to keep one of you fellows equipped and fighting—it's a grind, but somebody's gotta do it."

He nodded. "Have another beer, Buddy," he suggested, and leaned forward confidentially: "They tell me the worst problem on the home front is psychological—war nerves—is that a fact?"

"Yes," I replied, accepting a cigarette with trembling hands.

"Well," he asked me, "what ought to be done about it?"

"Say," I said modestly, "I'm just an average guy, working in an office. We own a little bungalow in the suburbs. It's just a folding bridge table and a few potted plants. I don't suppose my opinion carries much weight."

"That's how I sized you up, Mac," said he. "The regular run-of-the-mine civilian—and I'd be tremendously interested in knowing—have you got a postwar plan? You see, I'm a reporter from *Yank*. The fellows overseas have all been heard from—everybody knows what *they* think and we're curious about the viewpoint of the average civilian back home."

"I'm glad you asked me that," I said. "I *have* got a postwar plan—it's a compulsory course for every citizen of this country in the science of massage! I figure if people would stop quibbling and rub each other the right way—it would be a far better world."

The sergeant began taking it down for the overseas press. Here is what I told him.

People were never intended to live indoors, sitting at a desk, worrying. It's bad for the circulation and the state of mind. There's only one answer for the end of a working day, and that's massage. It peps up the circulation, improves the blood count, relaxes taut nerves. I say this after considerable research, in the field and in libraries.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says the "operator" should meet a certain standard of character; massage should be in proper surroundings. I am for that, too.

Until massage is universal, there are a few suggestions which may be applied by wives, husbands or very good friends.

If the massagee is a lady, she may like to have you talk while you work. Some attain complete relaxation when talked to on physiology or psychology. If you know poetry, or can describe the tranquillity of an ocean view at sunset, that is good.

Most people, however, like to lie kitten-like and shut their eyes in sheer ecstatic enjoyment. In that case, keep quiet. Just rub. No talk. It's not necessary!

Begin your massage with a technique which loosens tension. Stroke the temples and the forehead first, then the muscles at the back of the neck. The forearm should be given a firm, even, smooth massage. Watch the face of the massagee to determine the depth of the stroke and the amount of strength to apply. The instant the look of utter enchantment and relaxation begins to change, lighten your touch, brother. You're being a brute!

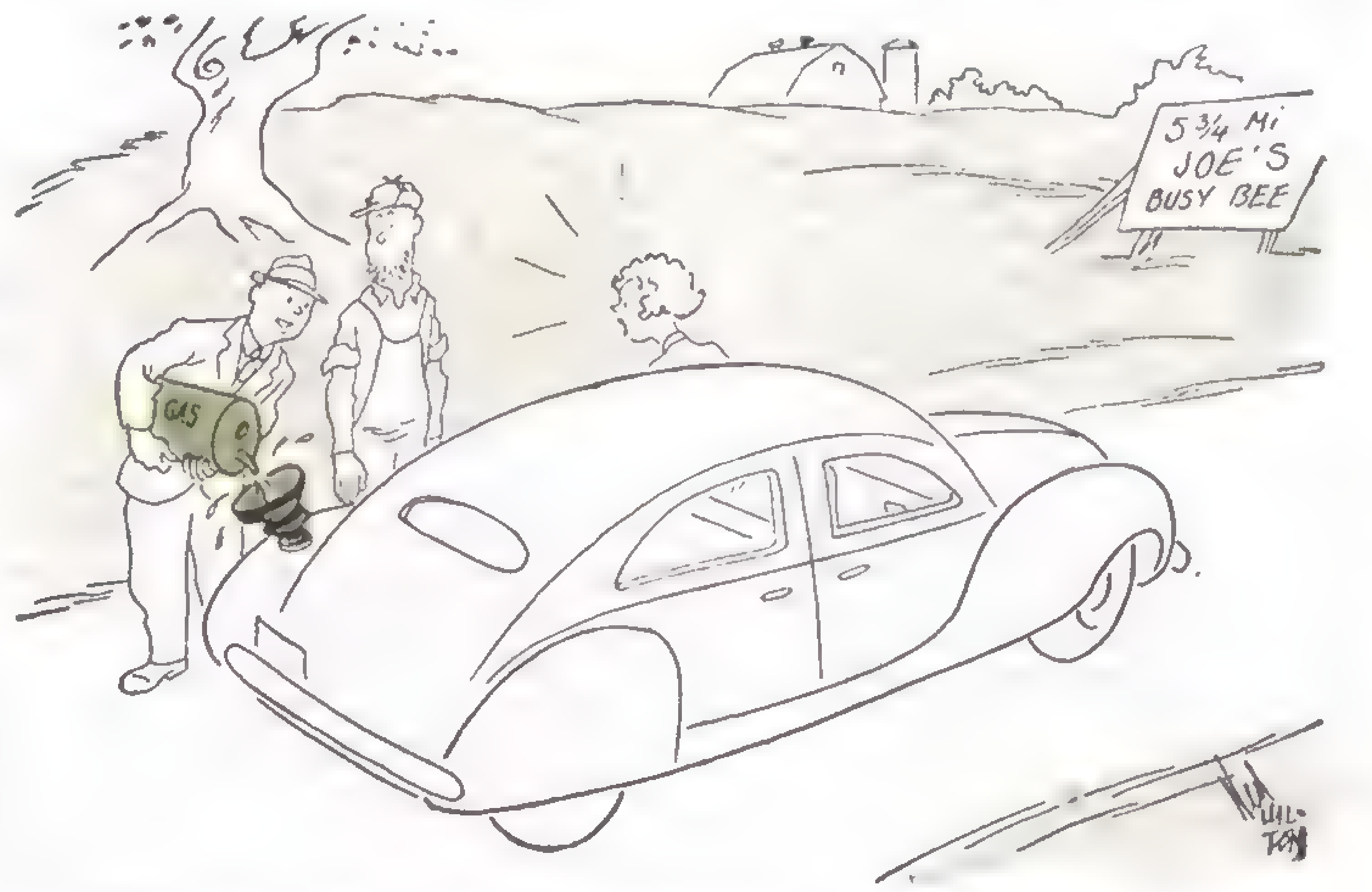
Never use heavy percussion blows with the cupped hands over the kidneys. Never use a rabbit punch on the back of the neck. Never pound behind the knees, since the nerves and veins are close to the skin surface.

All the stroking movements in massage are toward the heart, following the veins. In case the massagee has a heart condition, other than romantic, you're a fool to be fooling around. That's the doctor's province. But he will tell you massage is one of the greatest single aids there is in correcting heart trouble, since it takes a load off the heart by helping circulation.

The mistake made by many untrained masseurs is to interpret soft flesh as fat. The back of the upper arm of women, the triceps, often is on the flabby side. This is not always fat, but merely a flaccidity due to inactivity. It is absurd to give a deep anti-fat massage for this condition, since it will result in bruises and a possible sprain. If this happens the massagee won't like you.

If massage were universally understood and applied, there would be a newer, more sparkling brightness in the eyes of the nation.

Love and affection would bloom in abundance. A secure peace would prevail at home and abroad. Everybody would be feeling too wonderful to fight. ##



"This is the first time you ever bought a hat that was practical, dear"

The Rhythm Section

Taking to task the "good nature" of the music encyclopedists, and a personality portrait of the James Joyce of Jazz

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

• JAZZ •

Like any music, jazz has to be judged on its own value—*as music*. This seems an elementary and obvious enough fact, and one that I have pointed out on numerous past occasions. Yet, it cannot be repeated too often, particularly in light of Winthrop Sargeant's recent critique of *Esquire's Jazz Book*, which appeared in the January, 1945, issue of *Musical Quarterly*. "It may be," writes Sargeant, "that conservative clergymen and blue-nosed reformers once attacked jazz on moral grounds (a point that is still stressed by Esquire's writers), and that serious musicians once frowned upon it. But it is many years since anybody has taken these moralistic attacks seriously, and the most conservative musicians and music critics today are apt to treat jazz with the utmost good nature, even when they don't care much about it . . . jazz has plenty of devotees of its own. Nobody is persecuting it. The celebrated *Streit über Jazz*, whatever it may have been twenty years ago, exists today mainly in the heads of the jazz critics."

To begin with, Sargeant himself proved that the "celebrated controversy over jazz" has not subsided, when he felt obliged to contribute an article to the October, 1943, *American Mercury* entitled *Is Jazz Music?* (That same question was raised in the pages of *The Forum* magazine sixteen years before.) Next, consider that it ill behooves any critic to "treat with the utmost good nature" music which contains a meaty contemporary content succinctly expressed with emotional depth and beauty. It requires more than "the utmost good nature" to arrive at a sound aesthetic judgment of such music—such jazz music! But even more important, now observe that Sargeant does not say that attacks on jazz by "serious musicians and critics" no longer are taken "seriously." He claims only that the highbrow boys are "apt" to consider the *musical* aspects of jazz with "good nature." In the encyclopedias and reference books on contemporary music they do indeed display their "utmost good nature" approach.

The revised 1939 edition of John Tasker Howard's *Our American Music* constantly refers to Henry (*So This Is Jazz*) Osgood, citing him as an unimpeachable authority. (Osgood's book, which ignores hot jazz entirely, still carries potent influence by such inclusion.) Howard speaks of the "noise" of early jazz, which, he claims, was rescued from this infamy by such "jazzists" as Ted Lewis, Paul Whiteman, George Gershwin, etc. Says Howard: "Paul Whiteman was the first to make jazz respectable."

The fourteenth edition (1939) of the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica*, besides using Osgood as an authority, cites Sigmund Spaeth, Don Knowlton and Whiteman in the same capacity. The 1939 *Brittanica Book of the Year* refers to jitterbugs as "the abject slaves of hot jazz" who "still gape at the pyrotechnics of our popular musicians." The *Supplementary Volume* (1940) of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* states that hot jazz was "introduced about 1926-27." The new revised edition (1943) of *The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* likewise calls on Whiteman, Osgood and Knowlton; claims that Bix Beiderbecke helped develop the so-called Chicago style; calls jazz folk-art; and states that "the current parlance refers to the more purely improvisatory art as 'hot,' the deliberately arranged and rehearsed art as 'sweet' or 'straight' jazz." (This would necessitate ruling out as "hot" the famous Fletcher Henderson Columbia and King Oliver Vocalion waxings, and the entire output of men such as Goodman and Ellington.)

In the 1938 edition of *The Macmillan Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* may be found an entry: "Jazz in Chamber Music," which discusses jazz in terms of Whiteman and Gershwin, making no mention of the current scene. Under the entry, "Ragtime and Jazz," the 1943 edition of *The Oxford Companion to Music* quotes both Osgood and Whiteman, while passing critical judgment on jazz generally in this manner: "No other successful music has ever had so ephemeral an existence as the average piece of successful jazz: it ranks as journalism, almost as daily journalism, not literature." The new edition of *The Evolution of the Art of Music* (1941, edited with additional chapters by H. C. Colles) states that jazz is a "naked and unashamed frivolity." Apropos of this, and with moral overtones, Colles writes: "From the musical manufactories of America came jazz, and all that the word implies. Its pungent tones and trite rhythms have been dinned into the ears of old and young, rich and poor, who wanted only to dance as an exercise of the body or a distraction of the mind." The revised 1939 edition of *Music Lovers' Encyclopedia* hails *Rhapsody in Blue* as "a fine example of American jazz elevated to concert pitch," cites Osgood, devotes several pages to popular songwriters. It comes forward with this gem: "While the craze for hot music was at its height, Paul Whiteman, who had been leading an orchestra at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles in 1920, where he was devoting himself to the purification of jazz music, hit upon the idea of writing out parts for his musicians." Don Knowlton's vicious article, *The Anatomy of Jazz*, was reprinted in a book called *College Readings in Contemporary Thought* (1929). Daniel Gregory Mason penned his equally vicious barbs in the symposium, *Behold America* (1931).

All but two of these books were published between 1938 and 1943. *All* of them are reference books, found on the shelves of thousands of libraries, where they carry high prestige-value as source of information. *None* of them has been amplified, corrected and brought up to date with regard to jazz history; nor have the opinions of hot jazz critics been given space proportionate to their current validity. The publishers and editors of these reference books—if they hope to maintain high standards of scholarship and accuracy—must give the same careful attention to jazz as to other current and contemporaneous subjects. They cannot hope to achieve that end by delegating the jazz assignment to men who not only are antithetical to the subject itself, but whose *knowledge* of the subject is biased, incompetent and incomplete—men who make no attempt at clarification through orderly classification and intelligently selected references. Until the specious, garbled and hopelessly prejudiced writing now found in the latest reference books is removed, the jazz critic has ample justification for publicly denouncing outdated opinions and facts which still influence current thinking.

—Paul Eduard Miller

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

In judging the relative merits of jazz performers, how good is good? When is a man great? That such questions concern both the jazz critic and fan is an indication that they are willing to pass judgment on their contemporaries—without pulling punches. And while sometimes this zealousness is carried to extremes (I myself have been guilty on occasion), it is better than the kind of criticism which forever straddles the fence and refuses to pass any real judgment at all on contemporaneous music. Highbrow circles are amply supplied with the latter.

A good instrumentalist, it seems to me, is one who performs consistently and effectively, on the emotional as well as the technical level. A great virtuoso is one who does the same thing, i.e., performs consistently and effectively, but on a *high* emotional level with an accompanying technique capable of fully projecting his emotions. The word "consistent," it will be observed, appears in both categories. Consistently maintaining a high level of performance (in the fullest sense of the word—emotion plus the technical ability to express it) is, I am convinced, the determining factor in arriving at the proper critical classifications.

When Louis Armstrong played in New Orleans last January, it was, for me, his best work in almost ten years. Not since his first year as trumpeter-leader of the Luis Russell band of 1936 had I heard him play with such fervor. But I had heard Armstrong at the old Sunset Café in Chicago, at the Vendome and Metropolitan and Showboat and Savoy. The two eras were not the same. His playing was great then; it is good now. Therein, I believe, lies a workable distinction: Armstrong has not been able to equal his previous self. He has not been entirely consistent.

Sidney Bechet, who played at the same concert, again demonstrated his consistency. His playing is great today and he has even surpassed his work of the twenties. Every time I hear Bobby Hackett—with Horace Heidt, Glenn Miller or Glen Gray—he stands up and plays beautifully, as good as before, if not better. The Edmond Hall clarineting on the old Columbia and Brunswick platters of Claude Hopkins' band has been equaled and surpassed by Hall's more recent recorded performances on Blue Note and Commodore.

How well a man plays, then, month after month, year after year; how effectively he can equal or surpass his best previous self: these are ingredients of a critical attitude. —P. E. M.

The James Joyce of Jazz

It might be all right to call Leo Watson the Gertrude Stein of Jazz, except that James Joyce of Jazz makes for better alliteration. Or you might quote critic George Simon, who called him "the man who sings in shorthand." Then again, you could say he is the World's Greatest Scat Singer, or you could simply call him the Mad Genius and let it go at that.

I guess you haven't heard about Leo Watson. I figure most people haven't, because when Esquire's board of experts awarded Leo a prize last year as one of the world's two top jazz vocalists, it took a three-month search to locate the guy and present him with his award.

When they found him, he wasn't singing. He was working in a war plant, loading and unloading trucks, completely forgotten by everyone but the few faithfuls who had voted for him. Yet this is the man who invented a word that has become world-notorious —the word "zoot." In his biographical novel, *Brainstorm*, Carlton Brown describes how Watson used to "whirl his ukulele around and whack it terrifically on the back while taking vocal riffs phrased like good trombone solos. He looked like Gargantua and sang like an inspired and articulate gorilla who had been reared in a musical atmosphere."

There isn't much literature on Leo Watson. Everybody who has followed his career knows him mainly from the era when he loomed into view around 52nd Street with a vocal and instrumental group called the Spirits of Rhythm. Leo played an instrument called a tiple, akin to a ukulele, but when he sang he would move his right arm up and down as though he were manipulating a trombone slide. It sounded like a surrealistic trombone, too, as this squat, dark, huge-mouthed figure let loose his riot of sound.

Singing is one word for it, but it's not singing in any accepted sense of the term. It's a combination of words and meaningless syllables fitted to intensely rhythmic phrases, all completely improvised —a vocal stream-of-consciousness. For instance, on a tune called *She Ain't No Saint*, his first ad-lib phrase went: *oh when the saints go marching in give 'em a drink of gin all around and round and round she goes around table a round mabel. . . .*

On a scat version of *Honeysuckle Rose* some of his inspirations ran: *oh honey sock me on the nose yama yama yama yama root de voot de voot . . . oh honey so sock sock sock sock sock cymbal sock cymbal rymbal dymbal a nimble nimble nimble . . . so sock me on the nose . . . ose gose goose goose goose goose moose gavoose bablow your nose . . . hello rose how's your toes put some papowder on your nose ah rosettah are you feeling bettah . . . ah rose nose nose rose me lamble damble damble roozy voot mop mop broom broom sweep sweep so honey sock my nose . . .*

Leo was the drawing card with the old Spirits of Rhythm. He and the other members sometimes didn't see ear to ear, and from one week to another you couldn't tell whether it would be the Six Spirits of Rhythm, the Four or Five Spirits of Rhythm, or two separate groups working at rival clubs. At one point, Leo and his sometime partner, guitarist Teddy Bunn, merged with the original John Kirby band. Leo, who was vague about musical theory but never at a loss for ideas, took up the trombone, and got along nicely for awhile until a hock shop came between man and horn. The trombone hasn't been seen since. Leo proceeded to concentrate on the drums.

Another drummer, Gene Krupa by name, who had recently formed his own band, came into the Onyx and drank deeply of the Watson talent. Krupa wound up hiring him, and for eight months he traveled with the band. There are several versions of how he came to lose this job, but the most plausible and most authenticated one is that it happened on a train somewhere in the South. Leo, perhaps for want of a drum to play or a horn to blow, was amusing himself slashing a windowshade. When the conductor tried to put a stop to this sabotage, Leo plunged his fist through the windowpane. He was removed from the train, and that was the end of his tour with Gene Krupa.

Leo wasn't easy to handle, but there were fellows around Broadway who decided it was worth trying. The Andrews Sisters, who came in regularly to the Onyx to marvel at Leo, got their manager, Lou Levy, steamed up about him. Lou fixed Leo up with a Decca recording session under his own name, provided him with such tunes as *Utt DaZay*, Yiddish folksong style. This immediately suggested to Leo such interpolations as: *buy me a beer mister shane* (his own variation on *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön*) and *utt da zay zaz zu zay uttdazay zazzuzay uttdazayzazzuzay bah-yeep bah-yeep bah-yeedle-da-de-vope matzas prat-zas.*

One of Leo's favorite pastimes, when he had run out of words, was to holler abstractedly but emphatically the word "zoot!" This became a sort of password around 52nd Street. Nobody knows whether the French interjection "zut!" was at the back of Leo's mind, or whether it was just one of the many words he dreamed up unaided. Anyway, its use expanded to denote almost anything connected with music, just like the vague word "jive," and pretty soon the rhyming-slangsters of Harlem had teamed it up with the word "suit." Hence zoot suit, drape shape, reet pleat, stuff cuff and all the rest of it.

From the Onyx, Leo and some of the Spirits moved down to Greenwich Village, where they became the intermission act between spells of Dixieland music at Nick's. George Wettling, drummer with the other band, recalls how Leo insisted on playing George's set of drums. "Leo didn't know any of the orthodox drumming technique, so he'd just beat hell out of my kit. After he'd broken my foot pedal four times —that's a tough thing to break, you know—I told him he had to lay off."

Leo's passion for the drums was not easily quenched. He migrated to the West Coast, and some of the locals still have memories of his insistence on appearing publicly during the zoot-suit riots. Leaving home, side drum in hand, he took a taxi to the scene of the most violent rioting, jumped out and started marching up and down beating his drum. "Ain't no zoot suiters gonna stop me!" he proclaimed. It was as a drummer, not as a singer, that he made a brief appearance with Lena Horne in a scene in *Panama Hattie*.

A little later Leo went to work in a club where the bandstand and most of the room had been adorned with large mirrors. During this engagement Leo seemed to develop a Narcissus complex. All night long he would concentrate on his multiple images, making an endless series of weird faces at himself in the mirrors. One night he started to take a drum solo and it got him in a good, steady groove; so good, in fact, that he just didn't want to stop, not for anyone. The solo went on, loud and relentless, for fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes, a full hour. By this time even the nightclub customers, normally not oversensitive people, were slightly aroused. Leo drummed away furiously and all efforts to stop him failed. Finally the police had to be summoned; but when Leo was dragged bodily out of the joint in the arms of two cops, he still had a small side drum in his grasp, and was beating it steadily as he passed out of sight.

Soon people began to talk about Leo. Some said he was hard to get along with, others declared he had blown his top. Pretty soon the F.B.I. came to concur with this view, and the Watson whimsies were confined for several weeks to a local jail. "They found me with some marijuana," Leo explains simply.

Last January I arrived in Los Angeles to line up the Esquire concert. Anxious to locate Leo for a recording date, I started asking around. Nobody knew what had become of him. The local Musician's Union declared it had been searching for him more than a year. Finally one musician told me, "Sure, Leo's down at some place on Main Street, working as a drummer—and doubling as a porter." We finally found Leo, the same wild gleam in his eyes, the same mad beat in his drums.

Leo came to the recording studio, sang some of the most fantastic riffs in the world, then disappeared again into the obscurity of a Main Street beer parlor.

Back in New York, I played the records to some of the greatest musicians in jazz. They listened not only with amusement, but with profound respect for this man's fabulous talent.

"Fifty years from now," one of them said, "people will begin to dig what Leo is doing."

I hope he was wrong. If it takes that long, I'm afraid Leo may not hold up.—Leonard Feather

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

IN PERSON—The fabulous success of the King Cole Trio, now grabbing 3,000 dollars a week on theatre dates, has inevitably given rise to a flurry of piano-guitar-bass groups all over the country. Many of them copy Cole's material sedulously. Others, like Herman Chitison's trio, have fingers and minds of their own. The most remarkable unit I've heard lately along these lines is the Vivien Garry Trio. This Detroit lady has three powerful attributes: a bass fiddle, which she plays as well as many of the top male bassmen; a wonderful voice, making her the best white girl singer around New York; and a husband, Arv Garrison, whose guitar work is in a class with Oscar Moore's. This couple and their pianist, a young war veteran named Teddy Kaye, combine to make music that's more personal and charming than anything an eighteen-piece band could offer. Their version of *How High the Moon* will send you moon-high.

ON RECORDS—Welcome news is the return to records of Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday. Satchmo does the Harlem sleeper hit, *I Wonder*, and Billie, festooned with string background, chants the plaintive *Lover Man* seductively. Both on Decca, which also offers Roy Eldridge playing the blues in *Fish Market*. The best recent big-band item is Hal McIntyre's *Sentimental Journey* on Victor, an excellent arrangement without a vocal. You can also get a pretty fair idea of what the Harry James band can do in *I Don't Care Who Knows It*, a commercial song treated in the jazz manner, with good solos by Harry himself and altoman Willie Smith.

If your friends think it's fun to be fooled, play them Pat Flowers' *Original Blues* on Hit and they'll swear it's Fats Waller. This is the best of eight variable sides by Fats' young protégé. The Art Tatum Trio has an album of four 12-inch sides on Asch, and our other award-winning pianist, Teddy Wilson, can be heard with his own all-star bunch, featuring Charlie Shavers and Red Norvo, on Musicraft. And there's an extraordinary new piano star, Erroll Garner, doing *Blues I Can't Forget* on the new Rex label. He's due for a solo album to be issued soon under the title *Passport to Fame*.

If you react to blues singers, try Joe Turner's *S.K. Blues* (National), Hot Lips Page's *Lady in Bed* (Continental) and *You Need Coaching* (Commodore), and my Etta Jones session on Black & White. And tenor-sax fans shouldn't miss the album of solos by Hawkins, Lester Young, et al., on Savoy. —L. F.

The New Mister Joe Jones

Self-taught Joe Jones is one of those wonder children of painting who grew out of a poisonous slum environment

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

There is a new Joe Jones on the map—a new person and a new artist. The buck-toothed, rawboned, rebellious and questioning youth who, about ten years ago, came out of the St. Louis slums with the announced purpose of painting pictures that would knock holes into walls, and early won his letter as the white hope of American art, may now be laid to rest. The joke was not on him, for that Joe Jones was a political radical who painted conservatively. It was his subject matter that gave people the idea that he was a revolutionary in art. He was revolutionary to the extent that he believed that whatever was human was paintable—a philosophical extension of that theory which had led him to draw dirty pictures on walls and fences when he was ten and had given him the wormwood taste of life in a reform school.

Today Joe Jones has modified his theory and revolutionized his painting. A happy marriage, fatherhood, a comfortable home of his own in a respectable suburb, profitable commissions from those very ogres of American monopoly against which he himself once painted propaganda pictures—these things have helped solve the problems which have stood in the way of his painting and have enabled him to put into the art and the business of painting all the passion that he used to throw into the problem of social justice. His early painting was wrought in agony because the artist was trying to achieve, through painting, other purposes. His data and detail were labored, correct and recognizable. The political message was laboredly clear. Today his painting is more like freehand calligraphy, intimations and indications which may lead the imagination of the cooperating beholder to approximate the impulse of the artist. The revolutionary impulse has gone inward, into technique. Joe Jones' universe is somewhat more private today, and the proof of it is that even his conservative friends feel more at home with his socially conscious art because, in them, they can tell what he was trying to say. Maybe because the messages have been spoken, or because the impulse to speak them has gone, Joe Jones can write today: "The secret, if there is a secret, in the development of my painting at the moment, is I am enjoying painting now because I have taken the work out of it and have left only the joy."

Frank BEAVEN

"Don't you think it adds a gay touch?"

The central fact in Joe Jones' private revolution is Henry Varnum Poor, whose bold style may be regarded as the current Jones inspiration and model. Usually the young artist is formed upon the influence of his favorite teacher, but Joe Jones had no teacher during his student years. "Born in St. Louis 1909. Self-taught," was all the autobiography he could send along with his painting entry to the Museum of Modern Art's "Sixteen Cities" exhibition in 1933. He was self-propelled, self-directed and self-inspired, one of those wonder-children so rare in painting, an exotic bloom pushing its way to attention out of the squalid rubble of a city back yard; at the age of 25, in 1934, when his paintings were first shown in New York, the writers on art could go overboard for him and call him master.

By 1943, when he came across Poor, the painting of a picture was no longer an adventure for Joe Jones. It was a job, more or less pleasant; he knew he could do it and he knew he could go on doing it. But joy had gone out of the *motif* because faith had gone out of the political motive which the act of painting had served. The lad out of the St. Louis slums could go on painting golden wheat fields, but the proletarian grip of his tough-looking farmers was relaxing. Then what? At thirty-five, it isn't in nature to become a tired old master, especially if you have not yet met your own master. At his spiritual crossroads, Joe Jones met Henry Poor. The U. S. Army had assigned them to Alaska, to paint and draw and generally to document that vast terrain.

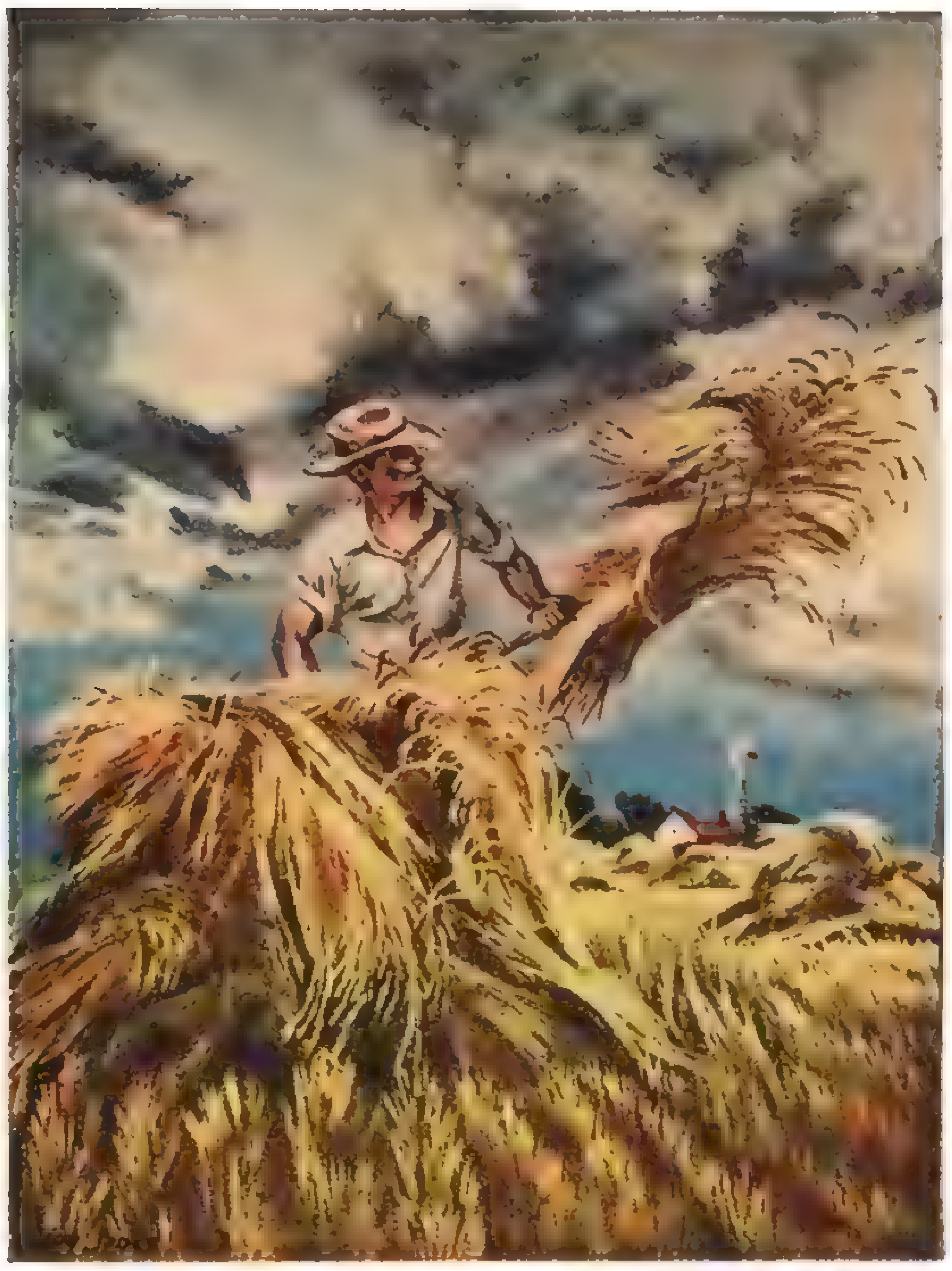
There was a force that Henry Poor, as man and artist, could bring to bear upon Joe Jones at that season of his life that fertilized and fructified him. The force was both in what Poor was and in what he said. That meeting in Alaska was important for Jones in that it led him to attempt to say things freshly, freely, graphically, to try new ways for the saying of things Jones had not previously thought it important to say—to proclaim the universe as nonpolitical and nonsocial experience and sensation. If this involved swallowing earlier pronouncements, so much the worse for them. Jones had previously declared that landscapes without people and portraits without landscapes were incomplete as neither type of art could reveal humanity in relation to its environment. The new aesthetic principle cut athwart the old semipolitical principle.

I can gauge the impact of Poor's revolutionary (to Jones) thesis by the weight of certain remarks he once made to me at the time when left-wing writers and artists had become agitated by the threat to democracy by Franco's uprising against the Spanish government, and were deserting pen and brush for weapons they regarded as more effective. Said Poor, in effect: "If all these intellectuals and artists had been fully creative, had been completely realizing themselves in their work, they would have continued in it. Their running off to fight for Spain meant only that they had given up the means which they could no longer find effective for self-expression. The really happy artist continues at his own work," and more to the same effect. And now, two years after Alaska, the two men continue to meet regularly, Jones crossing over from Jersey, Poor coming down from Haverstraw, for a weekly supper and talk.

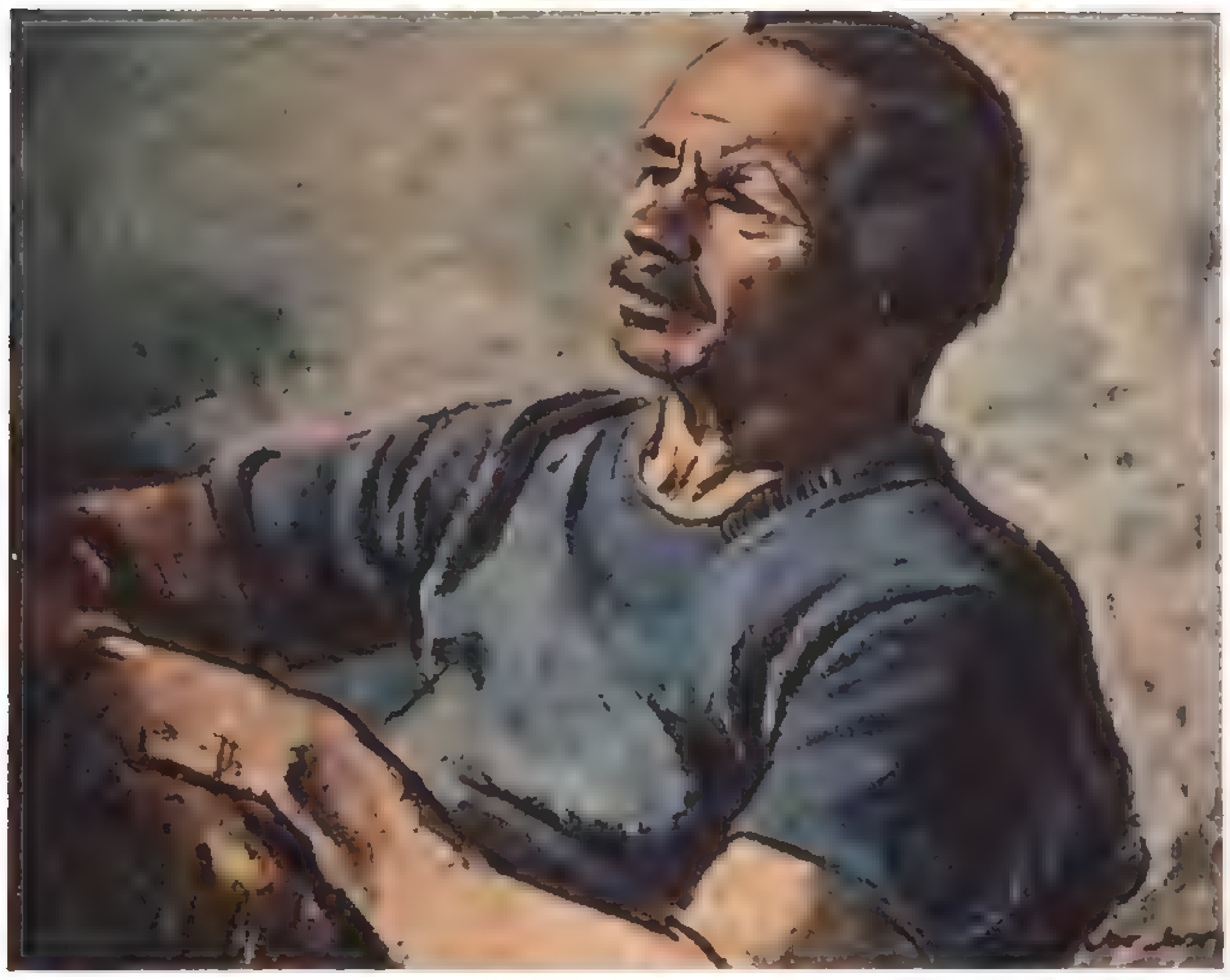
Jones sums up his present life, thus: "A happy marriage and children solved for me the things I was trying to do through painting. I believe Henry Poor's contribution to my life consists mainly in helping me find the joy of creativeness as a motivating force. I knew this was the only motivating force left for me, and Henry was able to assist me in finding this force."

His past alignment with the extreme left Jones refers to as an attempt to identify himself with a whole force of goodness. "I was trying to lose myself in the company of so many I felt to be like me, fighting for the same thing." But "the political expression of goodness became cumbersome for me long before I disassociated myself politically." The paintings with which, earlier, he had shocked the sensitive—particularly his studies of Negroes—were protestations of human solidarity and of the identification of himself with humanity. His painting was better than his dialectics, but his dialectics made him one of the most hotly

Continued on page 118



STACKING WHEAT

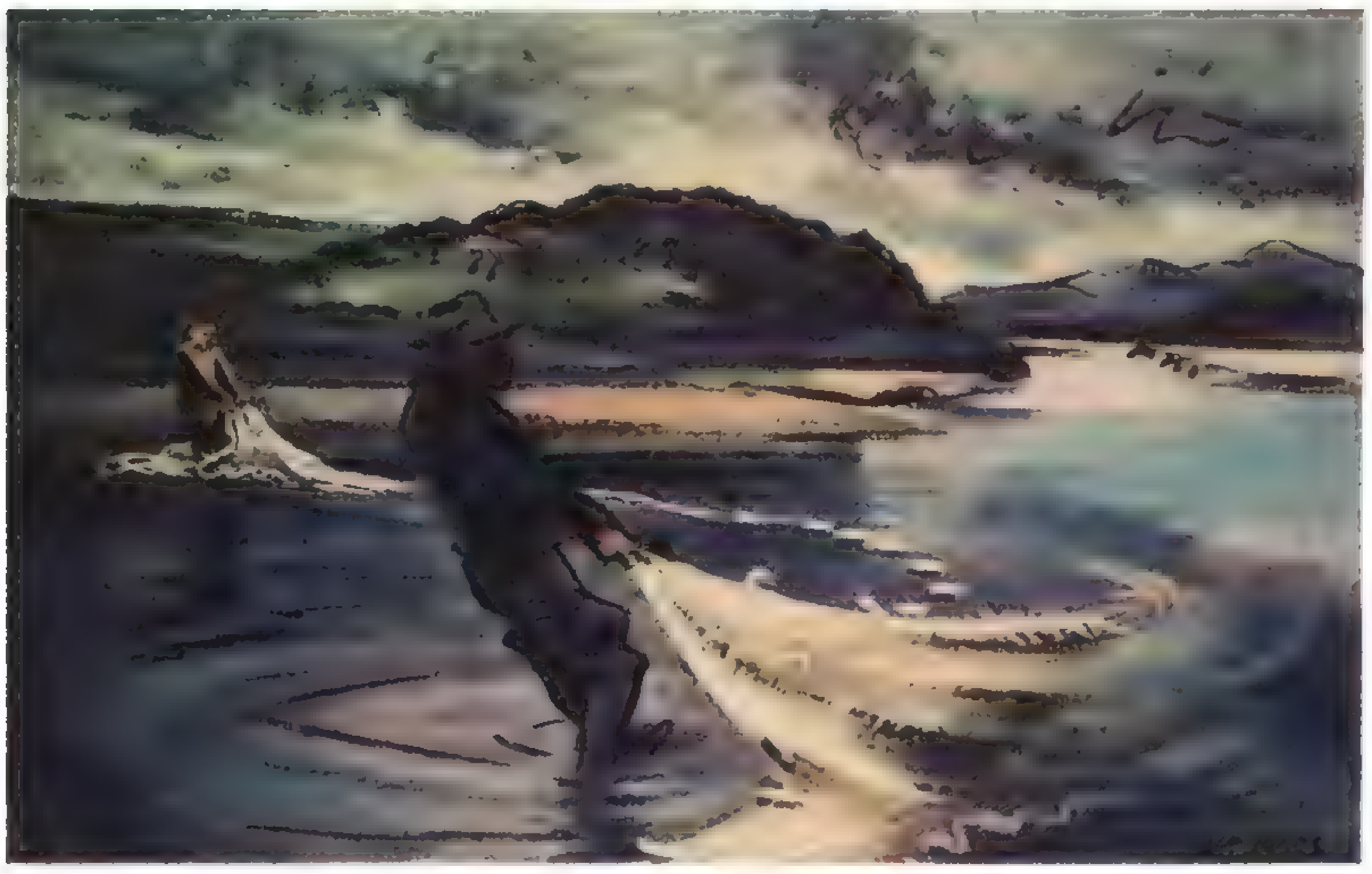


ARTIST BARNUM

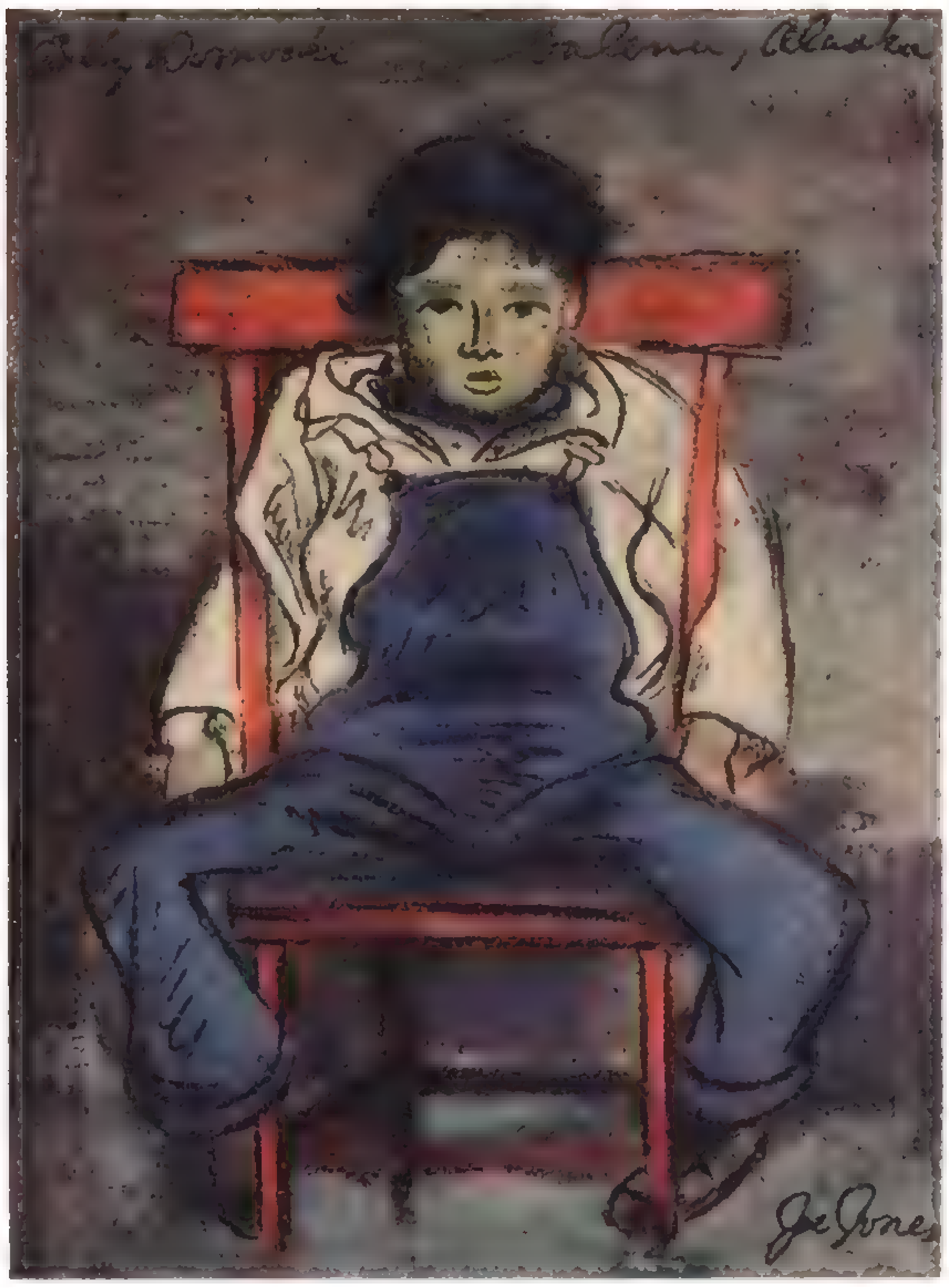
A Group of Six Paintings

by JOE JONES

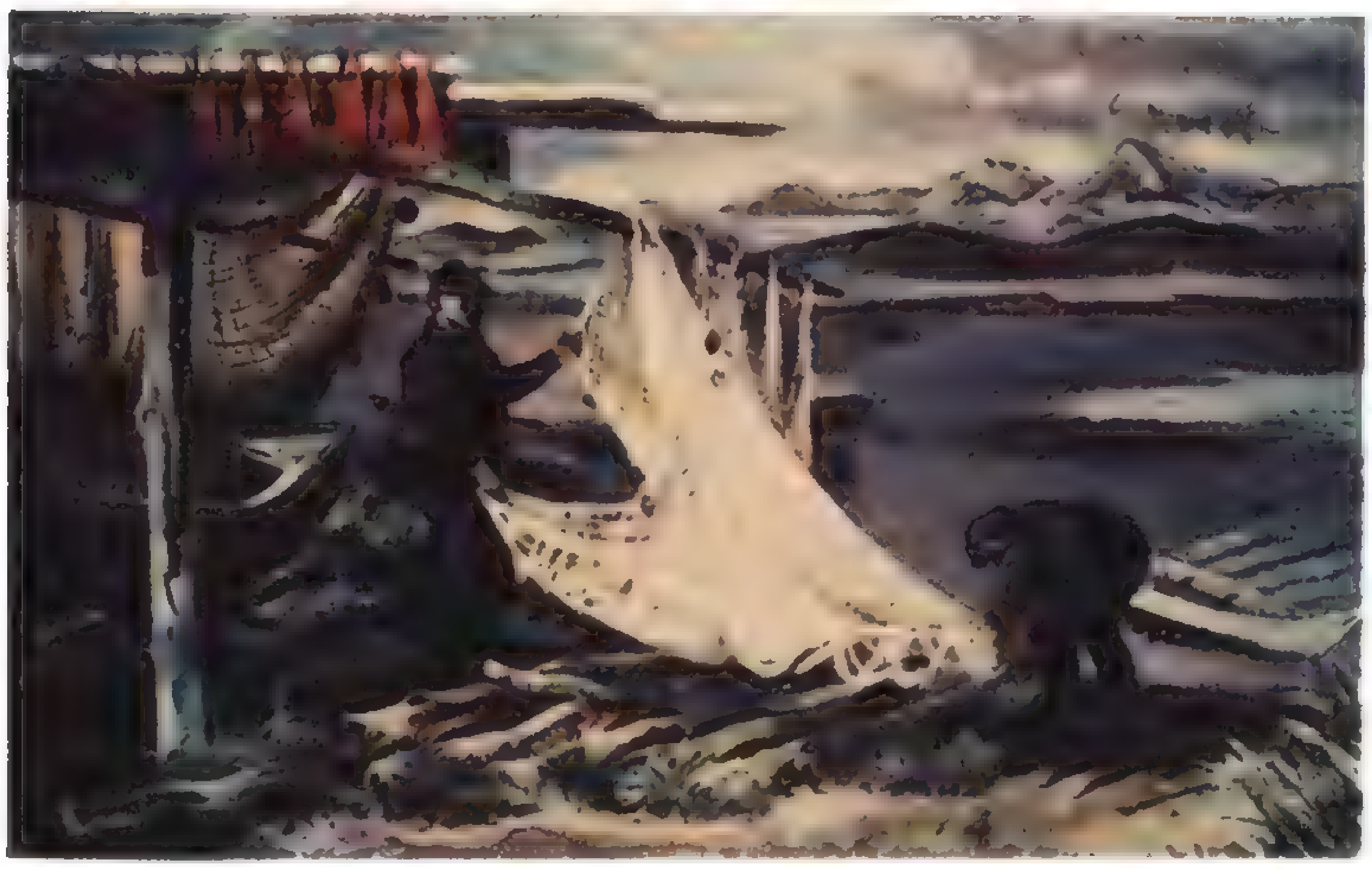
All paintings are reproduced through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists, Inc., New York City



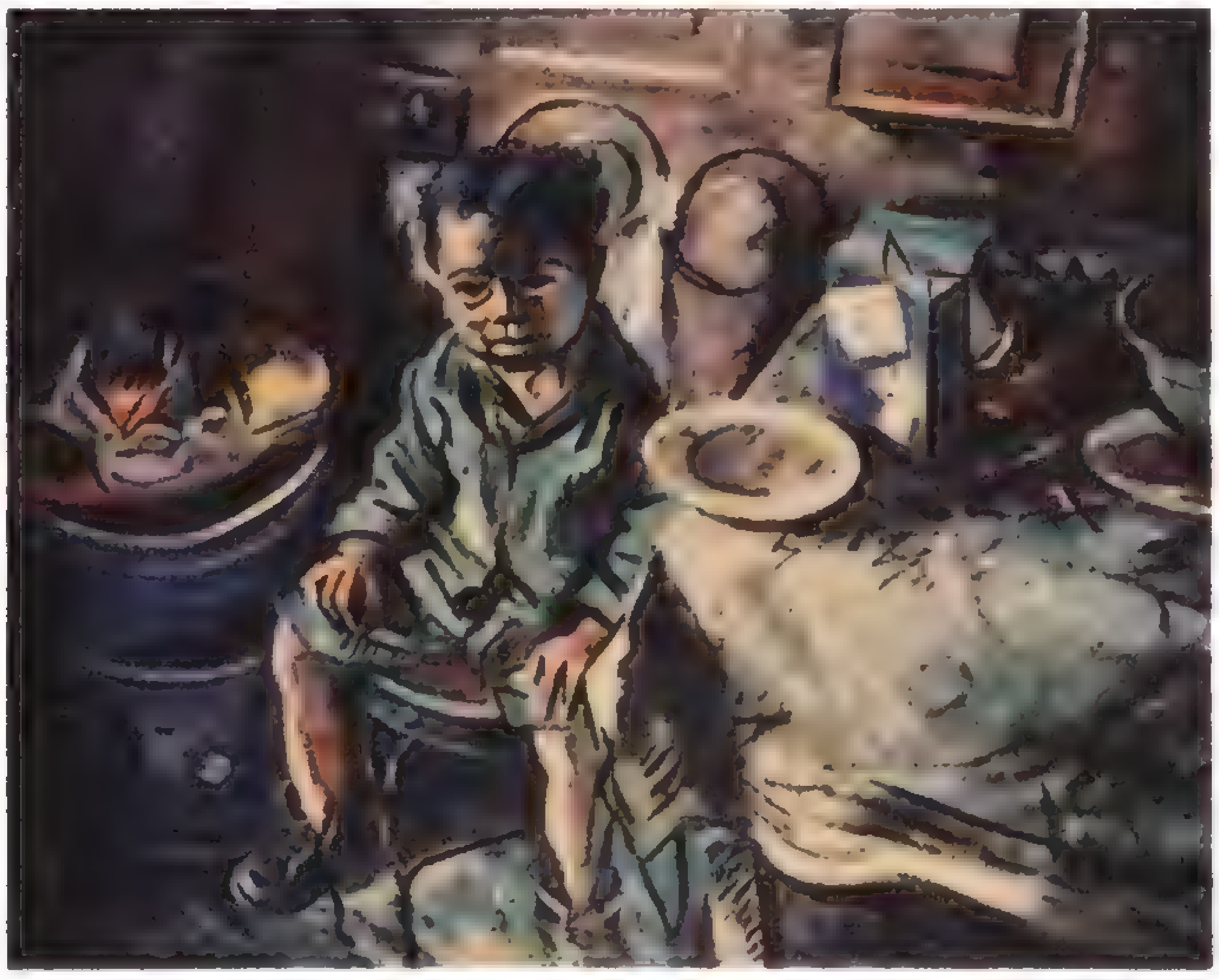
PULLING THE NET



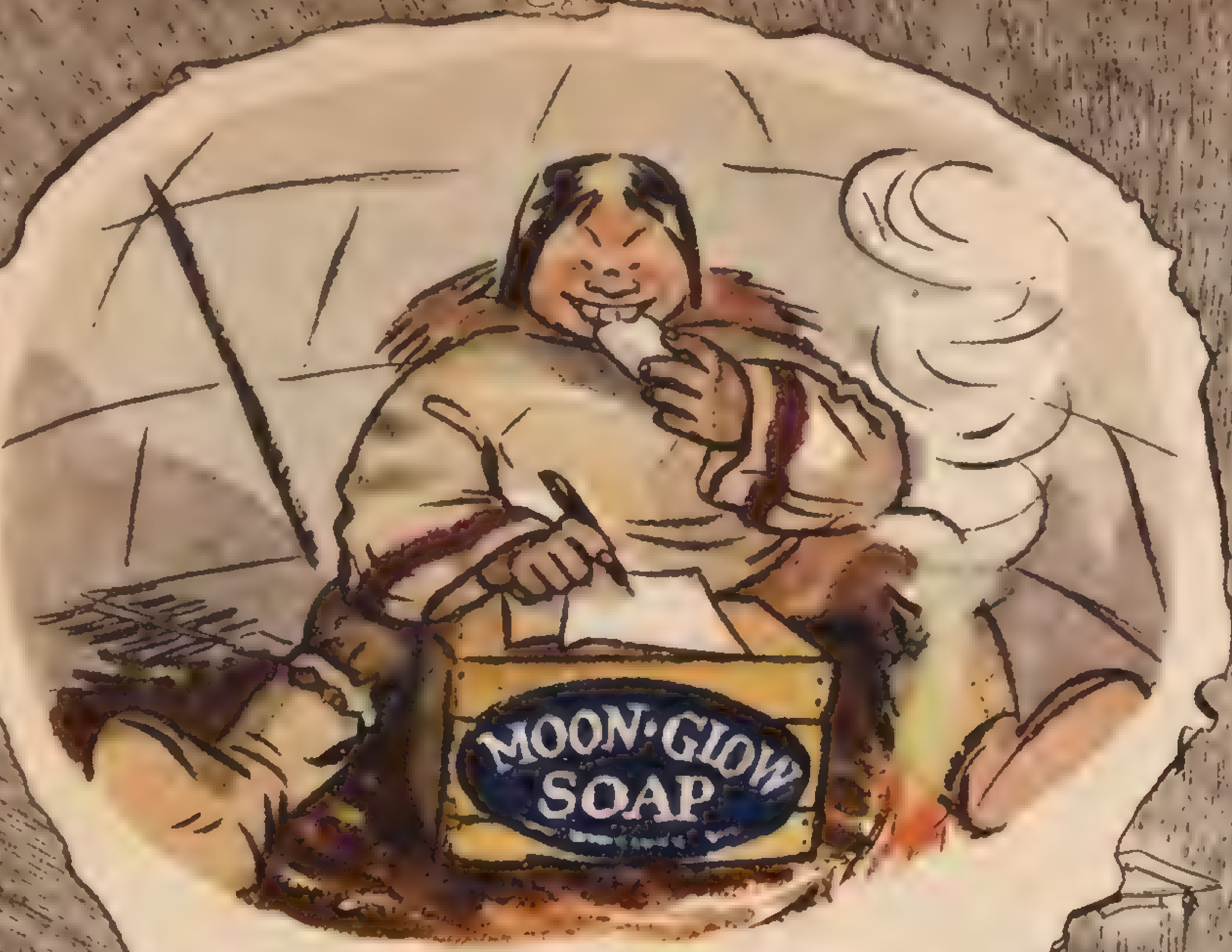
BOY AT GALINA



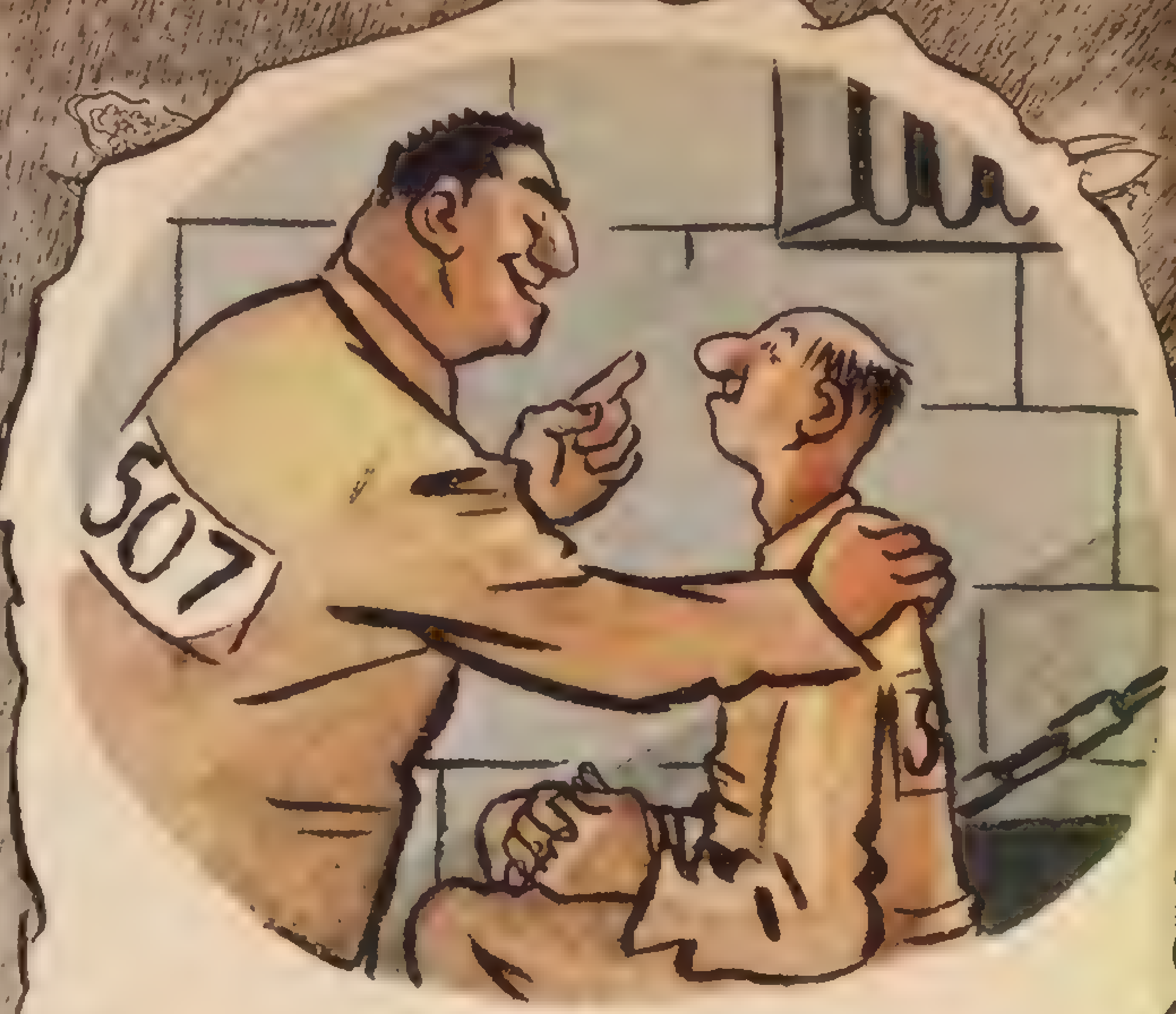
ESKIMOS WITH NETS



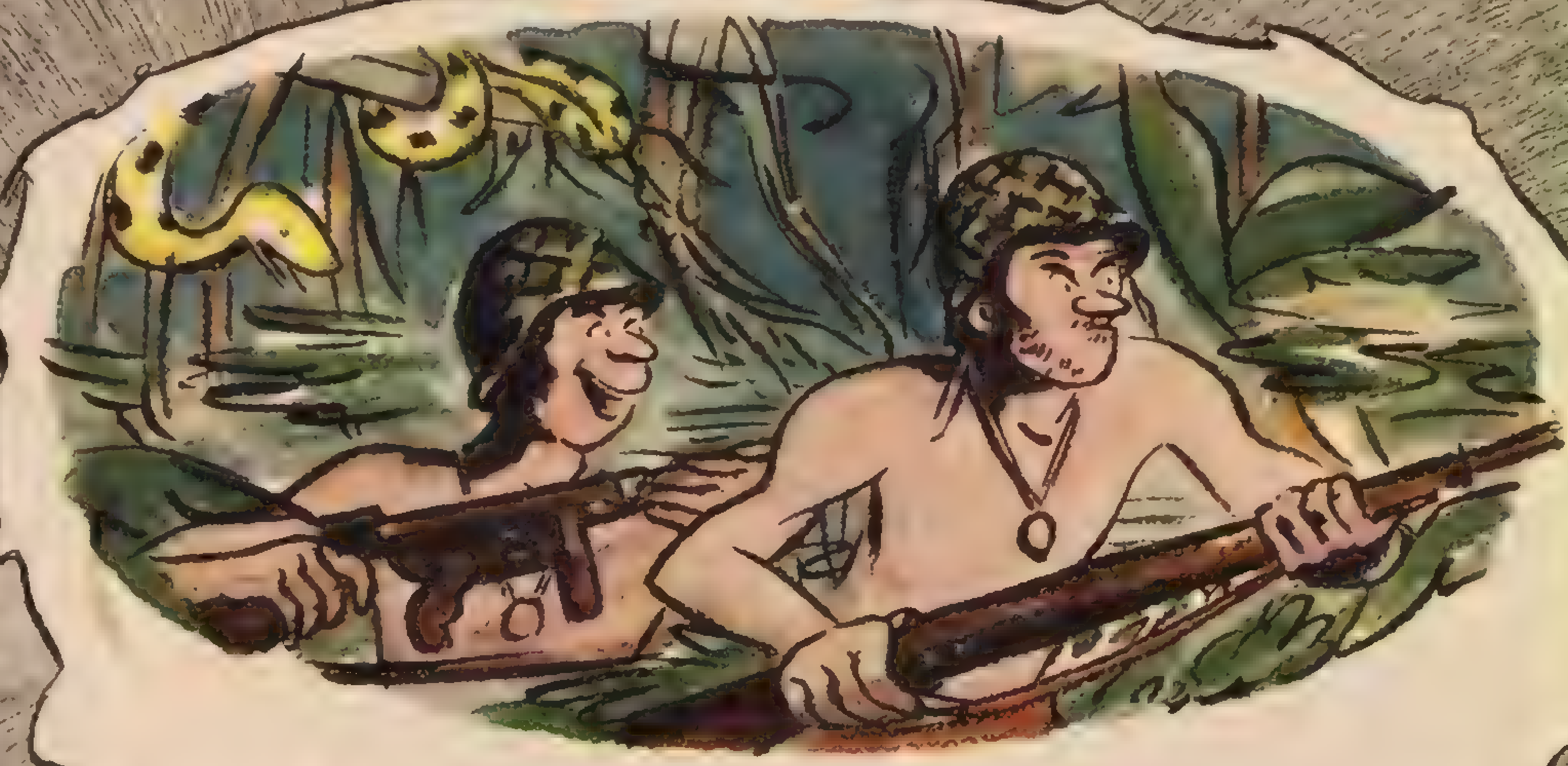
LUNCHEON



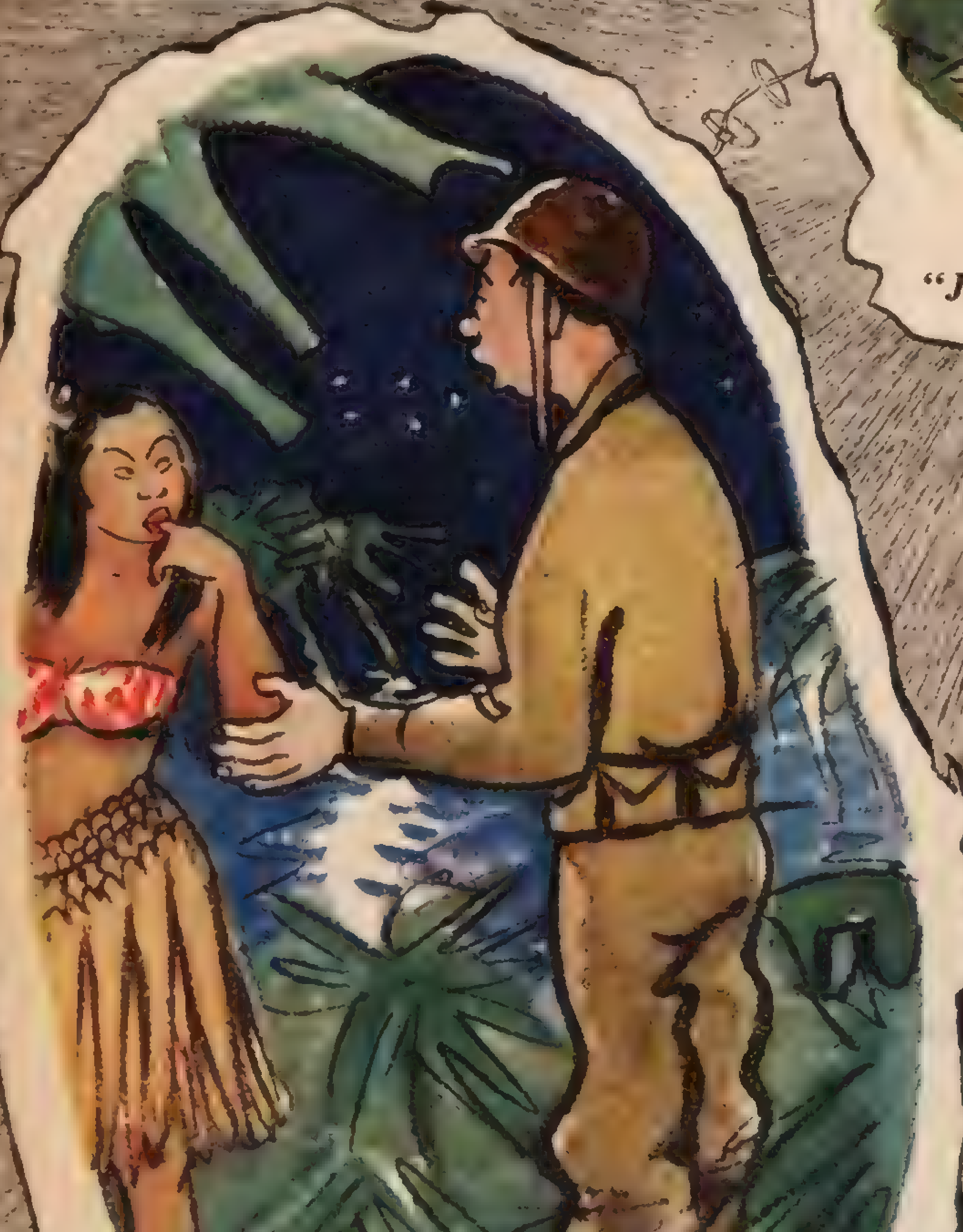
"I like Moon-Glow soap because—"



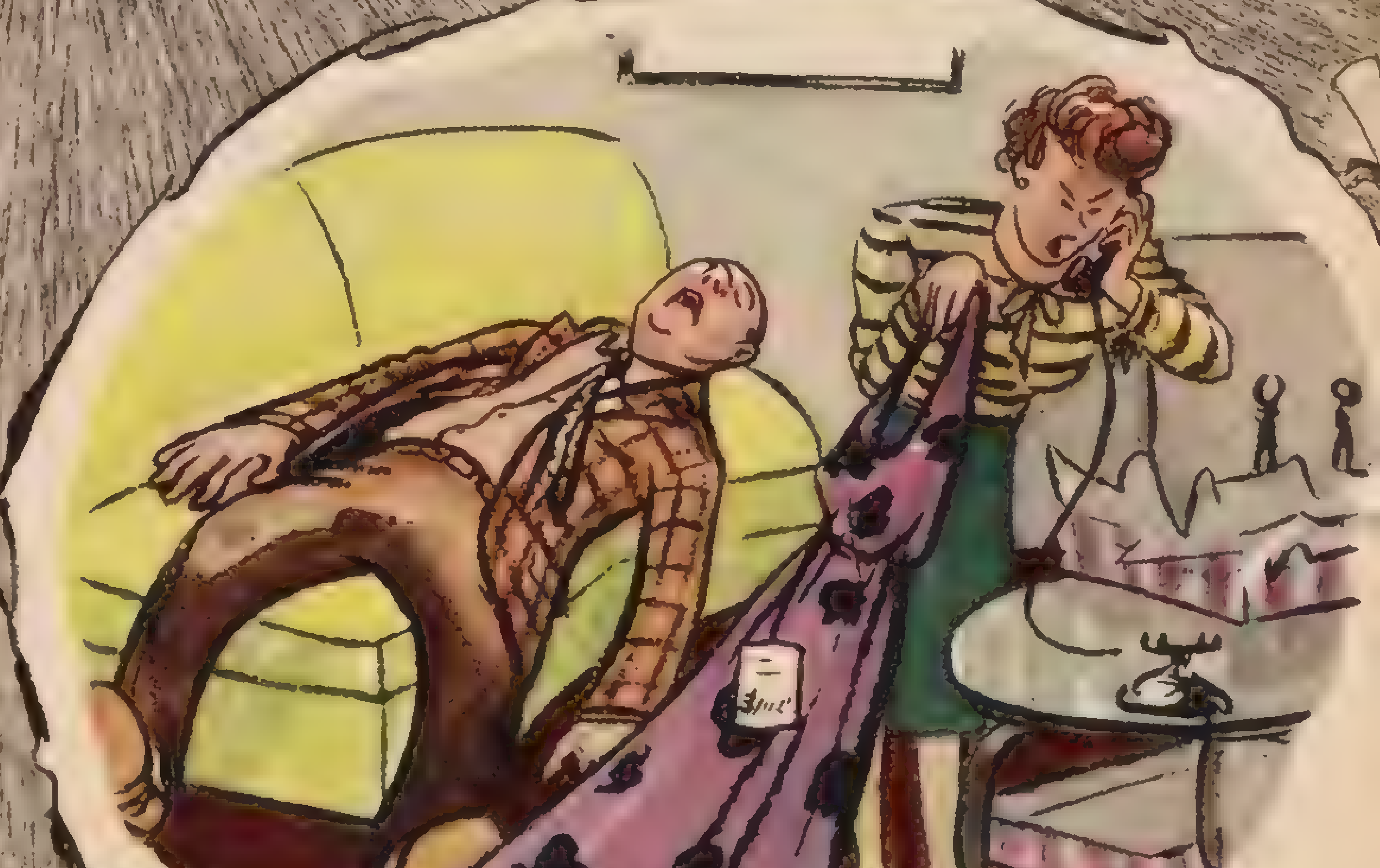
"With your talent and my experience we won't be back in here for three or four years"



"Just think what a trip like this would cost you if you were a civilian"



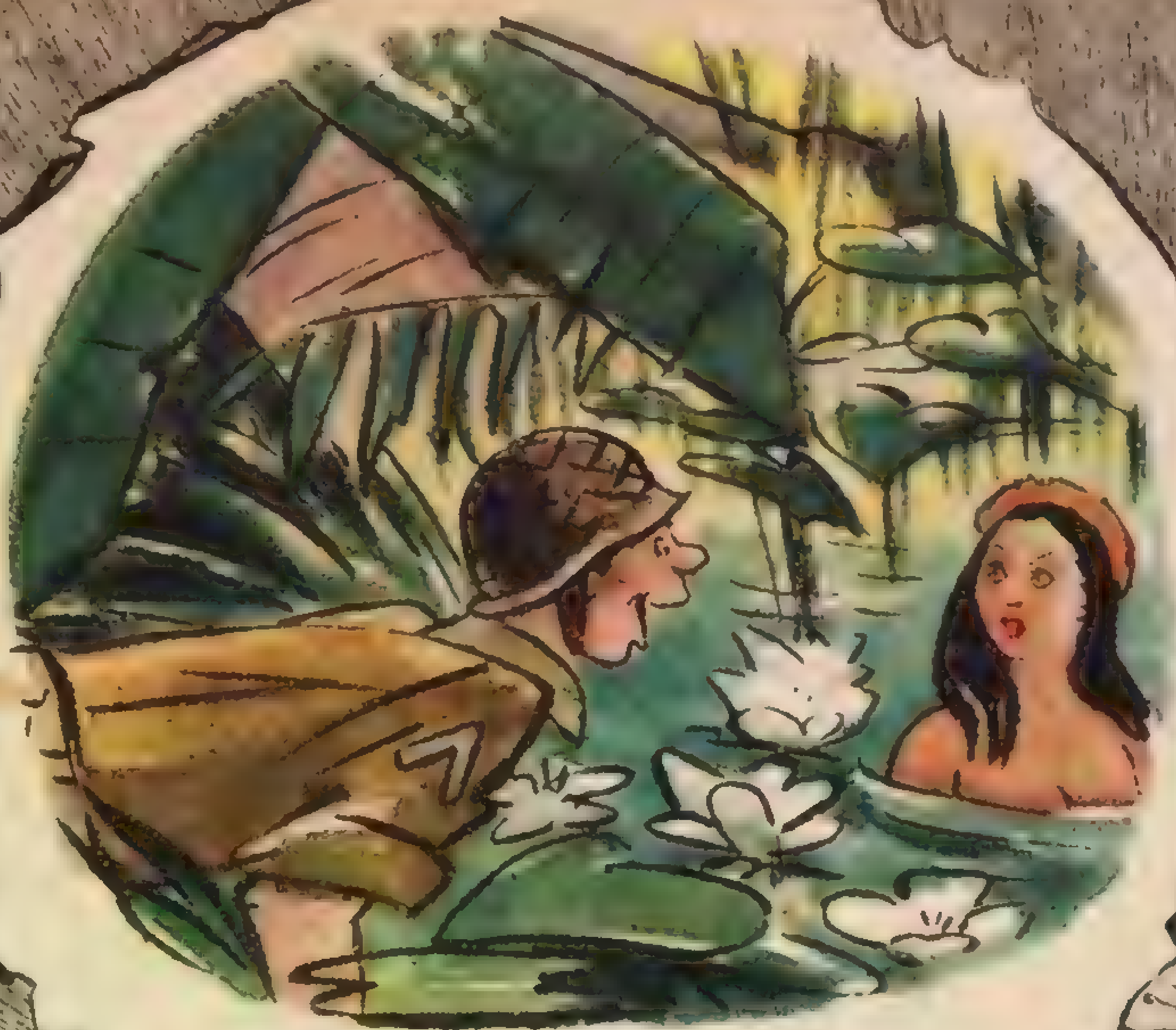
"There's something I gotta tell you
—I'm not really Uncle Sam"



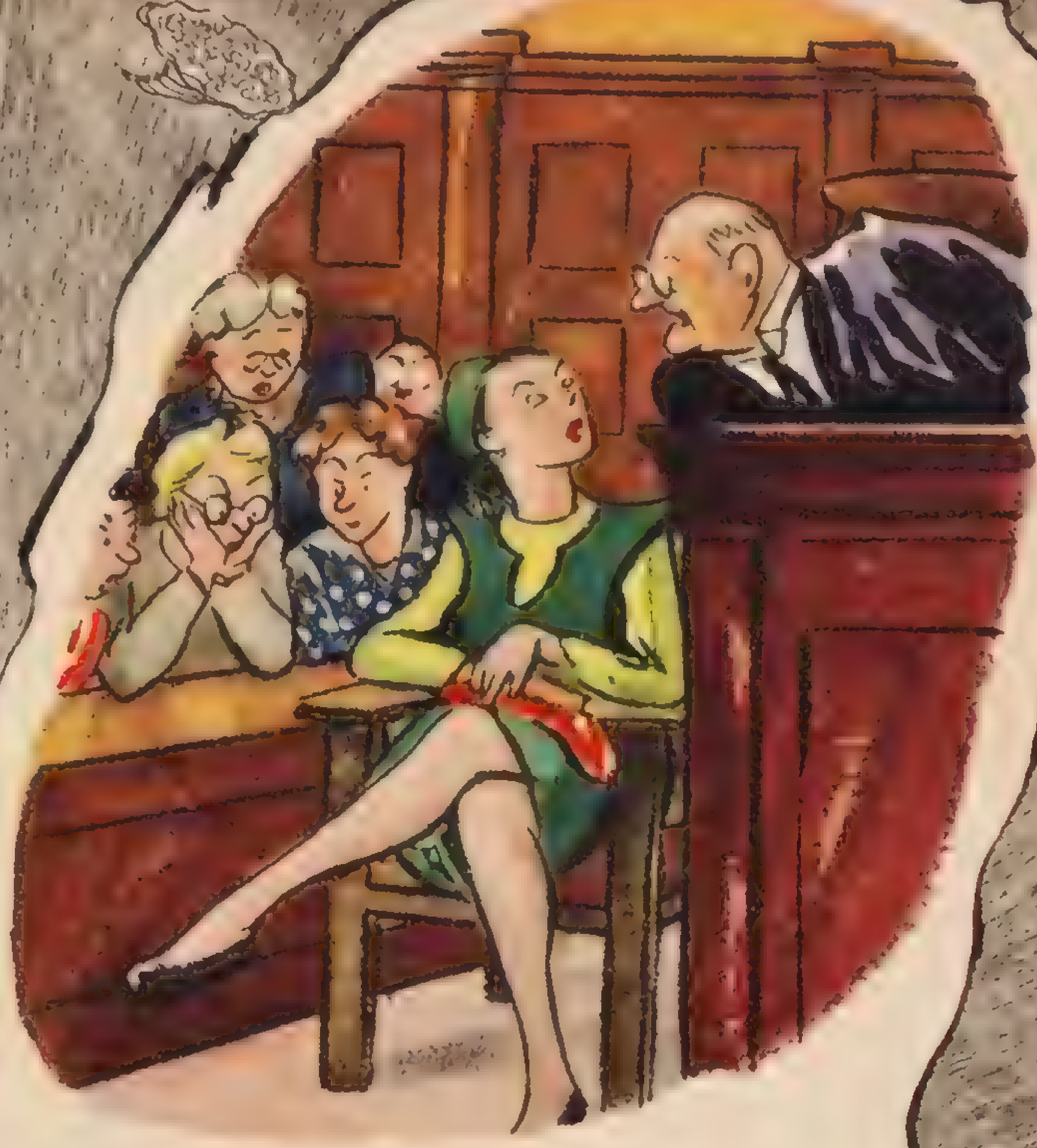
"—but I told you specifically to take the price tag out!"

June Moonshines

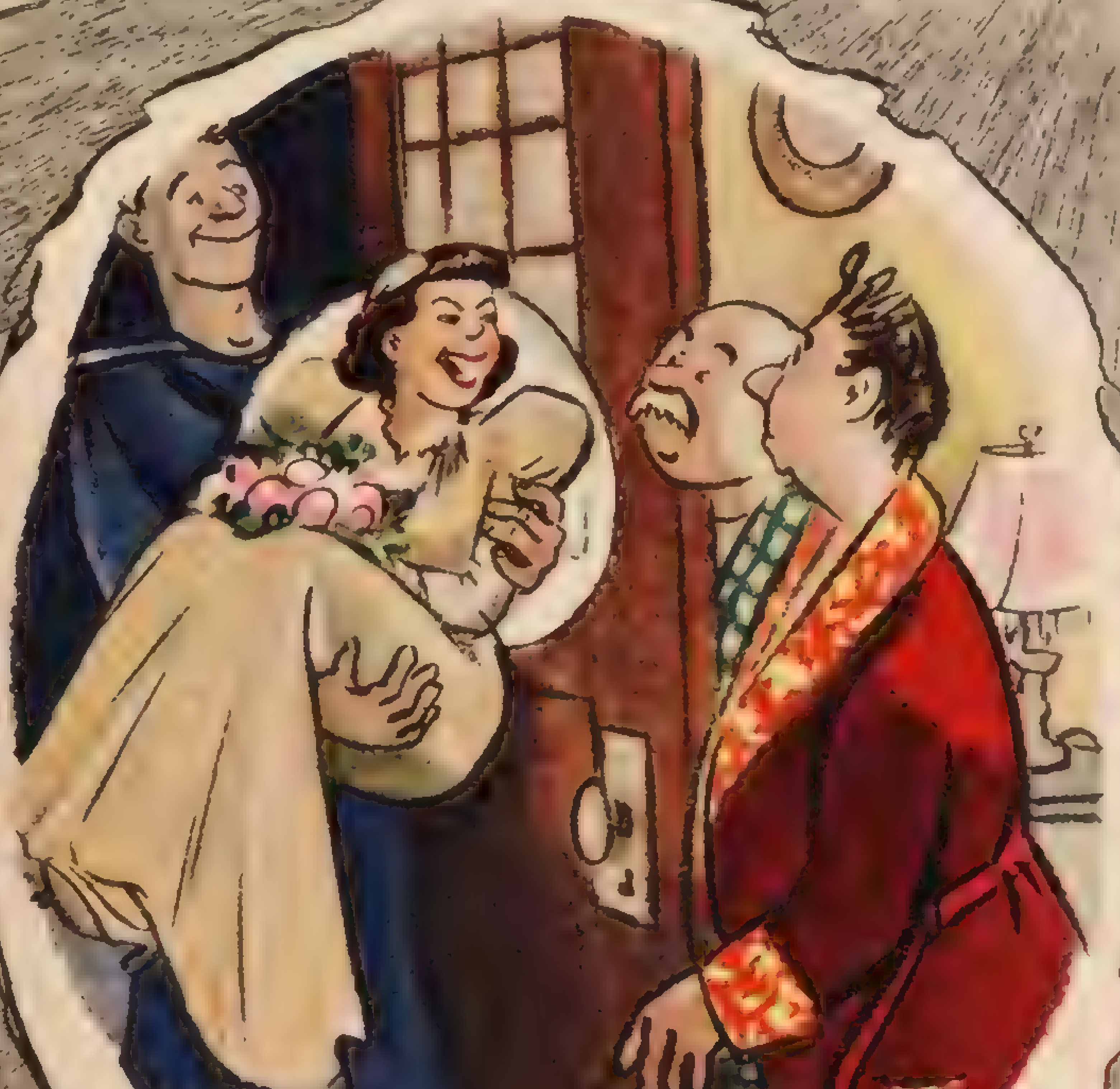
by **D. McKAY**



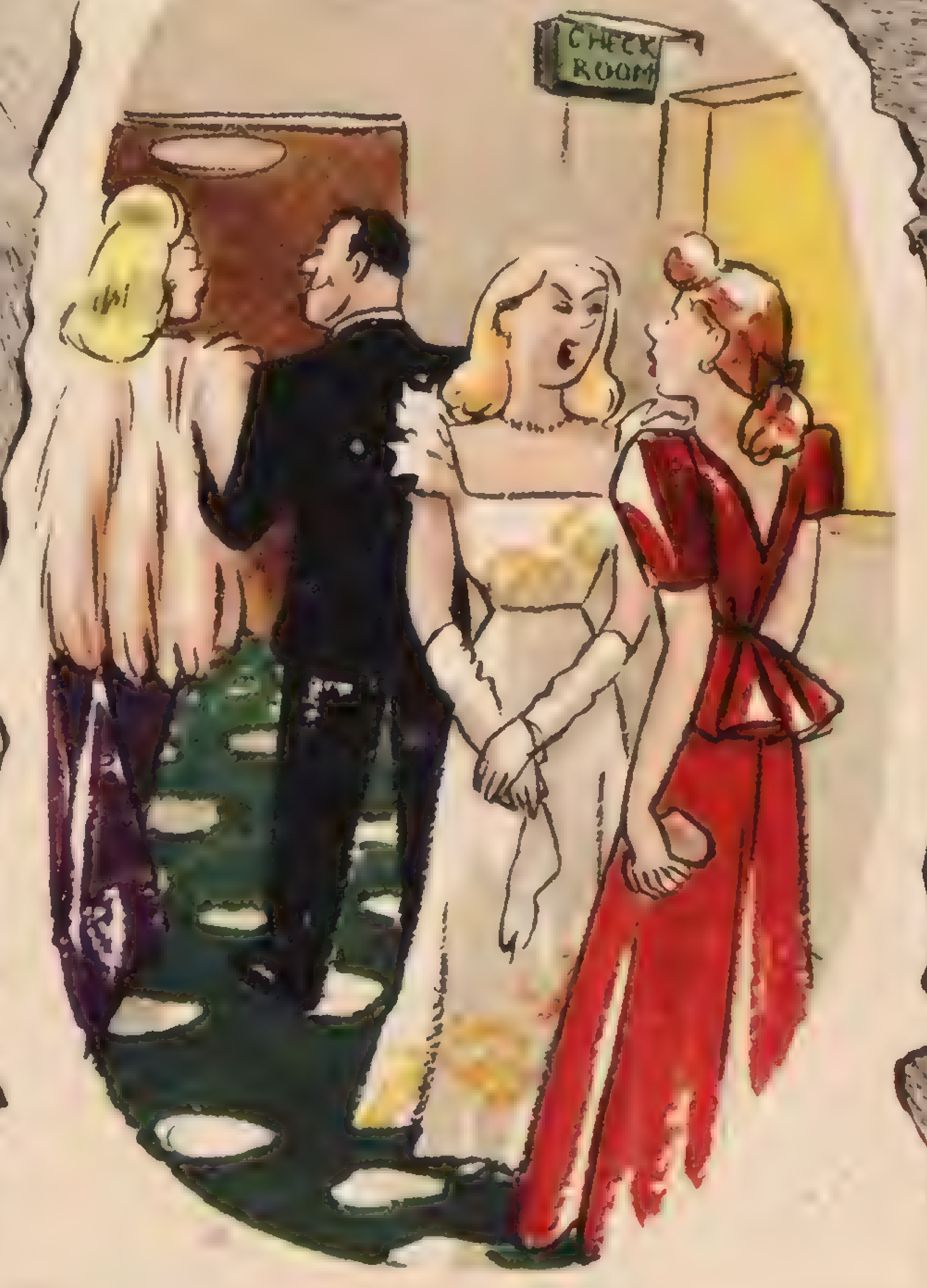
"Water lilies!"



"Would the witness tell the court where she got the nylon stockings?"



"We decided against a honeymoon"



"She goes out only with the wealthiest people—that's the fifth machinist she's dated this week!"

The Compleat FLY BOX

Black & White
Mickey Finn
Dark Edson
Gray Wulff
Bivisible
White Wulff
The Chalky Bauder
Scripture #2
Irresistible
Parmacheene Belle
Quill Gordon
The Delaware
Light Cahill
Gordon's "Killer"
Quill Gordon
Hendrickson
Flat-bodied Nymph
Gordon
Emerson Hough
Scripture #1
Lead Wing Coachman
Coachman
Royal Coachman

Romance in a Fly Box

The origin and development of some of those pretty little concoctions that turn out to be death on fish

by JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

SPORTS

THERE'S a lot of human interest in a fly box; romance, tradition and history. To the casual eye, flies are pretty little concoctions of feathers, wool, tinsel and steel. But to the angler they represent infinitely more. Each pattern—and their number is legion—brings to his mind vivid recollections of carefree days astream.

Few anglers, however, trouble themselves about the origin and development of their favorite fly patterns. Prior to 1890 or thereabouts, fly fishing in America was done with one style of fly only—the dressing that is known now as the wet fly. Theodore Gordon, recently returned from England where he had done some fishing with Halford, the inventor of the floating or dry fly, concluded that this same technique could be applied to American waters. To be sure, conditions in our tumbling Catskill streams differ vastly from those of the placid chalk streams of southern England. But Gordon was a good fly tier and he set to work on the perfection of some satisfactory American patterns. To get hackles of suitable shade and quality he had to raise his own chickens, crossbreeding for color until he had what he sought. The result, after many years of experimentation, is dry-fly fishing as we have it in America today, plus the Quill Gordon fly. We have much for which to thank Theodore Gordon.

Another valuable addition to the fly boxes of this country is the Hendrickson. This fly was first tied by Roy Steenrod, then of Livingston Manor, New York, and was named by him in honor of A. E. Hendrickson of Scarsdale, New York, a noted Catskill angler. Steenrod and Hendrickson were fishing the Beaverkill one day, back in 1915, when a heavy hatch of flies came on the water. While the tiny insects resembled Quill Gordons somewhat, they had a non-segmented body of lighter coloration than that of the Quill Gordon. The trout fed on this hatch and paid little or no attention to the artificial Quill Gordons which the two anglers offered them. Steenrod, an excellent fly tier, put one of the little insects in his fly box and that evening he copied it. With this new fly he and Hendrickson did great execution. Thus was another pattern born. The current dressing of the Hendrickson does not use yellow pheasant crest for the tail stylets; otherwise the pattern today is the same as the original.

Few fly boxes are without Bivisibles. This creation, which looks more like a bottle washer than a stream insect, was first tied by Edward Ringwood Hewitt around 1925 or 1926. For fishing the rough, fast riffles of the Neversink River where he has his camp, Hewitt wanted a fly that would float under any and all circumstances. Experimentally, he tied the first Bivisible and, to his surprise, it caught fish. The first ones were of solid brown, difficult to see, so Hewitt added a white hackle to the front of the fly to step up visibility. His son, Ashley, hit upon the name. "The fish can see it and so can I," said his father, so Ashley christened it the Bivisible. From the original brown and white pattern have come innumerable color combinations we find in the tackle shops today.

Another trail blazer, only a year or so in age as this is written, is Joe Messinger's Irresistible. For many years, Joe Messinger, in his shop in Morgantown, West Virginia, has been producing bass lures—hair frogs and bugs, tied from deer hair—that have been and still are in a class by themselves. Messinger has found out more about handling bucktail and deer hair than any man living. Knowing the appeal that clipped deer hair has for game fish, he put together this fly as an experiment. The results have been astonishing. My prediction is that quite a few more patterns with clipped deer-hair bodies will be in fly boxes of the country before many years.

Two of our dry-fly patterns gaining in popularity are the Gray Wulff and the White Wulff. These were first put together by Lee Wulff, nationally known angler and lecturer, about 1935 or 1936. Wulff ties his own flies without benefit of vise. He just holds the hook in his fingers and ties his fly. Ever since I have known him, since 1928, he has had a decided leaning toward heavily dressed flies; bivisibles, palmers, and such, with lots of hackle and tail support. This business is contrary to all precepts that have been laid down by the earlier proponents of dry-fly fishing. But Lee's flies cast nicely, float indefinitely and catch fish.

One of the more radical innovations in fresh-water angling was the development of the artificial nymph for use in American waters. This lure, or series of lures, has been popular in Great Britain for many years. Not until 1933, however, was it generally used in this country. The reason is this: nymphs that live in the weed beds of England's chalk streams are, for the most part, round in shape. In our fast-running streams, the nymphs live under the rocks and, consequently, most of them are flat-bodied, dark on top with light undersides. We were talking of this one night at Hewitt's camp and, on the spur of the moment, I sat down at his work table and tied three nymphs of tan fox fur, with brown legs and tails. These were soaked in clear Duco lacquer and, when nearly dry, were flattened between the jaws of a pair of pliers. Then their backs were darkened with brown Duco and they were hung up to dry. The rest is history. Today it is uncommon to find a fly box without a few flat-bodied nymphs.

While the Coachman is an English pattern, its American offspring, the Royal Coachman, has so far eclipsed its parent that the Coachman series—Coachman, Lead Wing Coachman, Royal Coachman and Fan Wing Royal Coachman—are really as much American as they are English. Tom Bosworth, coachman to George IV, William IV and Queen Victoria, is credited with the origination of the Coachman. The fly, in reality, is merely a Brown Hackle to which has been added a white wing. The Lead Wing Coachman has been attributed to Henry R. Francis, a noted British angler of the last century.

To John Haily, proprietor in the 1870's of a tackle shop at 320 Henry Street, New York City, goes the credit for the Royal Coachman—the addition of the red silk band in the center of the body of the fly. Just where the Fan Wing Royal Coachman came from, who was responsible for the first tying, probably never will be decided. There are several claimants of that honor. My choice is Theodore Gordon who tied Fan Wing Royals as early as 1907. One, tied in that year, is on exhibition in the Gordon collection at The Anglers' Club of New York. In a nation-wide poll, this fly won the popular vote by a two-to-one margin over its closest competitor. But consider its growing pains. First the Brown Hackle which, I suppose, goes back to Dame Juliana Berners of fifteenth-century fame. Then Tom Bosworth added white wings and found that the addition improved the taking qualities of the fly. Haily gave it the red band, and, I think, Gordon changed the wings to fan wings. Thus, over a period of nearly five hundred years, was a pattern brought into being that now takes first place with the dry-fly fishermen.

The bucktails and streamer flies are not strictly artificial flies but artificial minnows. In shape and action in the water these types suggest minnows rather than insects. So far as we know, the bucktail was first tied by William Scripture, Jr., of Rome, New York, about 1907 or 1908. Working independently, much along the same lines, was Emerson Hough of Chicago, who introduced his bucktail

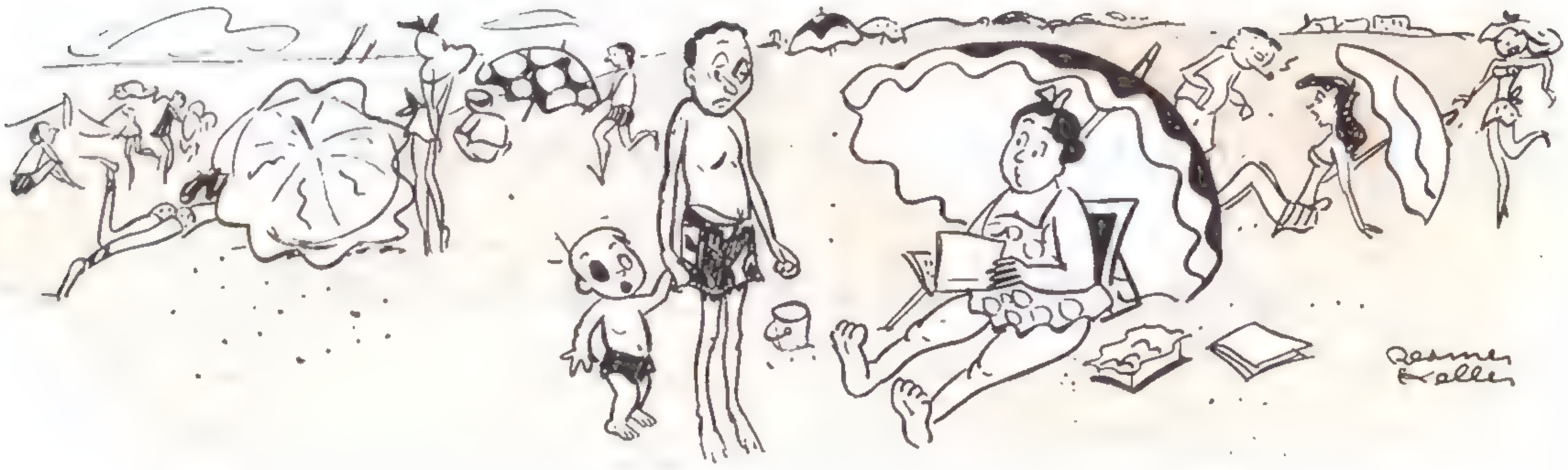
Continued on page 179

THE COMPLEAT FLY BOX

OPPOSITE. BLACK AND WHITE. Tied by author. Second place in national poll. MICKEY FINN. Correct pattern, tied by the late Frank Cooper of Toronto, Ontario, in 1937. DARK EDSON. Tied by Bert Quimby of Maine. BIVISIBLE. As tied by Edward Ringwood Hewitt about 1929. WHITE WULFF, GRAY WULFF. Authentic dressings, tied by Lee Wulff in 1944. THE CHALKY BAUDER. Bass streamer, developed and tied by Frank W. "Chalky" Bauder, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. SCRIPTURE #1 and #2. Tied by William E. Scripture of Rome, New York, in 1938, (originator of bucktail fly in 1908). IRRESISTIBLE. A big-trout killer by Joe Messinger, of Morgantown, West Virginia. PARMACHEENE BELLE. A north-woods favorite tied by "Chalky" Bauder. FLAT-BODIED NYMPH. Duplicate of original pattern. Tied by author. QUILL GORDONS, LIGHT CAHILL, GORDON'S "KILLER," GORDON. All five tied for Leslie M. Petrie of New York City by the late Theodore Gordon in 1909. HENDRICKSON. According to original pattern, as tied by Roy Steenrod of Livingston Manor, New York. THE DELAWARE. This was developed and tied by author. Originally it was called The Seth Brown, but was later renamed in honor of the river in which the fly was perfected. EMERSON HOUGH. Original dressing, tied by Emerson Hough a few years before his death in 1923. LEAD WING COACHMAN. Tied by author. COACHMAN, ROYAL COACHMAN. Tied by "Chalky" Bauder.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

The Esquire Sports Poll



"I was knocked over by a wave, and dad was slapped by one"

Every boy baseball player dreams about the day when he may become a major leaguer. The desire to play in professional baseball is an ambition the average boy inherits the day he receives his first glove or bat, and it is a desire that becomes more intense as his familiarity with the game increases.

By the nature of its needs, baseball in the past has been in a position to satisfy the ambitions of only a limited number of the most skilled boy baseball players. The remaining thousands have turned to other pursuits, and for every DiMaggio or Ott there have been thousands of plain Jacks and Jims. This situation has not drawn any loud criticisms nor has it discouraged the American boy who has continued to yearn for that "chance in a million."

However, this war year of 1945 presents the boy baseball player with the greatest opportunity in diamond history to break into organized baseball.

More than 4,000 major- and minor-league baseball players are in the armed services. Hundreds more are working in war plants. The talent available for competition this summer is limited to the extent that club owners in all leagues, minor and major, see difficulty in keeping the game going. To ease this manpower shortage, especially in the minors, an increase in attention has been given to the boys under draft age.

By agreement between professional baseball and junior baseball officials, a boy 17 years of age and under, can be signed for his professional debut, a situation that was not permitted until this year.

Aware of the problem that baseball is facing today of satisfying the hope of millions who want the game to continue, and also cognizant of the problems facing the American boy who must decide whether he should become a professional ballplayer at this time, Esquire Magazine believes that through its Sports Poll, which reaches the sports experts of the entire country, it is in a position to be of assistance to both baseball and the boy in discussing the topic.

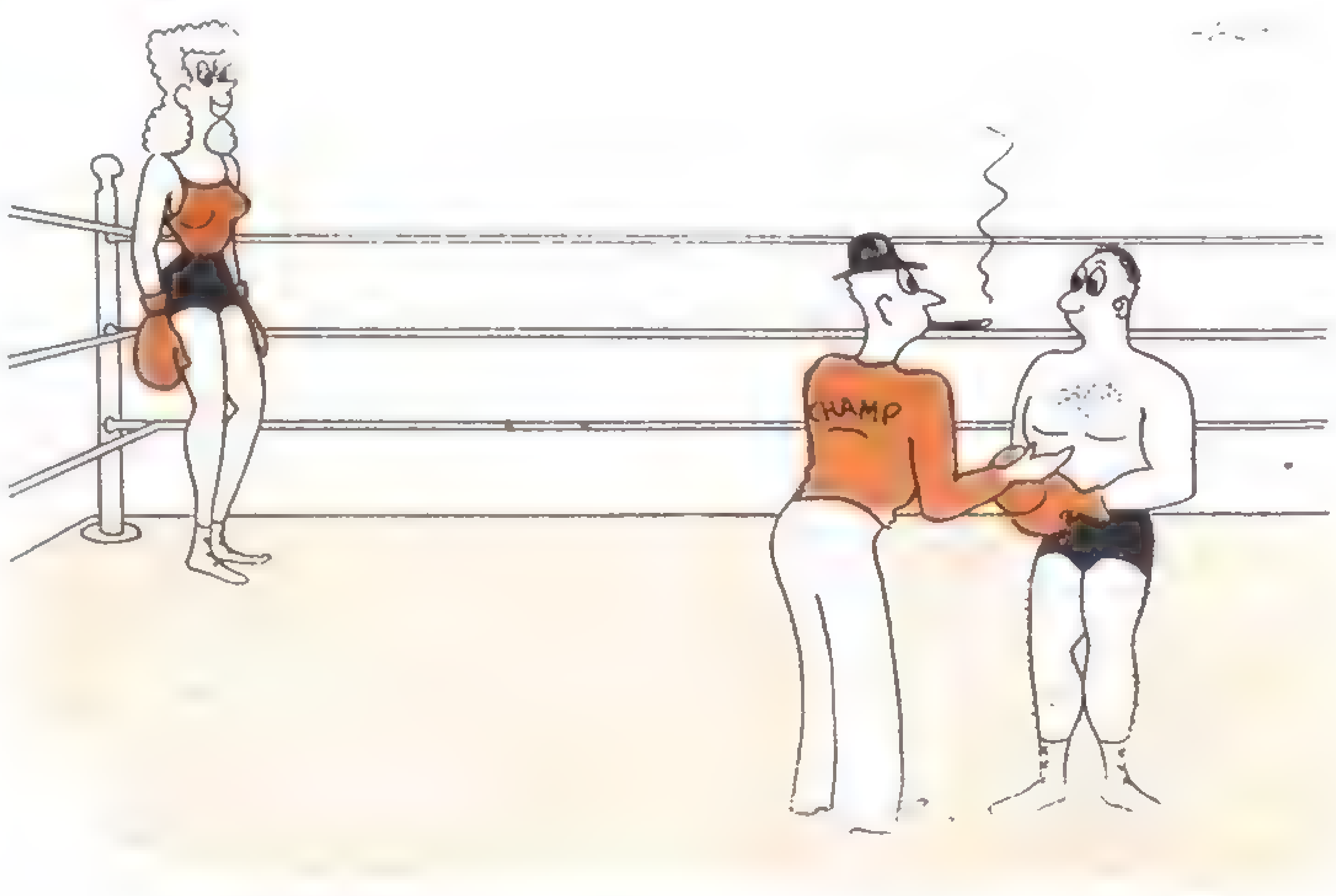
The returns showed virtually a "dead heat" in "yes" and "no" replies to the question: should a boy of junior baseball age sign a professional contract?

No—51.27 per cent
Yes—48.73 per cent

Generally, the experts who voted "yes" expressed the belief that the new policy will give new life to baseball in the form of youth. They emphasized that the new attention to boy players will uncover talent that previously remained buried. They cited the big opportunity given the boy to realize his ambition, the speeding up of his career. Most "yes" voters made the reservation that nothing interfere with the boy's education.

The experts who voted for the boy to turn down professional offers cited these general reasons: discouragement of his desire for an education; loss of his amateur status; and the possibility that the present interest is synthetic and will not exist in normal times, that baseball is turning to boy players as a last desperate measure to stay alive.

The last thought is one that registers most deeply with baseball men. And it is no secret that there is a growing movement among many men in baseball's ranks to eliminate such opposition with a constructive program for the future. The ideals in this respect are expressed by one league president who says, "Baseball intends to encourage the playing of the game in high schools and in summer programs. More of us are rapidly realizing that there is much to be gained by cooperating with all interested parties in movements to revive the game among the nation's youths. The ideal postwar situation will be one where baseball does not take a boy away from his high school team or his high school. After he has graduated and is deciding on whether to go to work or to go to college, baseball should have the three available months in which to sell the sport to him. If he decides on college, baseball should keep hands off until his college period is completed."



"It's the only sparring partner I could get"

Now for the pros and cons!

"Everything within reason should be done to encourage development of boys in baseball, otherwise we'll be a nation of softballers," commented **Larry Grill** of Phoenix, Arizona.

Ken McConnell of the Vancouver, B. C., *Daily Province* stated, "The important thing is to keep baseball operating, and youthful players will help. What the youngsters lack in polish and experience they make up in fire which will produce the kind of ball everyone will like."

"I don't like the way that new pitcher warms up!"

Commander R. H. Barnes, New London, Connecticut, had this to say about opportunity: "A young man, no matter what his age may be, if he is good enough should grab any big opportunity when it is offered because it might be his last chance."

"Remember Mel Ott," was the three-word answer of **Ken Collins** of Belleville, Ontario. **Lt. T. D. Geoghegan** of Washington, District of Columbia, said, "Baseball is the only sport clean enough to police itself of the dangerous implications involved."

"The object in life seems to be to give boys the best and earliest training possible for the job for which they are best suited. If baseball is to be a boy's career, the quicker he can get experience and competent tutelage, the better," wrote **Fred Jonson** of the Red Wing, Minnesota, *Republican Eagle.*

Several "yes" voters expressed

the opinion offered by **Jimmy Hines, WFCI**, Pawtucket, Rhode Island: "I would give the kids a chance to develop into ballplayers before their playing days are numbered. Give them longer life in baseball."

Rube Samuelson of the Pasadena, California, *Star-News*, said, "So many boys about to go into the armed service may never get another chance to enjoy a chance to play in organized ball if they turned down this opportunity."

"The boy can use the pay he receives to further his education in the off season," added **George Kirchner** of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. And there is this slant, expressed by **Harry Gruhler** of Atlantic City: "We have juvenile movie stars and quiz kids making a living. Why not kid baseball players in the big time?"

"If the boy fails to make the grade in baseball, he is still young enough to turn to another one," maintained **Sgt. George Waylonis** of Spence Field, Moultrie, Georgia.

Fred Schuler of the *Daily News* in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, stressed a different angle when he said, "The lifting of the ban is part of the trend to nullify ridiculous standards which indicate there is taint of stigma on the reputation of any association with professional sports."

But that is one side of the topic. Opinions such as the following were written by "no" voters:

"It would make a boy ineligible for college baseball and other amateur sports," said **Jere Hayes** of the Dallas *Times-Herald*. "If the boy is good he could get more money for signing after a few years of college—and have an education." **Tait Cummins** of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, reminded, "Judge Landis was against it." **Sam Glassman** of the Marion, Georgia, *Telegraph* wanted to know, "What will happen to these boys when the war is over, when they will not be good enough to replace the returning stars?"

Norman Thomas of Lewiston, Maine, said, "Boys are too young to leave home and associate with matured pros. They need experience in 'low pressure' brand of baseball first." **Bill Reedy** of the Reading *Eagle* "objected to baseball trying to survive at the expense of the boys' education."

Glen Goellner of St. Charles, Missouri, thought, "The boy risks the danger of burning himself out before he has matured sufficiently to justify daily play." **Dick Cullum** of the Minneapolis *Times* said, "If it wasn't good for boys to be in pro ball before the war, it isn't good now. Baseball has no right to sacrifice the welfare of these kids for its own commercial advantages."

Bill Leiser of the San Francisco *Chronicle* said, "Baseball does not need to elevate a kid too soon to a status with which he is not mature enough to cope. The boy should not be signed until he has shown maturity required to graduate from high school."

Doug Grant of the *Journal Standard* at Freeport, Illinois, maintained, "More young players will be ruined than will be developed if started too soon." **William Nelson** of Grand Junction, Colorado, wondered if "Boys won't become spoiled too easily by publicity gained too early."

Bump Hadley of **WBZ** at Boston summed up the views of most "no" voters when he declared, "I believe every boy should complete his education before becoming a professional athlete."

So there you have it, two opposite fields of thought, both sincere in their belief that they are giving the best advice for boys—and baseball.

The fact that the answers are so evenly divided proves that this is not a one-sided issue. But it also proves this is an issue of vital importance to all concerned. #

New York: Boys' Paradise

Gotham's thrills await young diamond stars selected for All-American Game

Young America is happy that the 1945 Esquire All-American Boys' Baseball Game will again be played in New York's Polo Grounds late in August. To the thousands of boys competing for the thirty-two coveted places in the second annual East-West game, New York is the city of their dreams.

After he came home from the 1944 game, Jim Nelson, Birmingham catcher, told his friends, "Well, I've seen New York. Now I'm grown up!"

Even big-league ballplayers making their first swing around the circuit are amazed and startled by the metropolis. When Billy Herman, famous big-league second baseman, made his first trip there with the Chicago Cubs in 1931, he expressed his awe in the words, "Boy, that's a CITY; all these other places are just TOWNS!"

There was no end to the "kick" the boys on the All-American squad got last year going places and seeing famous people. Besides viewing several major-league games, playing on the historic Polo Grounds meant as much or more to these young ballplayers as climbing the Statue of Liberty, or having lunch with the late Al Smith in the Empire State Building, or broadcasting with Babe Ruth, or visiting with and posing for newspaper pictures with Mrs. Lou Gehrig. Such famous baseball moments as the day Carl Hubbell fanned Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin in succession in the 1934 major-league All-Star game came to their mind. Trodding the very soil where baseball's greats once played was a great thrill to them.

Subways and skyscrapers, Chinatown and Wall Street, Central Park and Fifth Avenue, Times Square, the Battery, Fraunces' Tavern where Washington bade farewell to his soldiers, and Yankee Stadium became actual, unforgettable and indelible pictures on the memories of these youngsters, instead of merely commonplace words and phrases. Coney Island was a favorite spot, and Radio City and grey plane-decked warships in the river built up the impact on young imaginations of the greatest mechanical gadget ever conceived and created by man.

Some of these boys had never been on a train when they began trips to this game; some of them would never see New York again. But they would tell about its wonders to their children, and their children's children. New York to them became poignantly a great and shining symbol of the strength and beauty and cleanness that is America.

And to the boys who are competing for game positions in the district eliminations now being conducted by 32 of the nation's leading newspapers, there are these thoughts expressed by some of 1944's All-Americans:

Vic Picetti, San Francisco: "It was a great honor to play in the first Esquire game and I appreciate what Esquire did for me. It's something that you never forget—a marvelous thrill."

Pat Wohlers, Portland, Ore: "It was the greatest honor any boy playing baseball could ever have."

James Propst, Kansas City: "The valuable coaching by Mel Ott and Carl Hubbell helped me very much. The game was a great stimulant to junior baseball."

Virg Jester, Denver: "The boys playing in the Esquire games are going to furnish baseball with its future players."

Frank Azzarello, New Orleans: "The game gave me an idea of how things are done in big-time baseball—to play hard, forget the crowd and above all, to look like a ballplayer."

Gilbert Mills, Memphis: "I can't describe how wonderful it was to get such great coaching, to meet so many fine people and to gain so many points on what I intend to make my career—baseball."

Richie Ashburn, Omaha: "Any boy seeking a spot in the Esquire game should put everything he's got into all games and play them clean. There's only one way to play and that is the straight way."

Marvin Homan, Cheyenne: "This game should be classified with the greatest youth movements. I have a great debt to repay Esquire."

The addition of Mason Leeper, the Charlotte *Observer*'s 1944 All-American Boy, brings to ten the number of graduates from the Esquire game who have entered professional baseball. Leeper, a promising pitcher, signed with Atlanta in the Southern League.

William Herstek, selected by the Pittsburgh *Press* last year, recently signed with the Detroit Tigers and is ticketed for action with Buffalo in the International League.

Many of the other boys competing in the Esquire game last year had opportunities to enter professional baseball, but they either went into service or decided to go to college instead. #

Reamer Keller

The One-Armed Wonder

Billy Evans tells why Pete Gray has what it takes to succeed in majors on his ability, not as exhibitionist

by BILLY EVANS

▪SPORTS▪

UPON meeting up with Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns, in Chicago right after his return from his U.S.O. tour of the China-India theater last Spring, in my capacity as an old sports writer I asked him: "What question did they ask you most out there, Luke?"

"About Pete Gray," he replied instantly. "The fact that a one-armed ballplayer could get up to the big league has got 'em."

And it's my prediction that Pete Gray is going to have them all "worked up" all around the American League this season as he makes his long-awaited big-league debut. My private opinion is that the boy'll make the grade, in spite of his handicaps; and I *mean* handicaps. Being one-armed has been a handicap to Pete in getting up to the majors not only because of the difficulty it has forced on him in his play. He has been outstanding in minor-league ball for a number of years, but the majors were reluctant to bring him up because they were afraid his presence would put a "circus" touch to their business.

Now he has come up to the Browns as simply another ballplayer. He will have to fight for his position just like anyone else, and he will have a fight on his hands going up against a veteran outfield that was good enough to win the flag last year, plus the hard-hitting Boris (Babe) Martin from the Brown's Toledo holding. I will follow Pete with especial interest because he comes out of "my" league.

After a long career in baseball as sports writer, umpire, general manager of two major-league clubs, Cleveland and the Boston Red Sox, I became President of the Southern Association.

Arriving at my Atlanta office one April morning in 1943, the first item to get my attention in the sport pages was dated Memphis and headed—"Chicks Sign One-Armed Player." It read:

> "Memphis, Tennessee—A.P.—April 1: The Memphis Chicks of the Southern League today announced the signing of Pete Gray, one-armed ballplayer of Nanticoke, Pa. Gray is an outfielder. Last year he played with Three Rivers, Quebec, of the Canadian American League. Despite his physical handicap he batted a healthy .381 to lead the league. Due to a limited roster and the demands of the armed forces, Gray appeared to be the only Memphis player in spring training certain to be around when the season opens."

"Doc" Prothro was in charge of the Memphis club as manager and part owner. For years, Prothro and I had been a part of the Boston Red Sox Minor League system—"Doc" as manager of the Little Rock club, one of the main Boston Farms, and I as director of the system. Surely Prothro had not lost his sense of proportions and reverted to a side-show attraction in an effort to keep baseball alive. I wrote Prothro a diplomatic letter. He replied along these lines.

> "There is no question about the player shortage. It is really far worse than any of the clubs have admitted. I agree with you that the signing of a one-armed player seems like overstepping the limits. I know nothing about Gray's ability. However, Mickey O'Neil, veteran catcher on my club, who has played with Gray, insists he is a better player than anyone on the team—not excepting himself. That, you know, is quite a frank admission on Mickey's part. Our club will be in Atlanta shortly after the season opens. Then you can see Gray play and judge for yourself. Hold your judgment until then."

After seeing Gray in one game, I surrendered all objections that I ever had. He could do everything well. Here was an athletic marvel who didn't let the loss of his right arm be a handicap.

Now that we have Pete Gray in the big leagues, unquestionably the most talked about player in the game, let us go back to the beginning. As a youngster, Pete early showed the competitive spirit that has made him outstanding. One of a large family in a coal mining community, Pete knew little as a child of the luxuries of life in dear old Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, where he was born. As a youngster, a ride in an auto was the last word in luxury. It could only be satisfied by riding the running board or rear bumper, unknown to the owner. Pete was often an unknown and unwanted passenger to the driver of the car. One day, unable to retain his grasp, he slipped from the running board, on which he was stealing a ride. The car passed over his right arm, so badly mangling it that amputation was necessary. Only the nub of the arm was left. Thus, to the handicap of being poor, Pete Gray, at the age of six, was starting life minus his right arm.

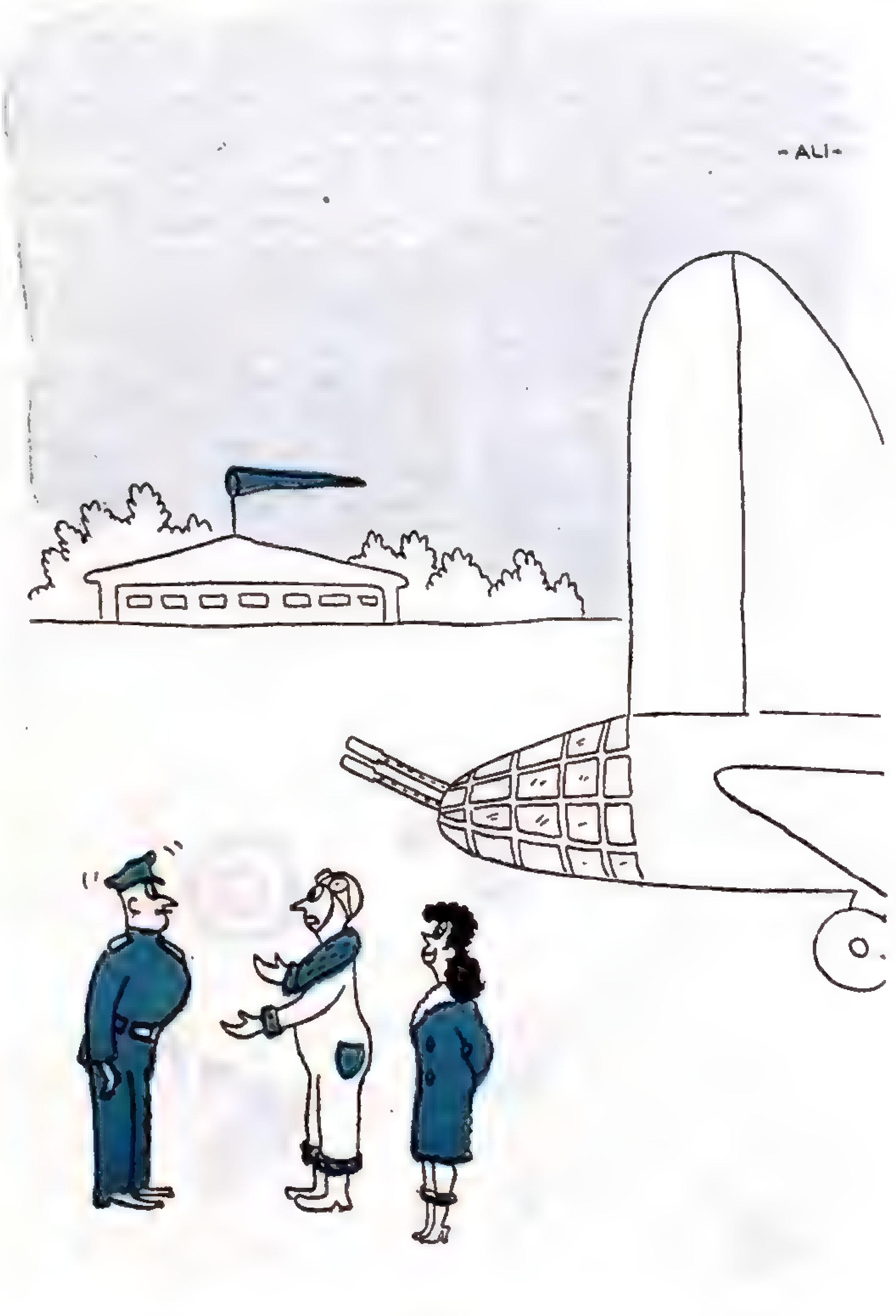
In civilian clothes today Pete looks anything but athletic. He is about six feet one inch tall and weighs about 169 pounds. His face is drawn and his clothes hang loosely on his trim body. But Pete looks every inch an athlete when he dons his uniform. His good left arm is well developed but not muscle-bound as one might expect from the double duty that he has to perform with it. He has a remarkably strong wrist that twists, turns and stretches as if it were elastic. Much of Gray's success as a player is due to his wrist action. His trim, strong legs make for speed. Last season with 68 stolen bases he tied the modern stolen base record of the organization.

In order to appreciate Pete Gray, I had stills and slow-motion pictures made of him to reveal secrets of just what was happening to the ball. In the 75 games that I have seen him play during the past two years, he has not been charged with an error due to the dropping of a fly ball. With his lone left hand there is no surer catch in all baseball.

At the bat, Pete is uncanny. He led his club in home runs last year with five.

Pete hits straight away. Opposing pitchers keep the ball on the handle of his bat as much as they can. In the Southern the pitcher kept the ball low and inside, going to the curve, often breaking it on the handle. Few in baseball can bunt or drag a ball better than Pete.

Control of the bat is most important. The great hitters of the game will stress this fact in discussing the art of hitting. Knowing this, I wondered how Gray was able to properly control the swing of his bat with only one arm. He had no guide hand as two-arm hitters do. The very first time I saw Gray in action, I



"This way I don't get so lonesome as tail-gunner on those long trips"

watched most carefully his bat control. Instead of describing an arc as most batters do in swinging at the ball, Gray appeared to stroke the bat through at an angle until he reached the point where a decision was necessary to swing or not to swing. If the decision is in the affirmative, it is at this point that Gray calls on the strength and suppleness of his wrist.

How heavy a bat does he swing? That was my first thought on seeing him. Surely it must be very light, to enable him to control the bat so expertly. Certainly it couldn't weigh over 31 ounces, I thought. I was firmly convinced that singles would be his forte, that it would be a rarity when he hit for an extra base. One evening before game time I had a chat with Gray. I asked him about the weight of his bat. Imagine my surprise when he replied:

> "I like a much heavier bat than 31 ounces. As a matter of fact, one weighing 34 ounces is my favorite. Some of my bats weigh as much as 35, if the weight is so distributed that it suits. Sometimes I like to swing for distance, when the score makes an extra base hit desirable."

It is easy to see that every time Pete Gray catches a fly ball, he poses a problem for the umpire: should the ball ultimately be dropped. I felt it was necessary that the Southern League have its own rules as to what should be interpreted as a catch on the part of Gray. I am repeating the bulletin sent to managers, players and umpires relative to the Birmingham play, because I believe it best explains how Pete Gray actually completes the catch of a fly ball. Here's the bulletin:

> "The fact that we have a one-armed outfielder in the Southern Association makes it necessary that we establish just what should be regarded as a legal catch on the part of Outfielder Pete Gray of the Memphis club. In baseball there is no longer such a thing as a momentarily held ball, it is caught or dropped.
>
> "Gray in catching a fly ball, after getting it in the gloved left hand, describes an arc which finally results in the glove coming to rest under the nub of the right arm and being firmly held there. At the same time Gray allows the ball to trickle out of his glove, onto his wrist and eventually into his hand as he prepares for the throw.
>
> "Like any other outfielder, Gray must hold the ball to complete the catch. However, once Gray describes an arc with the ball in the gloved hand that carries ball and glove under the nub of the right arm, it shall immediately be ruled a legal catch in the Southern League —even though in hurrying preparations for the throw, the ball is dropped to the ground. What happens in preparing for the throw has no bearing on the legal catch. It shall be regarded as the start of another play, an effort to prevent runners from advancing on the caught fly ball."

The trick or magic of Gray's play in the field hinges almost entirely around the removal of the glove from the left hand after handling a fly or ground ball. On a low line drive, calling for a shoestring catch, or in the handling of a ground ball, Gray, after getting the ball in his glove ready for the throw, tosses the ball perhaps a foot in the air, sometimes less, drops the glove from the hand and with a continuous motion, catches the ball that he has tossed in the air and the throw is on the way. Often on a slowly-hit ball—to speed up action, thereby eliminating lost motion, Gray drops his glove, charges the ball and plays the hit barehanded.

Each year in early July, the Southern League plays an All-Star game. It is played in the city that is leading the race on July Fourth—the contending team is an all-star aggregation selected by the sports editors of the Southern League. For the past two years it has been played as a war charity. The 1943 game was played at Nashville. Gray just failed to make the All-Star Club that year. I decided I would get Gray regardless—not to play—but for about ten minutes give a demonstration of his unique ability. For playing in the All-Star game, aside from the honor, each player gets a twenty-five dollar War Bond. I made an offer to Gray twice as attractive.

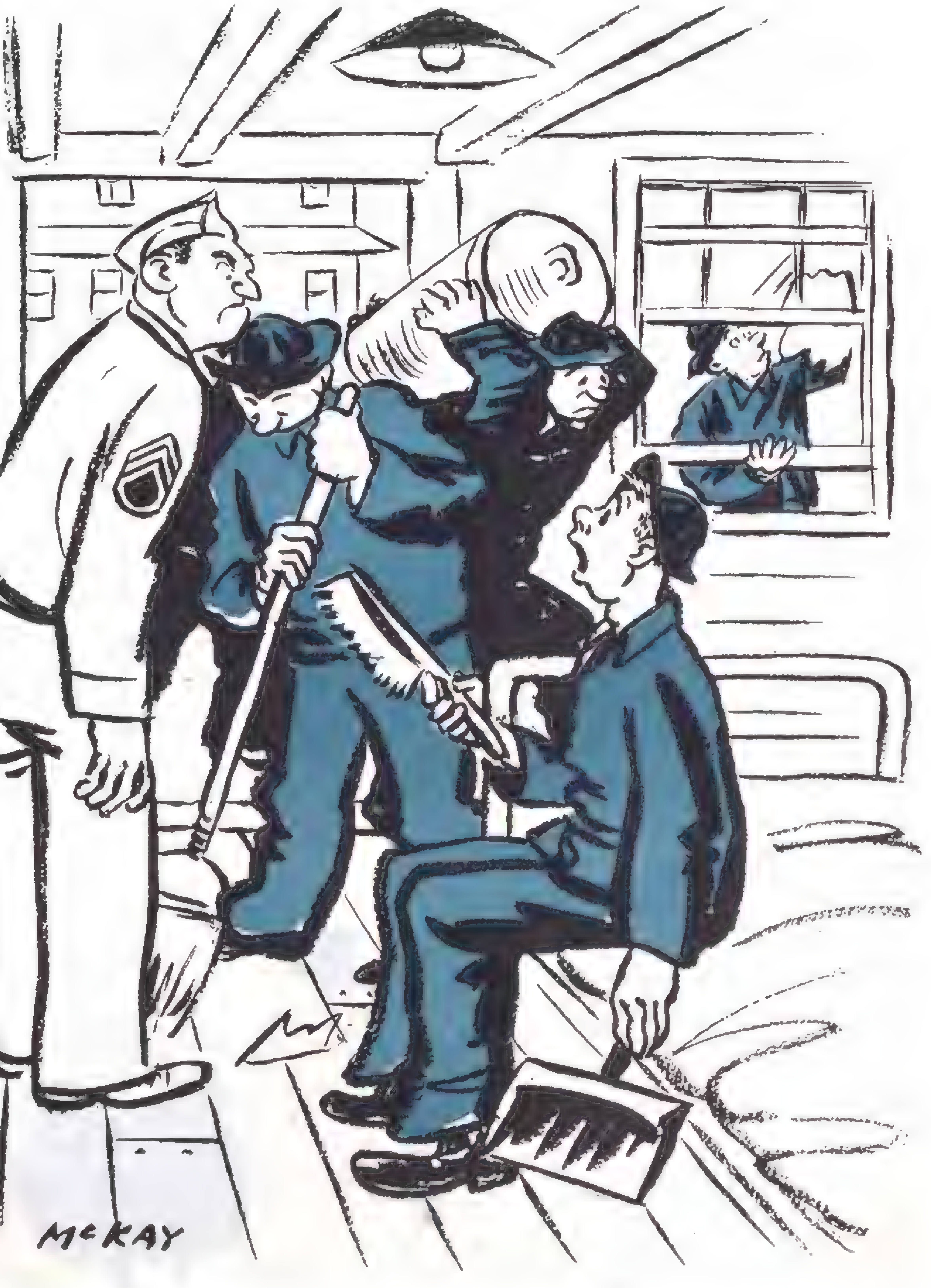
Gray's reply was as follows:

> "Would have been delighted to play in game had I been fortunate enough to have been selected. Thank you for very generous offer and regret to say I cannot accept. I hope to make good in baseball on my ability as a player to deliver, not as an exhibitionist."

Gray wanted to be Pete Gray, Memphis's star center fielder, rather than Pete Gray, the only one-armed player in baseball.

Gray's one weakness is in handling a ground ball. The fault is not in the execution of the play, but rather in the time lost in getting the ball back to the infield.

I do know that regardless of the final outcome, Pete will go down with all guns firing. If success will come through effort and courage, he is already in, for Pete Gray knows only one system—do your best—play hard and ask no quarters. That's Pete Gray all over. May big-league success be his. He richly deserves it. ###



"The way you keep after us the place never looks like it's been lived in"

Michigan Triumphs Again

Football stars Kuzma, Franks, thrown for loss by tuberculosis, rally to win biggest game as Maize and Blue cheers

by JOE HENDRICKSON

• SPORTS •

What is Michigan's greatest victory?

Is it the 7—2 triumph over Racine college in 1879, the first football game ever played in Michigan history? Can it be found in the many Brown Jug conquests in the long series with Minnesota, or in the many years of Big Ten battling which found the Wolverines capturing 14 conference football championships? Or must one turn to other sports—to track where Michigan teams annually excel, to swimming where the Wolverines are tops in the nation, or to baseball where such a modern major-league slugging star as Detroit's Dick Wakefield got his start?

Or can one step outside the gridiron, the gymnasium and the diamond to find the top triumph of them all in a cheerful room on the seventh floor of Michigan's University Hospital?

Yes, a Michigan victory is being registered on the scoreboard in Room 711 by two Wolverine athletes in particular and all of Michigan's Maize and Blue in general—a human conquest over one of mankind's most formidable adversaries. To rate this triumph with the school's great athletic moments may seem an exaggeration to an uninformed outsider, but to every Michigan man, from the most enthusiastic alumnus down through Fritz Crisler and the athletic staff to the meekest freshman numeral winner, the triumph of Tom Kuzma and Julius Franks is as important an episode as any that ever happened in the college town of Ann Arbor.

Everyone remembers Franks and Kuzma. Franks was the speedy, hard-hitting Negro guard who became an All-American because of his outstanding line play on the great Wolverine teams of 1941 and 1942. Kuzma was the new Tommy Harmon from Gary, Indiana, the hard-driving halfback who was heading for an All-American spot when his collegiate career was unexpectedly halted short of the goal line by a vicious tackler named tuberculosis.

Before the football world realized what happened, Kuzma and Franks were victims of this disease, fighting for survival in the same hospital room, instead of battling for Michigan football victories.

Two years have gone by since then, two years that found two bewildered, young athletes overcoming a staggering shock and plugging through the slow, discouraging stages that emerge during any triumph over tuberculosis. Their "game" has been one that all of Michigan has followed, and now it can be reported that Kuzma and Franks will soon be ready to resume a normal life and enjoy fulfillment of ambitions that extend beyond the football field.

AN INSPIRATION—CRISLER

"The story of what Tom Kuzma and Julius Franks have done is an inspiration to Michigan," declared Fritz Crisler.

"The boys are an inspiration to every athlete who has found his ambitions thwarted, to any person who has found his life ambitions checked by misfortune and to the thousands of servicemen who found their plans interrupted by the war.

"Kuzma and Franks are fine boys. Both overcame problems to reach success on the field. Both overcame problems caused by their illness. I am proud of them."

Kuzma came to Michigan in 1940, the year that Harmon was winding up his highly publicized career. Coming from Gary, Harmon's home town, Kuzma was on the spot immediately, and sports writers lost no time in ballyhooing him as Harmon's successor.

"Take it easy, Tom," advised Coach Crisler. "Don't push too hard in trying to become another Harmon. You are on the spot, but take things in stride!"

Kuzma did take things in stride, but there was only one style of football that this Gary rock knew and believed in—hard, smacking, driving football. This caught the eye of all Michigan coaches as Tom blasted his way to a regular spot in the Wolverine backfield during his sophomore year. Kuzma led the Wolverine squad in scoring that season with 48 points, and he averaged 4.15 yards per try from rushing while completing 26 of 59 passes.

"When 1942 rolled around, we couldn't wait to spring Kuzma on the opposition," confided Clarence Munn, Michigan line coach. "Early in the fall we saw greatness for him."

But it was fate that Kuzma should suffer his first setback. A torn ligament kept him out of some of the early games, and it wasn't until the latter half of the season that he was in condition to perform in typical Kuzma fashion. I recall being on the sidelines at the Michigan-Minnesota game in Minneapolis as Kuzma and Minnesota's Bill Daley, two bucking gridiron steers of the same type, locked horns from the opening whistle to the final gun. Bones rattled during those collisions, but Kuzma and Daley were on their feet when it was over, with the Gophers winning, 16—14. I don't think there has ever been a duel on the gridiron that exceeded theirs in plain give and take.

Munn believes that Kuzma gave as fine an exhibition in the 32—20 victory over Notre Dame that year as any individual he has ever seen in action, including performances of Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski and Harmon. Anything in Kuzma's way that afternoon had to give!

Although 1942 was tempered by Kuzma's injury, there was 1943 to look forward to, and nobody on Michigan's staff doubted Kuzma's All-American possibilities.

1943 — the big year — never materialized as Michigan had planned.

Being an Army student, Kuzma was sent to Camp Custer, and early in the summer he became ill with tuberculosis. Given his honorable discharge, he was taken to the University of Michigan hospital.

Franks' story is not one of such early prominence. The Hamtramck, Michigan, Negro made his appearance on the Michigan campus, reporting to Line Coach Munn for gridiron action with no build-up such as the one that accompanied Kuzma.

"I want to play football for Michigan and I want to study dentistry at Michigan so that I can serve my race," said Franks in a huddle with Munn who, like all Michigan coaches, does not neglect the advisory duties any mentor can perform.

Munn told Julius that the road would not be an easy one. Munn explained there were many problems to face, but Franks assured him he had no fears. How well the young Negro succeeded is told by facts: he became an All-American guard. He was one of Michigan's most popular students. He never was in scholastic difficulty.

Franks achieved gridiron greatness because of his speed. He was one of the "quickest" men any Michigan line ever boasted. This quickness frequently got him into difficulty during the heat of battle—specifically, into a trap. This fact amused his mates so much that they labeled him "Trapper." But more often this quickness enabled him to blast through the

SGT Ned HIL-TON

opposition in All-American fashion.

After two years of stardom, Franks was selected to play in the annual All-Star game in Chicago in 1943, his senior year at Michigan. The big guard came down with a cold, and he returned to the Michigan campus with a cough. When he reported to the Wolverines' opening practice, Crisler noticed that he was ailing and suggested he get a checkup at the health service.

By strange coincidence, Franks had visited his ex-teammate, Kuzma, at the hospital that day!

X-rays revealed that Franks had tuberculosis—news he learned on his twenty-first birthday. Officials at the school and doctors believed it would be encouraging to both Kuzma and Franks to put them in the same hospital room where they could be "teammates" again. And what teammates they have been for two years!

Michigan has watched the two boys closely through this period. Michigan athletes and friends have constantly visited this cheerful pair at the hospital. Former athletes now in the armed services frequently write to them. When a serviceman returns to Ann Arbor on leave, he visits Kuzma and Franks. The boys have been close to all happenings in Michigan athletics. The radio at their bedside, newspapers and magazines, and visits by coaches, athletes and every kind of a Michigan man from alumnus to faculty member and student have kept them "in the huddle."

Their typical day has been plenty of sleep and rest, three good meals and a gradual increase in periods permitted out of bed. Reading, conversation, writing, visits of friends and listening to the radio have been their forms of amusement.

Not a very exciting routine, you may say. Definitely not. But even that type of "game" can become interesting.

When Franks, for example, declared, "Tom can be up for 90 minutes a day," he was speaking of achievement. And when he said, "I'm up for 50 minutes a day, but I'll be at the 90-minute mark soon," he was speaking of a goal that is important to one who recalled he once couldn't be on his feet one minute.

When one stops to analyze the readjustment Franks and Kuzma had to make in their way of living, from active athletes who rejoiced in the hours they spent while gaining yards on the gridiron, to hospital patients who looked forward to no further achievement than gaining minutes of time on their feet, the greatness of their victory is without challenge.

Through it all, their spirit has been a highlight. Before one Michigan game, some football players dropped in to cheer Franks and Kuzma. "Instead of cheering them, we found them cheering us," grinned one of the visiting grid giants as he left the hospital.

Kuzma and Franks have shunned sympathy. They don't want anyone to feel sorry for them because they have received a tough break at a high point in their athletic careers. They don't desire any publicity, but how can a case like theirs be overlooked by public print?

They tell their story in their own words:

"I was bewildered at first," de-

Continued on page 146

They'll Smash All Records

Southern Cal coach predicts assault on marks in postwar sports revival

by **DEAN B. CROMWELL**

• SPORTS •

The stratospheric pole vault records of Cornelius Warmerdam, the Flying Dutchman, are today far and beyond the attainments of any human, and the existing world record for the 100-yard dash at 9.4s. has been often equaled during the past decade but never eclipsed, but I, for one, believe there is not a single world record of today which will not be exceeded within a few years.

No contemporary critic is qualified to define the ultimate in man's athletic attainments.

There were some, I recall, who were quoted more than a quarter century ago that the world record for the 16-pound shot-put at 51 feet established in 1909 by gigantic Ralph Rose was beyond the reach of any other human. Rose's record lasted exactly 19 years, when it was exceeded by a full foot by John Kuck in the Amsterdam Olympic Games in 1928. Since that time the world record for the event has advanced steadily until it now rests at 57 ft. 1 in., and every season there are now a half dozen or more performances better than Rose's 1909 record.

What the experts of 20 years ago could not foresee were the improvements in technique which the shot-putters of future years were to devise. Whereas Rose and others of his day held the shot in the palm of the hand, modern weight men rest the weight on the fingers and get an extra flip plus the customary arm push. There are now perhaps some who believe that the present-day record, set by John Torrance in 1934, is beyond the reach of any other human. Balderdash! Someday there will come forth an athlete with more speed and more strength than Torrance, plus improved form, and Jack will then be catalogued among the "remember whens" along with Ralph Rose.

The records of Warmerdam have most recently set track and field bugs to buzzing. His marvelous outdoor record of 15 ft. 7¾ in. in the pole vault is almost nine inches beyond the prior mark of 14 ft. 11 in., established by my own Bill Sefton and Earle Meadows in 1937. This record was itself well above the maximum of any other pole vaulter.

There is no doubt but that Warmerdam is years ahead of his time. But he possesses no unusual—call it freakish if you will—physical proportion or ability which makes him stand out as the only human of all time ever to vault as high. He is tall, but there have been taller men; he is comparatively fast, but he is definitely not a sprint champion; he is strong and has cushioned himself through training for the great shock which the body must absorb at the instant the pole hits the base of the vaulting box, but other vaulters have been as strong.

Warmerdam is the product of practice. I have long contended that a college champion in track and field will continue to improve following graduation under ideal conditions of training, particularly those conditions which do not require deep concentration on the everyday problems of earning a living. Warmerdam, who was just another good vaulter in his college days at Fresno State, has had such conditions. He had steady employment in a public school system, with a job which permitted him to maintain regular vaulting practice. He has a mild disposition and a love for the event in which he excels.

Perhaps one of my own vaulters—Bill Sefton, to whom I have already referred—under the same conditions that Warmerdam has enjoyed, would have equaled or surpassed the records now held by the Fresno champion. During their contemporary college days, 1935-37, Sefton was always superior to Warmerdam. I see no reason why in postgraduate days Bill could not have shown further improvement. But Bill thought otherwise. On graduation he entered business life with a relish; pole vaulting was pushed into the background.

"I've had my fun; now let the other fellows have theirs," he said.

There are two events on the track and field programs, which by their very nature are manifestly unfair—the pole vault and high jump.

In these two events, in which the performer seeks to surpass a static height, he is called upon to put forth his best efforts as the competition wanes and he becomes more and more fatigued. Secondly, there is no means of measuring as in other field events his exact performance when he goes over the bar with inches to spare.

Some day, perhaps, with the improvements of science, a metered electric eye will be invented for measuring the exact pole vault or high jump performance without the need of crossbars. When this day comes, even greater records may be expected by athletes, fresh and eager, who soar to new heights on their very first trials.

In referring to the improve-

"Would you mind waiting a minute, Mrs. Rowe—I want to see if I can get hold of a compass"

Continued on page 166

How I Perfected My Forehand

Coached by Mercer Beasley and tutored by his wife, the "Mechanical Man of Tennis" finally won the National Title

by FRANK PARKER

▪ SPORTS ▪

I AM the present Singles Tennis Champion of the United States, having beaten William Talbert in the finals at Forest Hills on Labor Day. During the past twelve years I have won all national titles, also the Canadian and Bermuda Championships and the deciding match against England in 1937 to bring back to the United States, with Donald Budge, the Davis Cup after a ten-year residence abroad. I have also had the honor of being several times numbered among the ten best players in the world.

In Esquire for June, 1940, I made my debut as a tennis writer with the egotistical title, *My Forehand for 1940.* Without this stroke I could not have won the National Singles Championship this year.

My forehand was given me by my wife Audrey. It was tailored to my personal measurements and I made the statement in the previous article that "I will stick to the present forehand until I win the United States Tennis Championship or bow out of the amateur game due to unforeseen circumstances."

Fortunately for me, I could not foresee that it would take a five-year plan to make good my statement that I would win the United States Singles Championship. Nor could I foresee the war years ahead to make it even more difficult to win the title.

Looking back over the years I seem to have plodded slowly, methodically, and sometimes quite painfully, ahead in my quest. I was known as "the mechanical man of tennis," which would give you the idea that the fires of my tennis ambition were never capable of burning brightly and that beneath the smoldering embers lay no spark of fierce ambition.

Sports writers have asked me, "To what do you owe the winning of the National Title this year?"

To the Army must go the recognition in part for my success, due to Army routine. For the past twenty-one months I have been a member of the Army Air Forces. I am stationed at the Mojave Desert Bomber Base at Muroc Army Air Field, California; to Mercer Beasley who began it all by discovering me as a ball boy at the Town Club in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who patiently coached me for eleven years prior to my twenty-first birthday—to him I owe my tennis knowledge, my backhand, accuracy and court tactics which have been the basis of my style of play; and to my wife Audrey I owe the faith which, for the past seven years, has kept alive my belief that I would ultimately win the title.

Looking back now on my game, I realize I possessed two glaring weaknesses. First, my serve, which was soft though well-placed, could not be counted on for aces. Secondly, and vitally necessary to winning at Forest Hills, was my forehand which had changed yearly since my sixteenth birthday.

Before going east from California in the Summer of 1940, Audrey and I began in earnest the practice of her forehand stroke. Having the lucky privilege of a private court at Zane Grey's home in Altadena, California, where no one but the caretaker and ourselves could witness the daily grind of hitting forehand to forehand, we practiced two hours each day (though sometimes California's unusual weather intervened). After dinner, I went through the ritual again indoors, swinging the racket in rhythm to our Victrola.

For three years I played the tennis circuit, always striving for a smooth forehand drive. Though my stroke had changed noticeably to all who saw me play, it had an embarrassing hesitation or jerk in the backswing, which of course retarded its speed, rhythm and timing, allowing my opponent to take advantage of a soft return. Nevertheless, I firmly refused to chop, a device which always had been my stand-by in defense. During this time I changed from a medium-weight racket to one of the heaviest, if not the heaviest, in the game. Audrey suggested this in order that, while learning the stroke, the weight of the racket in a free swing would carry the ball with little effort on my part and make the hesitation in my swing less evident. Tournament play, therefore, became more taxing and had I not persisted in the heavier racket, I might have won more matches. Luckily for me, I stuck to it and only this last year, when I could feel my new assurance of power in my forehand, did I return, once again, to a medium racket.

Looking back I can recall with much amusement the secret practice which preceded important matches. The confidence I had in my wife's ideas sometimes amazed me. She is not, in the general sense, a player, but she possesses a forehand drive. Being closely connected with the game for years, and realizing that in 1937 I had risen to the peak of my game and was still not in the champion class, she decided that since criticism, suggestions and professional coaching had failed to give me an orthodox stroke to round out my game and take me to the top, she would take over the problem of my forehand, commencing with my hitting a cloth-covered paper ball suspended from the ceiling, in an endeavor to perfect the swing and timing of a simple stroke. Thus we eliminated the lack of confidence which had mentally handicapped my forehand play.

The beginning of the stroke is started with the racket grasped firmly in my right hand, while my left hand steadies the weight of the racket which is held outstretched in front of my body. In our imagination we will stroke the ball, pivoting the weight of the body sideways to the net in unison with the downward stroke of the racket. With my left hand still in support for confidence, I release it only after a sense of touch tells me I am set. My arm is in line with my hip and shoulder, bringing the racket forward waist-high with as equalized a rhythm as I can manage.

Tennis practice presented rather a problem on tour. Wishing privacy in order to concentrate on the stroke, I remember in particular Kansas City where, upon arrival, we decided that early morning on a public court would be our best bet for practice. Even though a number of private courts are at your disposal, through the kindness of tennis friends, it usually ends up with a small gallery of house guests and family members turning the practice into exhibition play rather than work.

The following morning, equipped with necessary weapons, we went forth at 6 a.m., arriving at the courts to find that the nets were not up. I persuaded the groundsman to put up a net, and Audrey and I began stroking forehand to forehand. We were rather pleased with the locale, though a number of youngsters finally showed up and played alongside of us. All was fine until the next day when, at the club where I was playing a match, a woman member mentioned she had read in the paper that we were practicing on the public courts. This put an end to our convenient setup, and we sought and found a distant club court which to this

Continued on page 120

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 8—HENRY KAISER

HENRY J. (Nothing Is Impossible) KAISER, California's miracle industrialist, is a human incubator of ideas that will materially affect the postwar world. The Kaiser brain, operating on a 24-hour-a-day schedule, is now drilling through layers of it-can't-be-done insulation to mass-produce ridiculously cheap peacetime automobiles, airplanes and prefabricated houses. Even Kaiser's detractors admit he's practical, so when he announces that there are no insurmountable obstacles standing in the way of a milk-and-honey era, with 60 million jobs in the U. S. A., capital, labor and management cock an eager ear.

Kaiser refuses to co-operate with tradition. Like Descartes, the French philosopher, he won't believe anything because somebody says it's so. Five years ago he refused to believe that a man couldn't become a successful shipwright just because he was totally without experience. Since then enough champagne has been used at christenings of Kaiser Liberty ships to float a P.T. boat. Kaiser has on occasion offended the Washington alphabet boys by ignoring the red tape, but an Army-Navy *E* is proof that Kaiser means jus
tify Kaiser ends.

This New York State nativ
controls a score of Pacific Coas
industries, including three ship
yards, a steel mill, an airplane fac
tory and cement and magnesium
plants. He employs almost a quarte
of a million men, and is hatchin
plans to make jobs for them whe
they are when the war is over.

Kaiser, who never got as far
high school, made the jump fro
running a photography studio t
constructing highways in Canada
Cuba and California and, later
to building the Boulder, Parker
Bonneville and Grand Coule
dams. Now, at 63, he is givin
birth to industrial plans that ha
as little relation to ships as a da
does to a photographic studio.

Kaiser's only hobby is plannin
the postwar world. He is sincere
concerned about the well-being
his employees and has authored
widely-accepted group medici
plan. He has always made it
practice to get the most out
any opportunity. Once a prett
girl named Bessie Fosburgh we
into a Kaiser studio to have h
picture taken—and Henry ma
ried her.—Alan Hynd.

RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOL

E
WPB
WLB
OPA
8
7
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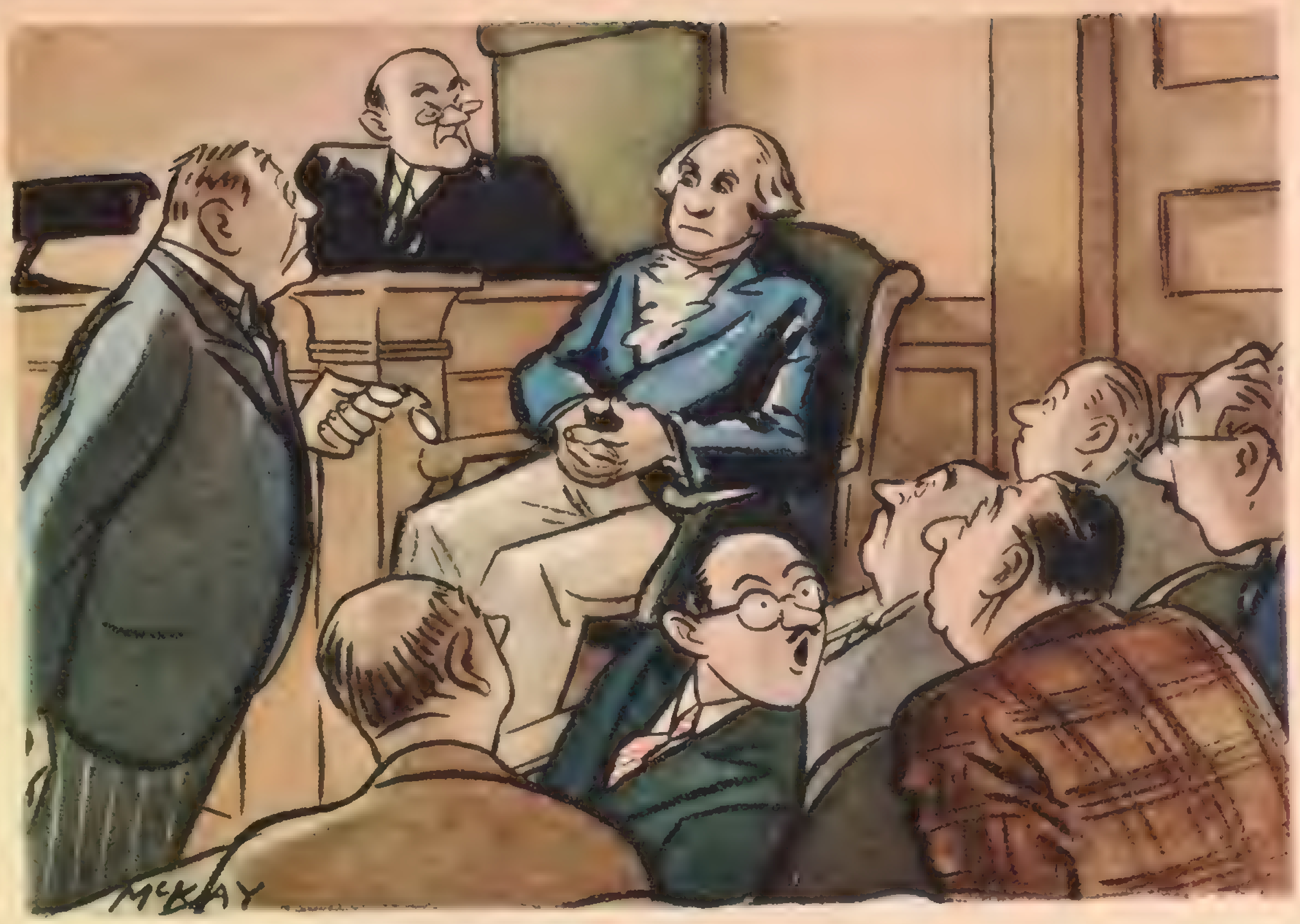
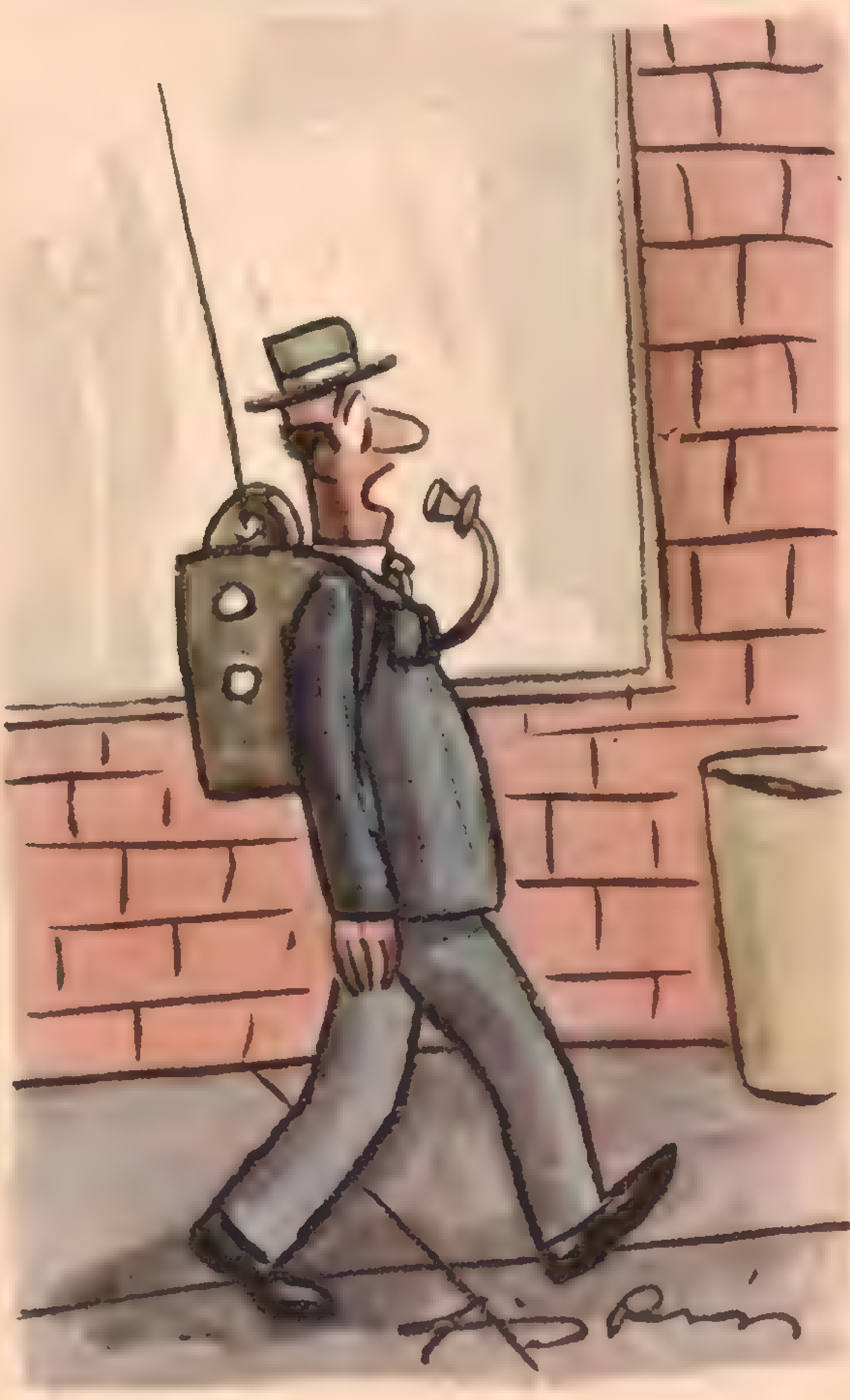


"I have a feeling he's telling the truth"



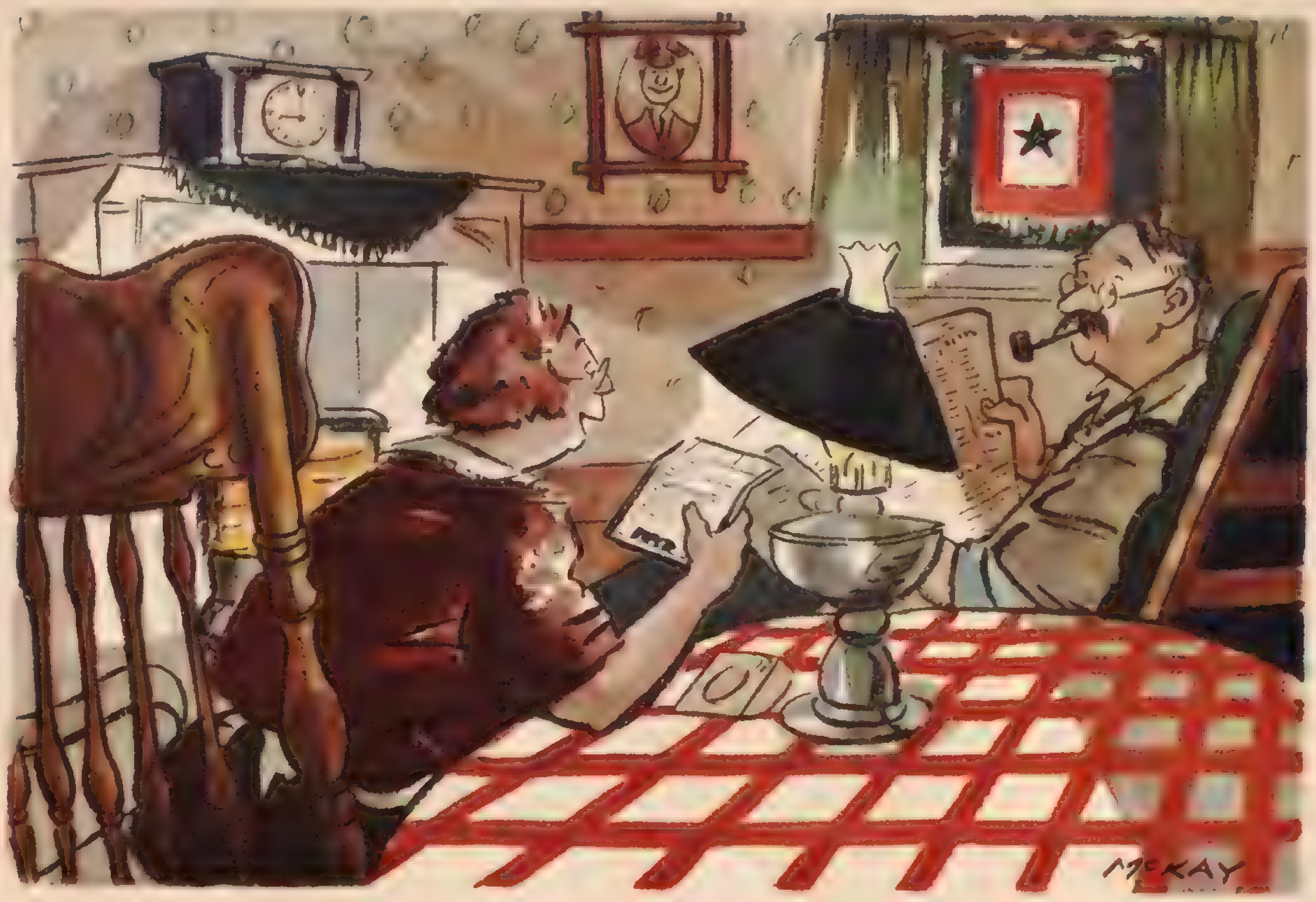
HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Boston Back Bay blends with Burlesque

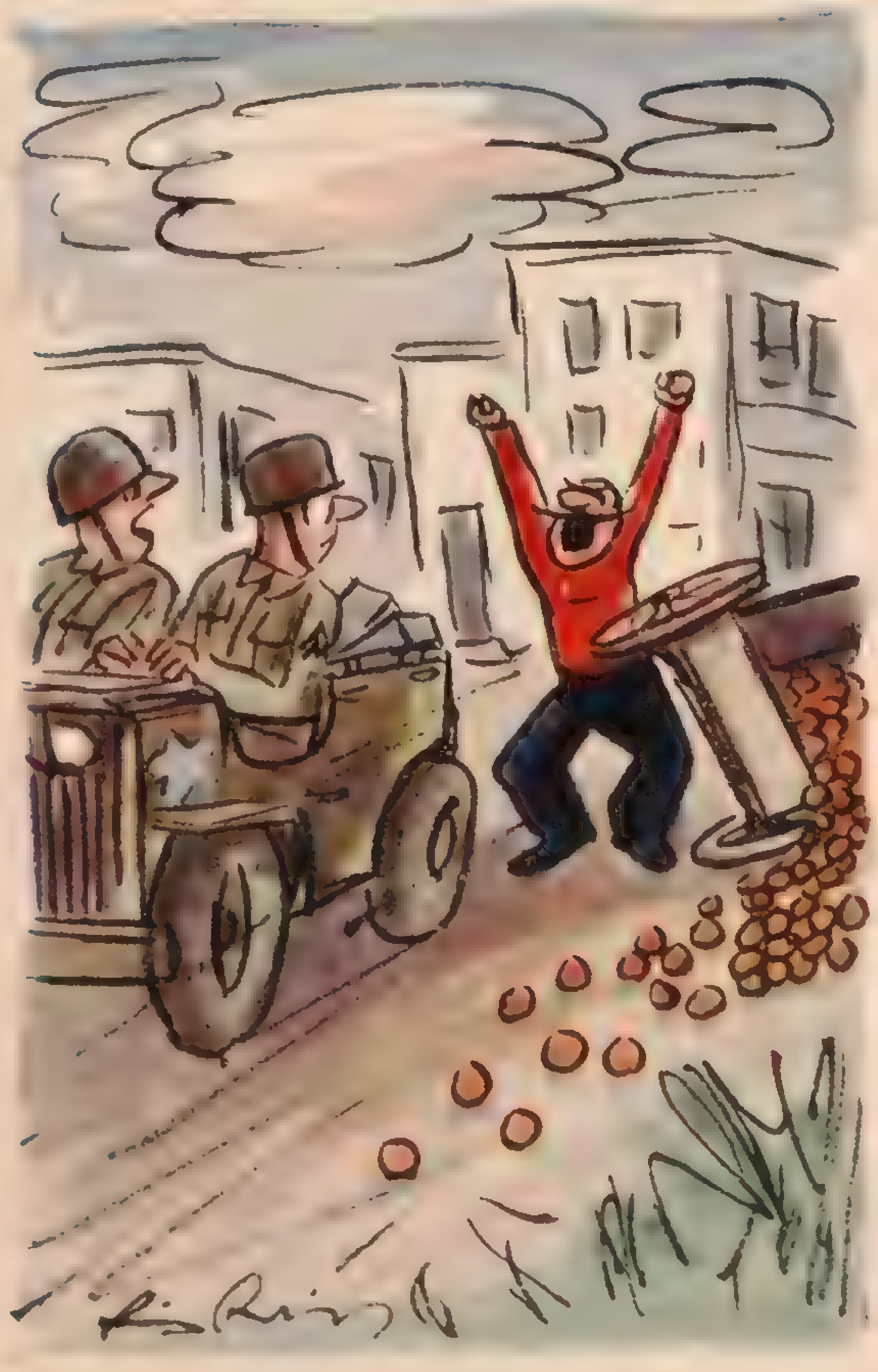
ANN MILLER began to dance at three. At ten she won a personality contest in her home town, Houston, Texas. Her toes have a photographic memory and as a pre-teen-ager she studied the routines of the best stage and screen dancers, helped herself to their steps, then discarded them and made up her own. At twelve she began talking about Hollywood. Mama said, "Let's wait." But Ann said, "No. Now!", and so they trekked to cinema land where they learned it could be a long time between meals. "An empty tummy gives you light feet," says Ann, "and not having a job gives a dancer time on her hands to get on her toes." Unemployed Ann spent hours perfecting a new style in taps. Then came a chance to appear on a guest program at the Orpheum theatre. Her technique proved a sensation and she was signed for a week, which led to a contract at San Francisco's Bal Tabarin. Ann hated to leave Hollywood, but it proved a wise move as it was there the Golden Gate of opportunity opened for her. She was scouted and tested by R.K.O. and toasted as tops in taps. Right away quick she was chosen as Ginger Rogers' dancing partner in "Stage Door." Followed other good parts but bigwigs thought her too young to be starred. She showed 'em . . . stood Broadway on its ear in "George White's Scandals!" All the studios pursued her, but Columbia uncapped its persuasive fountain pen first, so here she is in "Eadie Was a Lady," Kodachromed by Coburn. In it, Ann is a society girl in finishing school going to classes by day and dancing in a burlesque show by night. She also rehearses for the annual Greek Festival, all of which keeps her busy bump, bump, bumping along. Ann's double life comes to light, but Scenarist Monte Brice's dramatic legerdemain saves her reputation . . . he has the burlesque show producer pose as a Greek professor telling the cred, cred, credulous faculty that he has advised Ann to dance in burlesque to get material for a thesis. It's a pilgrimage to the shrine of the ecdysists! Hmm! No Academy Award candidate this, but Ann's in it. Who could ask for anything more?

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB COBURN

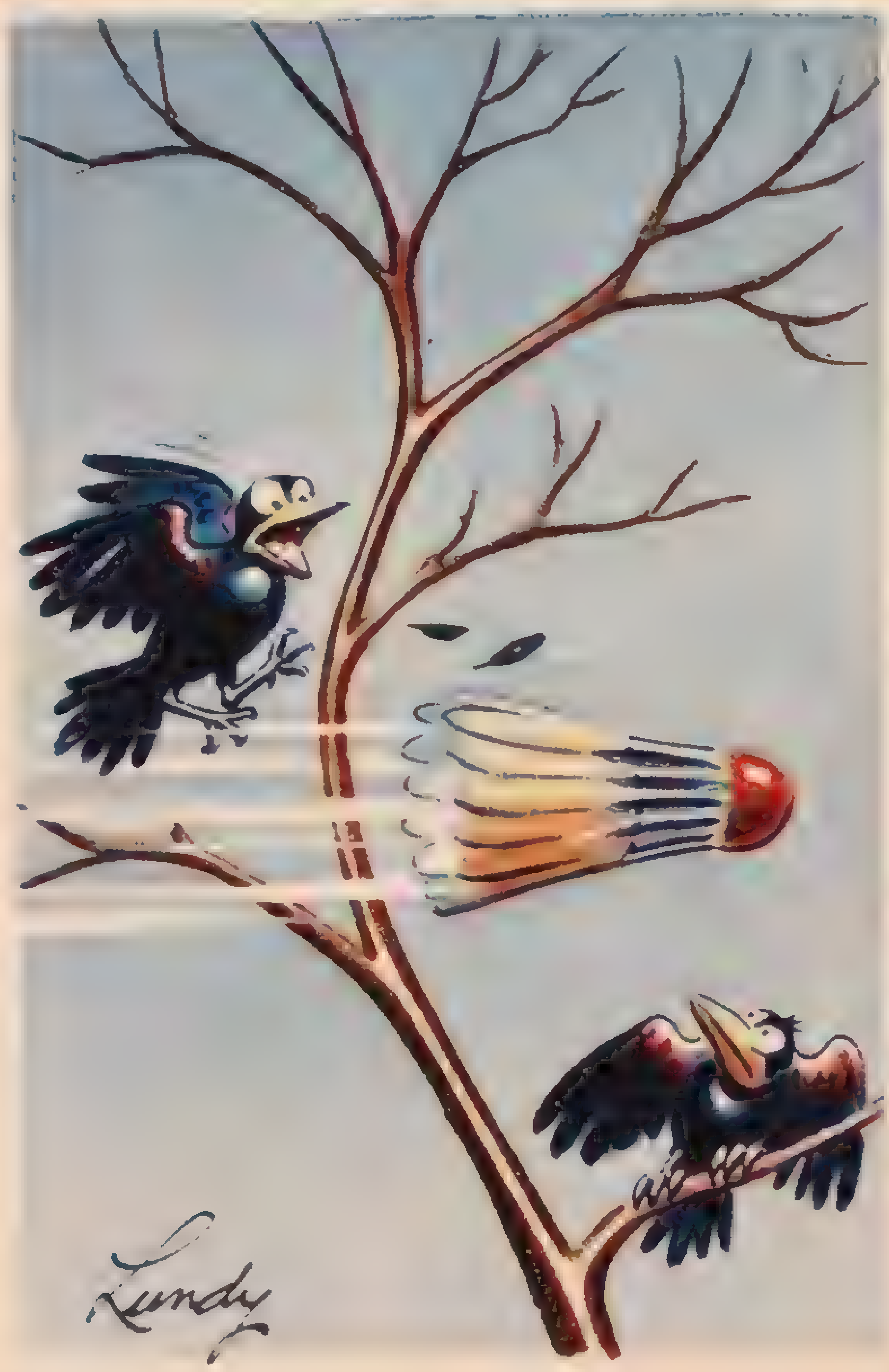
"Yes, dear—no, dear—I'll do as you say, dear"



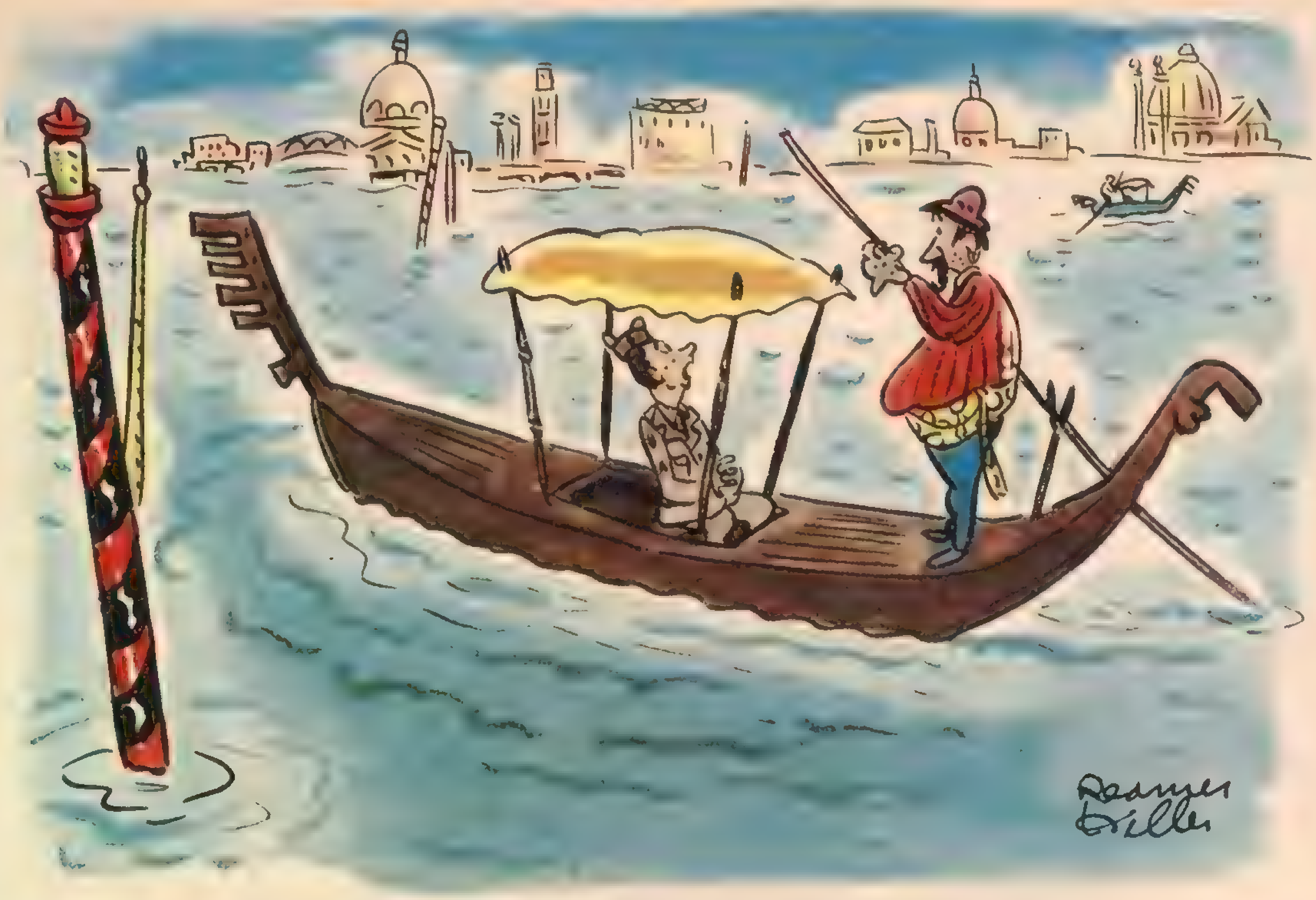
"Junior writes from ——— that he is going to send me one of those good-will electric sweepers we sent to the Italians"



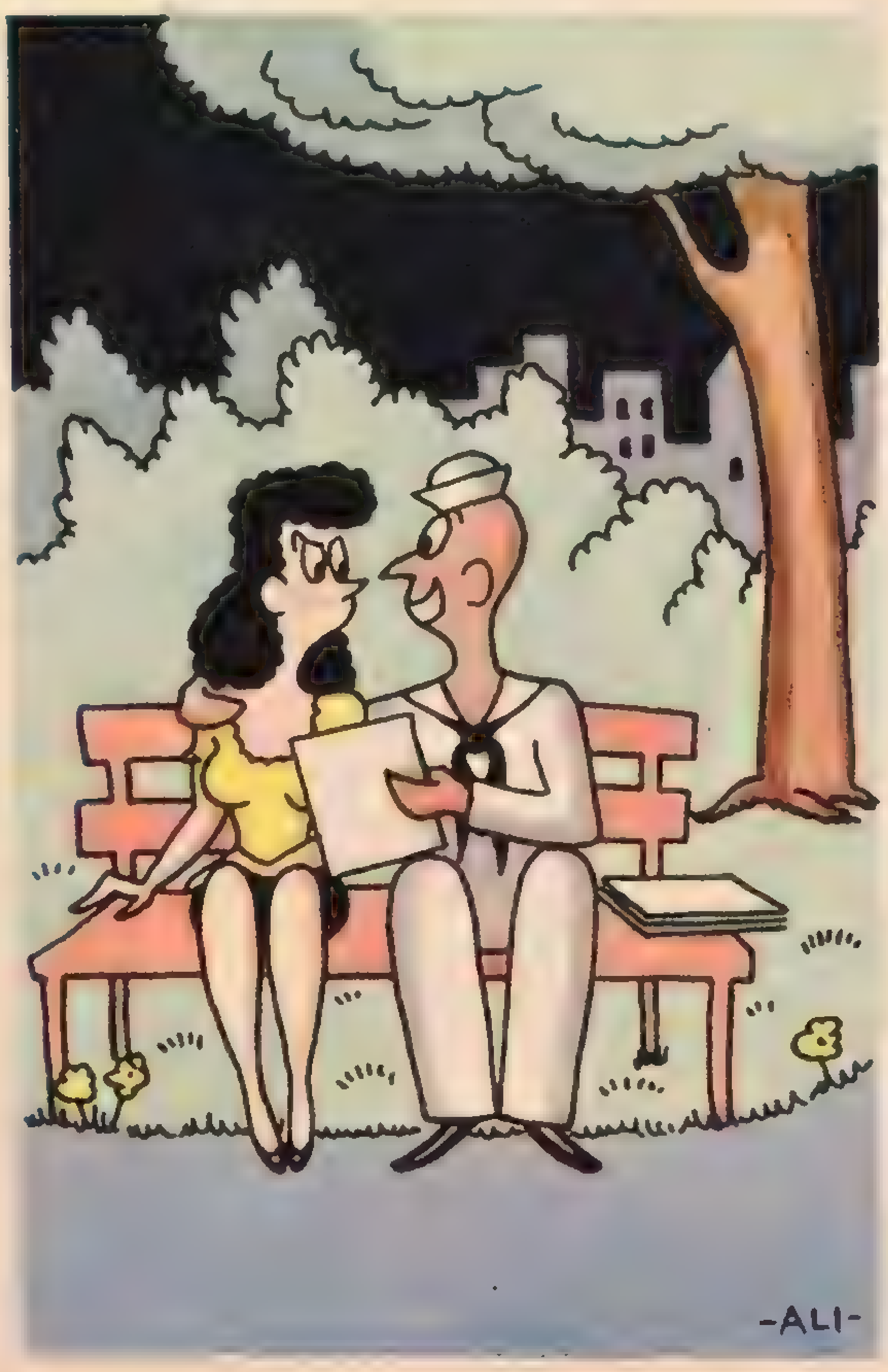
"Get your dictionary and find out what he's talking about"



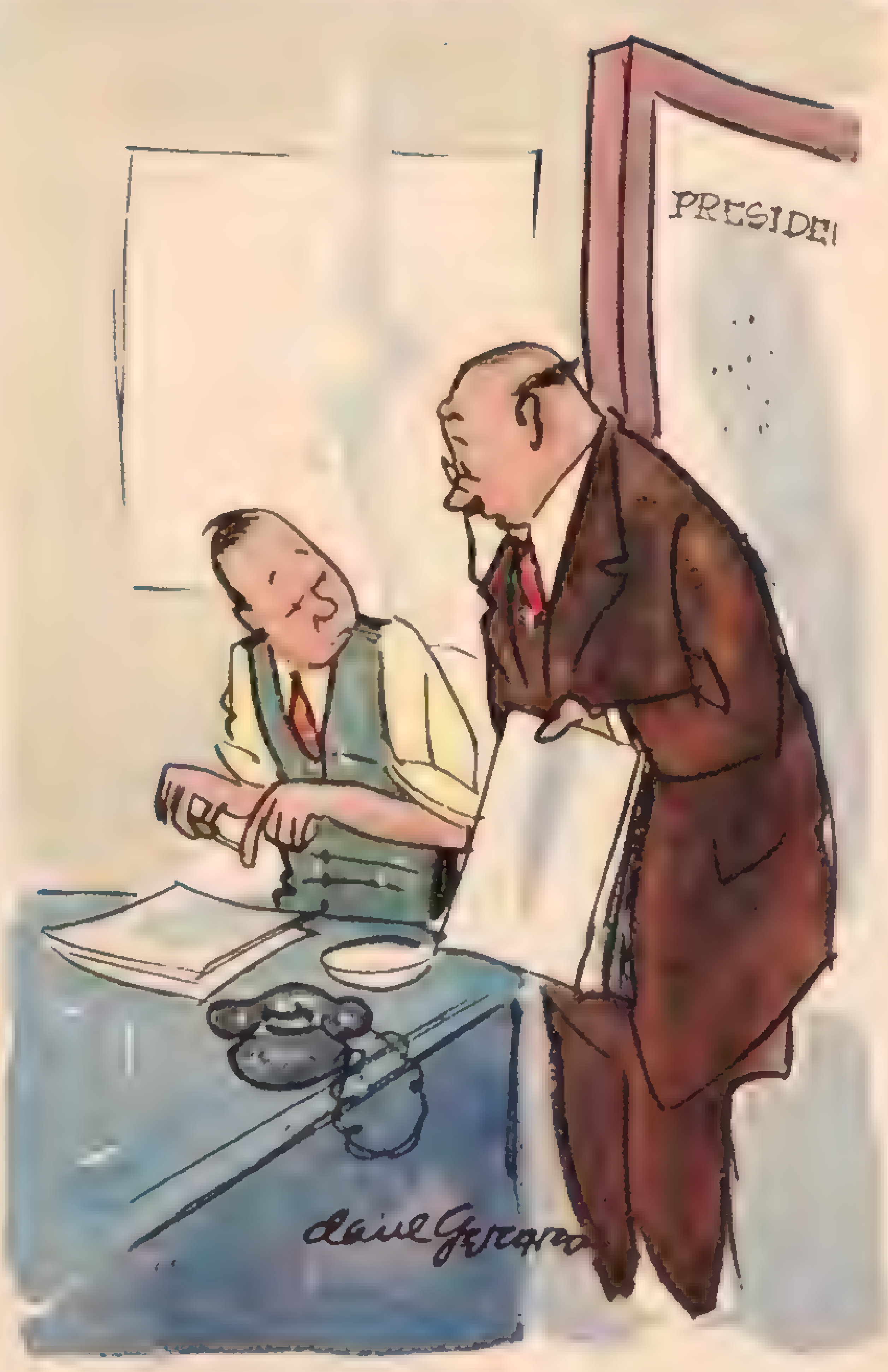
"Boy! that robot nearly got me"


Reamer Keller

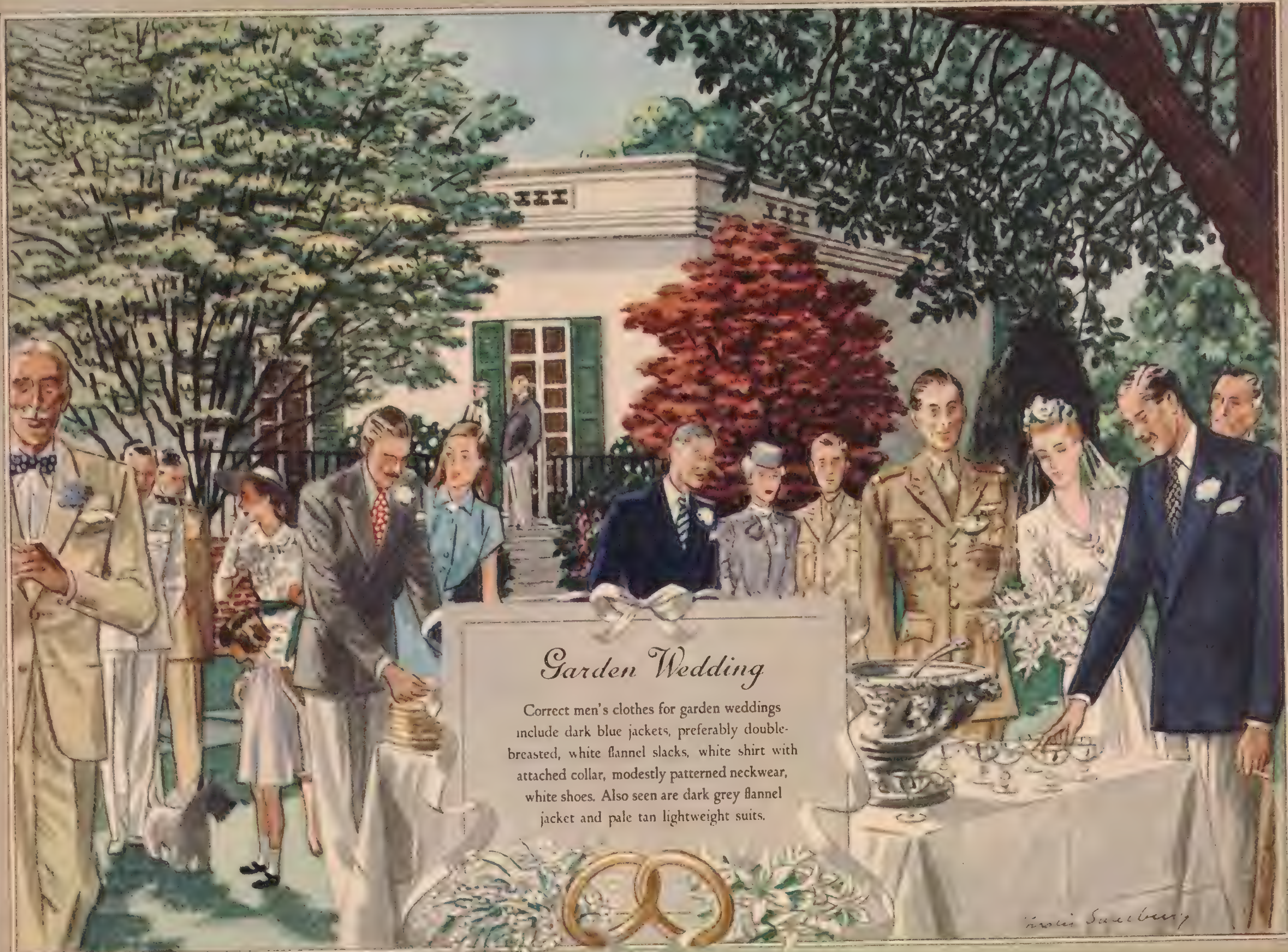
"I can sympathize with you—the Missouri back home comes up the same way every spring"



"Here's one of the wife and kiddies"

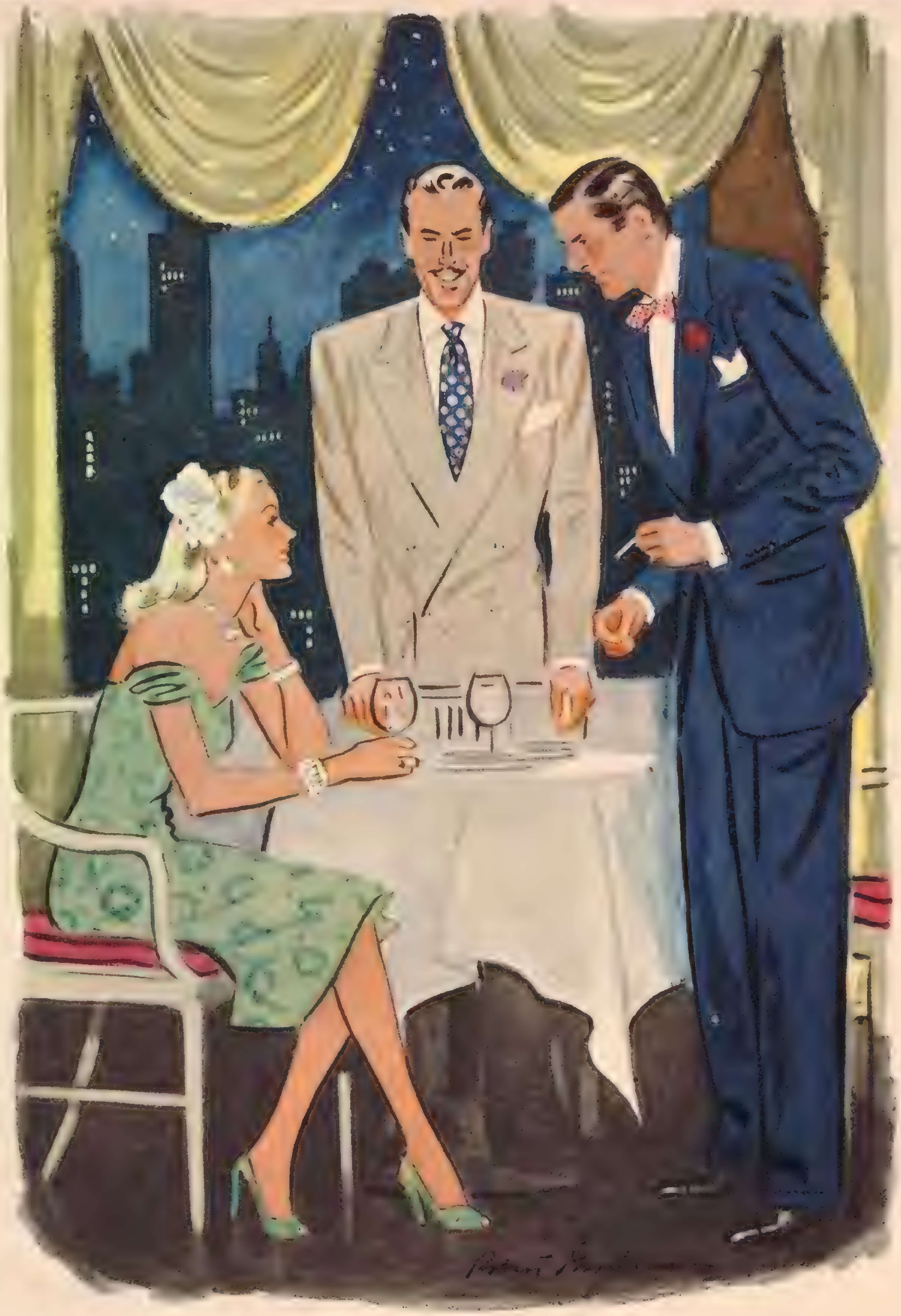

PRESIDE
dave Gerard

"Would you mind looking over these reports while you're at the ball game—I thought perhaps between innings, or some time—"



Garden Wedding

Correct men's clothes for garden weddings include dark blue jackets, preferably double-breasted, white flannel slacks, white shirt with attached collar, modestly patterned neckwear, white shoes. Also seen are dark grey flannel jacket and pale tan lightweight suits.



Starlet Gazers The escort introducing his friend wears the Tabac Tan summer suit, thin cotton shirt, blue and gold figured foulard tie. The admiring friend is wearing a solid color Arctic Blue suit of lightweight fabric, rayon shirt and checked rayon bow tie.

MacLeish: Minister of Culture

By spreading information to the people via their favorite media, MacLeish adds something new to the State Department

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I will now make a few uncalled for—but also nonpolitical—remarks about a new phenomenon in American life: the emergence of a Minister of Culture. We have no Ministry; no Kultur, thank God. But we have an Assistant Secretary of State whose job it is to deliver a certain amount of information to the people. He cannot do his job without an immense influence on every medium of communication. This fact seems to have escaped the attention of most of the people who were either horrified or enchanted by the appointment of Archibald MacLeish. It is more important than the clarity or obscurity of MacLeish's poems, which was largely discussed; it is more important than MacLeish's political opinions. The congressman who wanted to know whether a few lines in *Panic* represented MacLeish's opinion of capitalism didn't know the truly revolutionary thing about *Panic*, which is that it was a predecessor of MacLeish's *Fall of the City*, a poetic drama written expressly for radio.

A few weeks ago MacLeish made the significance of this clear. The question of American awareness of the problems of peace had come up; and MacLeish let it be known that certain motion pictures, certain radio programs, and many pamphlets and magazines articles would be used to spread information. It was indicated that the Secretary of State himself would be in some movies, not as an actor, but with Hollywood actors. One branch of the Department, at least, was going to talk to the American people in their favorite images.

Now it seems to me that when this happens, it can openly or subtly change the way we feel about movies and magazines and books and radio programs. I don't mean MacLeish could make us indifferent to Stanwyck and Durante. But there can be a shift in emphasis. Perhaps the illustrated magazine will become more influential than the daily newspaper — simply because, at one time, the magazine carries messages we profoundly wish to hear. An Assistant Secretary with a passion for the graphic arts might bring etchings and oils into the foreground—just as the P.W.A. brought murals into the foreground, and many a doleful Commission brought bad sculpture, like a nightmare, before our eyes. A pedantic man in MacLeish's position might get a lot of books, with many footnotes, into the libraries, and balance this with sensational headlines worked out by a press agent. But whatever is done must have some effect on our media of communication. It can't be helped.

We're in a war and clamoring for information; it doesn't seem likely that we will need less information after the war is over. The danger of begging for information is that we may get too much—and most of it colored or perfumed or misshapen. That's the risk we take, and in a good country (God bless America!) with critical newspapers and magazines and lots of disputation on the air, we can break any man who feeds us falsehood. But we can't beat off the special influence our informants must have, their effect on things we read, see, hear.

Any good man in Hollywood will tell you the pictures made by our Signal Corps (and similar operators for Air and Navy) will have a vast effect on the postwar Hollywood product. What Capra has discovered about the movies is not going to leave him; he has discovered how much more they can do than merely earn a billion dollars. As a matter of dates, various civilian departments, Agriculture, Rural Electrification, T.V.A. and the like, had begun this teaching; good men made movies for those offices and the only reason the effect didn't show was that the contact with the average man wasn't close. What the Army is doing comes very close. What the State Department will do will touch every one of us.

I do not think that MacLeish or anyone else will try to do what a real Kultur minister must do: alter the thinking of an entire people. In Hitler's empire, certain types of painting were outlawed; realistic novels and, of all things, detective stories, fell under a fascist ban. And the proto-dictator (I hate calling the ancients dirty names) Plato was against certain modes of music, and barred poets from his undemocratic republic.

That won't happen to us. But if poetry must be used to persuade us, we may find that the man who rhymes "Malta" with "Yalta" (against the laws of nature) is more successful than the spiritual son of T. S. Eliot. There are moments in history when a jingle is required, and good prosody is not. Perhaps the Oboler style is more effective than the Corwin, the Sam Wood touch more sure than the Hitchcock, in dealing with the Polish settlement. It will be the duty of our informant, the man in the State Department, to use the more effective means.

This makes it more significant that MacLeish has for years been a radio enthusiast, has turned confidently to the movies. He has a mass job to do and is using *all* means of communication, breaking away from the ancient dignity—and fustiness—which barely recognizes the daily press. (Asquith, during the first World War, had reporters thrown out of 10 Downing Street; Jowett, translator of Plato, had taught him the press was vulgar.)

All around, I think it is a good thing. I like to imagine the perturbation of any highbrow, twenty years ago, at the thought of movies and radio being used, *officially*, by the conservative Department of State, to make international settlements and abstract ideas known to the people. It pleases me to think of the vast revolution these twenty years have brought. At the beginning of the postwar era, in the early 1920's, only one statesman, Lenin, understood the power of the movies. At the end of that era, only one leader, Hitler, used radio directly as a political weapon—and in a sense taught us that free men must use their weapons also, if they want to survive. Today, no one dares to move without them.

It pleases me because I can remember the sneer and hear the occasional yelp of pain with which all popular entertainment is met. Listen to the enemies of radio: you will find that in nine cases out of ten they dislike the very things that make it popular. The high and mighty critics of the movies still yearn for arty stuff, still hate the thought that most of the popular pictures are basically good pictures. Suffering, as any enthusiast will, from the flabby and the silly things that creep into any popular form, I feel no obligation to defend everything they do—except against the critics who seem never aware of the essence of their strength, which is that they rejoice in the common touch.

It is not the stone that the builders rejected that has become the cornerstone; the builders knew the stone was true. The watchers who wouldn't soil their hands with the stone tried to have it thrown away. And today our lives depend on it. #

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS TWICE

Daun Kennedy, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

She didn't want to be an actress, but she had to have a job. And the only person this unknown knew in Hollywood who could give her a job was the head of a movie studio. He was Charles Koerner, a top man at R. K. O., who put her on the payroll as a messenger girl. "I was a wonderful messenger," says Daun Kennedy. "I remembered names, faces and the offices of the producers." But thanks to Producer Allan Dwan, she soon changed jobs. Said Mr. Dwan to Mr. Koerner: "She's a whirlwind. Her delivery of mail is dramatic. Better put her under contract." So Daun switched from mail to make up, and became a star overnight—on the cutting room floor. Daun became tired of this and so did R. K. O. And while she was deciding what to do next, the phone rang. It was Universal. Would she report at once? She had been selected as one of the entrants in Walter Wanger's "most beautiful girl in the world" contest. Daun said, "Are you kidding?" But they weren't. Seems a friend had sent her picture in. She didn't win the contest, but she won a contract. Since fate seemed determined to make her an actress, she decided to co-operate . . . now goes to Actor's Lab and studies diction, dancing and all the other theatrical do's and don'ts. She's twenty-one, was born in Seattle and doesn't have a philosophy. "I haven't lived enough," says Daun, "to feel equipped to run up a philosophy." As for men, she believes in marriage. Feels that the reason people race in and out of matrimony at such a terrific pace is because they don't take time to know each other. As for marriage and a career, "that," says Daun, "could be solved by merely marrying my cutter." Daun's idea of a good time is walking in the rain, bowling, playing tennis and reading. She eats only one meal a day, this because she keeps a weather eye on her vital statistics. The hardest thing for her to do is to relax under trying circumstances . . . e.g., this pose of her looking so comfortable . . . on a cement floor.

Vital statistics: *height:* 5′ 6″; *weight:* 117; *bust:* 35″; *waist:* 24″; *hips:* 35½″; *age:* 21.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WAXMAN

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Of the customers' too-eager willingness to part with their money for musicals and laughs, and of Romberg's old trick

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

As I write this, theatre business in New York is so luxuriant that apparently all you need for a successful musical show is to have the peasants come on and sing a steal from Walter Donaldson. If they come on and sing a steal from Chopin you not only have an even bigger box-office success but a great artistic success as well. It has become such easy pickings that, instead of going to all that trouble, the composers sometimes just steal here and there from themselves. This impresses the public as such a novelty that, as in the case of Sigmund Romberg's *Up in Central Park*, tickets are so difficult to get that on the black market you can exchange a single one for six large Porterhouse steaks, plus several pairs of nylon stockings, a carton of cigarettes and, if the man isn't looking, a pair of real rubber garters.

To fail these days a musical show has to be as thoroughly bad as the one called *A Lady Says Yes*, and even that is still going along, at least at the time of writing.

I suppose that you expect me at this point to enter into a lengthy treatise explaining the reasons for the general prosperity of the shows whether good or bad, but I can't do it because I don't know. I can simply venture the opinion that, as of March, 1945, people were not so intent upon escape from themselves, as was commonly urged, as upon escape from their money, or in any event from what they had left of it. And the quickest way they could escape from it was in musical shows that cost them considerably more than dramatic shows, though a lot of the dramatic shows were doing a land-office business as well. A public pair that is happy to pay eight dollars in a night club for a couple of highballs supplemented by a woman perched on a piano and screeching *Go Climb a Tree in Brooklyn* is going to be even happier to pay twelve or fourteen for a musical show with two women perched on two pianos and screeching it as a duet. And people who are willing to lay out ten dollars in a second-rate restaurant for a couple of scant portions of bluefish with a side dish of lima beans and a slice of Boston cream pie aren't going to hesitate long to pay more than that for a couple of seats that will keep them, whatever the nature of the show, from dawdling a little too long in the restaurant and finding the dinner prices doubled on the suddenly appearing ten o'clock supper menu. (It is a fact that one such restaurant after that hour charges exactly two dollars and a half for a very small ham sandwich.)

Do not mistake me. I do not mean to intimate that all the musical shows are poor. Far from it. Some of them are good and others of them are better than merely good. But, good or not good, with negligible exception the public gallops to them. Why *Sadie Thompson* failed, don't ask me. It was a poor show, true enough, but still don't ask me. Under the prevailing circumstances, I don't understand it.

I have alluded to *Up in Central Park*, which by and large is one of the better shows. A number of the critics denounced it out of hand as a dull one, but the public has fingered its nose at them, and has packed the house, and has reveled in it. The chief complaint of the colleagues in question was that it hasn't any comedy in it. Well, for that matter there was mighty little comedy in *Show Boat*, and *Show Boat* remains one of the best of all American musical shows, though I certainly do not mean to compare *Up in Central Park* to it in any other respect. While it is true that the latter is greatly lacking in comedy, there is nevertheless something that puzzles me about its critics. They have endorsed the comedy in, for example, *Bloomer Girl*, and that comedy consists mainly in the spectacle of women in lace pantalettes and other women in bloomers and in such jokes as play upon the words bosoms and bosom companions. And they have been enthusiastic over the humor in *On the Town* that consists in such things as a woman wrestling on a couch with a reluctant male, which the authors apparently esteem so highly that they indulge in it twice, and as a woman's standing a man up for a night-club check, which they apparently esteem even more highly and indulge in all of three times.

As I say, there isn't much humor in *Up in Central Park*, but what little there is seems to me to be at least relatively a lot better than anything like that. The book deals with the machinations of Boss Tweed and his corrupt political ring in connection with the building of the park back in the 1870's. The aforesaid critics' idea that the ring's swindling charge to the city taxpayers of 248,000 dollars for a few pails of plaster, several thousands of dollars apiece for wooden benches, and the like isn't intrinsically, for all the disgust over such crooks which the upright may feel, considerably funnier than *On the Town's* identification of a homely man with an ape or *Bloomer Girl's* fat posteriors in bloomers, is something that doesn't fit my hat.

"I can't wait to get back to my husband and the baby I've never seen—he adopted one!"

While no one enjoys a laugh more than I do, provided only it be a good one, I can't help feeling nonetheless that this persistent general worship of laughter above everything else, whether in war years or any other, is and in the long run increasingly must be damaging to a theatre that hopes to amount to anything. A theatre that venerates belly laughs above all isn't likely to grow into any important estate. The truly great drama of the world is for the most part hardly given to shaking the human midriff and laying its audiences in the aisles. Yet shaking that midriff and laying 'em in the aisles seems to be the demand of our present theatre on the part not only of a number of its critics but nine-tenths of its audiences.

The new plays up to the moment of writing which this season have scored the biggest success with most of the critics are for the major portion plays that merchant comedy: *Harvey*, *Dear Ruth*, *The Late George Apley*, *I Remember Mama*, *Soldier's Wife*, *Snafu*, etc. The new plays which have scored the biggest success with the public are not only these same plays but other such comedy shows, critically to be dismissed as junk, as *School for Brides*, *Catherine Was Great*, etc. And last season it was generally the same, with plays like *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Over 21*, *Kiss And Tell*, *Ramshackle Inn*, *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, etc. And in the case of the musical shows it was for the larger part, as our Harvard friends put it, even more samer.

To repeat, comedy is just as all right with me as it is with any other critic or with the public; make no mistake, please, about that. I enjoy *Harvey*, *The Late George Apley*, *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Chicken Every Sunday* and some of the other plays quite as much as anyone else. And I have laughed just as loudly as anybody else even at shows like *Hellzapoppin*, maybe a little louder. But a place for everything and everything in its place. And I'll give you all the *Hellzapoppin* from here to Timbuctoo for one musical show like, say, *Music in the Air*, with its minimum of comedy, and all the roaring *Chicken Every Sundays* from Timbuctoo to Toobuctim for a single merely smiling play like *The Man With a Load of Mischief* or *General John Regan*, both of which were failures because the smiles weren't resolved into horselaughs. And, while we are about it, I'll give you even all *The Man With a Load of Mischiefs* and *General John Regans* in turn, excellent as they undoubtedly are, for a solitary serious play like *The Dance of Death*, or *The Plough and the Stars*, or *The Sunken Bell*, or *The Cherry Orchard*, or the short, heartbreaking *Riders to the Sea*.

To return again to *Up in Central Park* and Romberg's music. Say what you will about him, Romberg knows the trick of concocting the kind of sentimental songs that transport the public, like other such mechanical contrivances as the subway and trolley cars. For years, in shows like *The Student Prince*, *The New Moon*, the Schubert paraphrased *Blossom Time*, etc., he has managed the manufacture of often synthetic melodies, patterned more or less not only after the work of past composers but often after his own previous popular compositions, which have auspiciously put a wistful gulp in the throats of his customers and set them to dreaming of whatever people with Romberg gulps in their throats wistfully dream of under such circumstances. And in *Up in Central Park*, notably in such songs as *Close as Pages in a Book*, he turns the trick again.

Pinero's old recommendation that a playwright tell an audience a thing seven times in order that it may safely assimilate it has been taken to heart musically by Mr. Romberg. If, as in the well-known clinical sound experiments that determine which musical note or chord will make a dog howl, he discovers a note or chord that is successful in evoking a sentimental response from his auditors, he never lets go of it, like the dog tenaciously hanging on to a bone. And not only doesn't he let go of it but he gives it, in composition after composition over the years, the Pinero works. The result has been that the public at large, season after season, has come almost automatically to swallow the sentimental bait, much like an undiscriminating fish might swallow a worm smeared with molasses. And Mr. Romberg has become a rich man, able to play pinochle with Rudolf Friml.

* * *

Coming to the non-musicals, herewith for the record a retrospective line or two about some of the plays which were produced during the pre-Spring period.

1. *The Overtons*, by Vincent Lawrence. Some shrewd observation of the male and female of the species imbedded in two dramatically indifferent acts and a third that was original and highly entertaining.

2. *Hope for the Best*, by William McCleery. The audience was asked to accept a newspaper columnist given to the writing of Dr. Frank Crane pap and to comporting himself like Stan Laurel of the Laurel and Hardy movie as a potential sociological and political mastermind. The request was beyond its powers.

3. *One Man Show*, by Ruth Goodman and Augustus Goetz. A play, not without several well-handled scenes, which so skittishly approached the subject of incest between a father and daughter that their relationship at times took on the aspect of *Little Red Riding Hood* played by a Palais Royal company.

4. *The Stranger*, by Leslie Reade. Another Jack-the-Ripper melodrama interlarded by its Oxford graduate author with so much talk about sociological and other alien matters that it is a wonder Jack didn't impatiently do him in.

5. *Signature!*, by Elizabeth McFadden. A long-winded and tedious melodrama about a judge guilty of murder who finds himself presiding over the trial of two innocents accused of the crime. It went to the storehouse after two performances.

6. *Come Be My Love*, by Edward Caulfield. A comedy about a middle-aged actor who meets a middle-aged widow at a matrimonial bureau and thereafter wastes an audience's two hours.

“Well, suggest something!”

Going the Rounds With Esquire

The gal was filling out an employment questionnaire for work at an Army post. She came to the blank marked "Sex" and, misunderstanding it slightly, she wrote "No" instead of "Female." When she came to the end of the form she read carefully the long spiel about "Any misrepresentation of facts in order to secure work will result in instant dismissal, etc." After a minute's hesitation she crossed out "No" and filled in "Yes."

—Fourth Air Force Clipper

U.S. ARMY
Fred Lundy

The great Tom Thorp, in addition to his immortal athletic prowess, was also renowned as a football referee—one who tooted the whistle frequently, invoked his own rules upon occasion, but was always fair. He was also intensely religious and once removed a player for swearing profusely. "What rule did I violate?" the player asked. . . . Thorp gave him the nasty freezeroo. "The Second Commandment," he said.

•

I never saw a purple cow, says James Macfarland; I never hope to see one—but don't be too sure. Stick around a year or a couple of decades (science won't stick its neck out as to the time) and you may be able to buy your dog in nostalgic pastels or follow the races betting on a pink and blue stallion you like in the Fourth at Belmont.

Through delicate micro-surgery on chicken embryos (and micro-surgery means cutting flesh so thin that your butcher would be interested), scientists at Johns Hopkins University are learning the secrets of hair and skin pigmentation.

If we look in on the Johns Hopkins experiment, we pass a goodly supply of hens and roosters, but such a gathering of fowl you have never seen before! As far as egg laying and crowing are concerned, they are like the common everyday barnyard variety. Look at their feathers, though! At one end of the wire inclosure is a rooster apparently of the White Leghorn variety, but he sports the wing feathers of a Plymouth Rock. And in front of us are some chicks of the New Hampshire Red breed with Brown Leghorn feathers covering their breasts. And strutting around the pen is a White Wyandotte hen with wing feathers sprouting from her back in such abnormal prominence that the other hens started the mean story that her mother was frightened by a peacock.

All of this deviation from the normal is made possible by a delicate method of transferring the parts of the embryo of one species to the embryo of another breed. Besides learning a great deal about feather and hair pigmentation, the study is giving many valuable clues to better skin and hair grafting.

The method used by Dr. B. H. Willier, Director of the Biological Laboratories at Johns Hopkins, and his assistant, Dr. Mary E. Rawles, in their experimentation on pigmentation, is to graft small bits of tissue (usually less than one millimeter in greatest dimension) from the "donor" embryo to the "host" embryo.

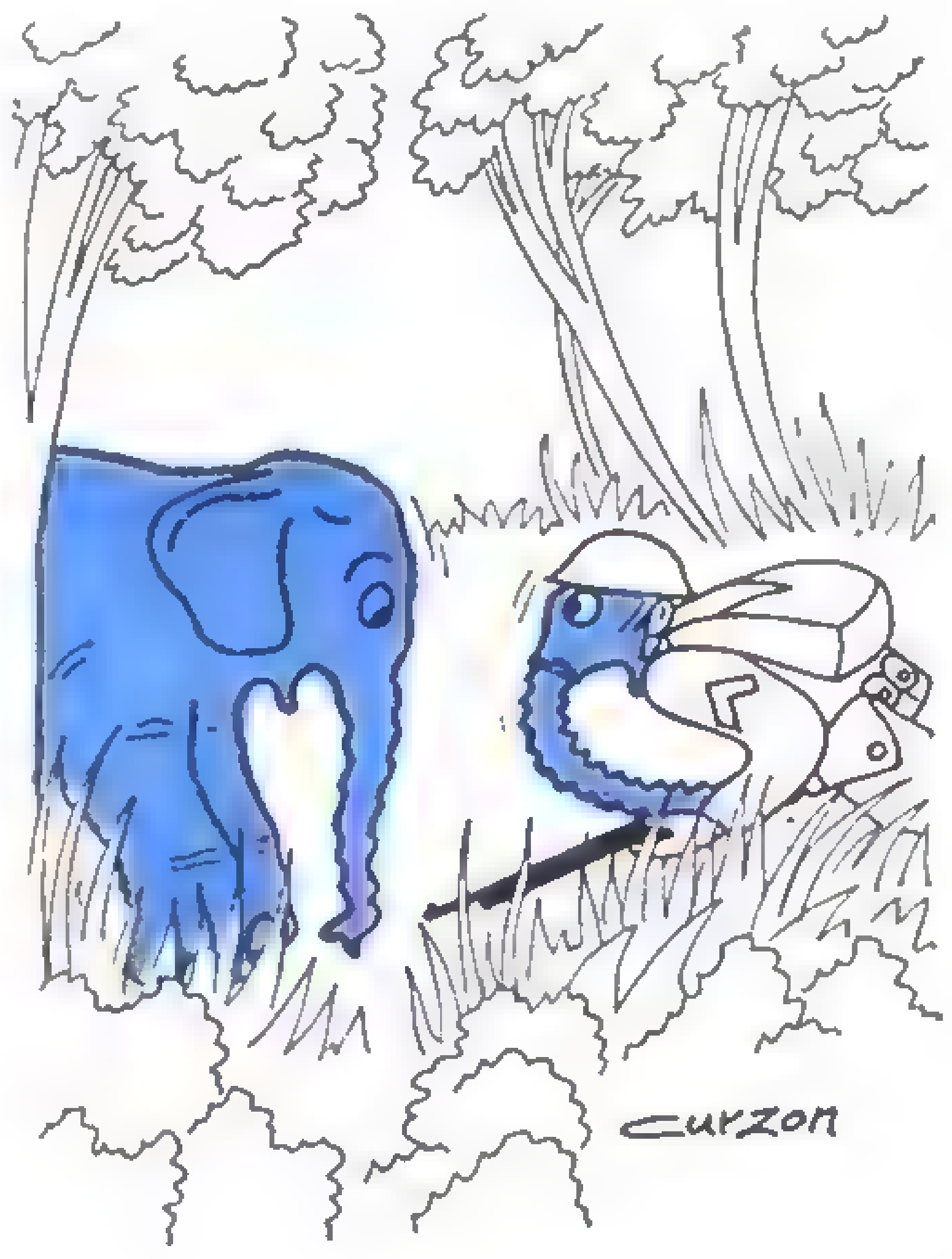
The "host" embryo is prepared for receiving the graft by first sawing a "window" with a tiny hacksaw in the eggshell directly over the embryo, the exact position of which has been determined by candling. The shell "window" is then removed and the shell membrane slit, thus exposing the body of the embryo. With the aid of fine steel dissecting needles and a binocular dissecting microscope, the piece of tissue from the "donor" embryo is placed into the "host" embryo and pushed into the graft incision. The "window" is then returned to its position and sealed with paraffin, and the egg replaced in the incubator.

What comes after this operation is the multitude of fancy feathered hens and roosters in the Johns Hopkins indoor poultry yard. All of which is very interesting, but what does it mean?

Drs. Willier and Rawles have been conducting these experiments for more than three years, and they have enough faith in the value of the information already found to continue for many more years. One direct deduction has already been reached. That is that pigment or color cells function directly with the feather or hair germ. This germ builds the structural parts of the feather or hair.

Why does a zebra have stripes, and why are white cows white and black cows black? Why do some of us have grey hair and why are some of us bald? Will the findings of the Hopkins scientists lead to a method of grafting brown hair on a blonde, or red hair on a brunette? To all these questions, the scientists answer: "It is too early to make blanket statements or to hazard too many predictions."

But since they have definitely ascertained that the feather or hair germ determines the growth of the hair or feathers, and that pigmentation cells determine the color, let us await with confidence the day when nobody need have grey hair, dull hair or false hair, and when skin grafting will have become a completed technique.



But it would be useless for balding men to go around now and ask Dr. Willier to grow hair on their heads, or for grey-haired middle-aged ladies to request him to do something about restoring their original hair color. At the moment, he is too busy with his chicks.

•

The honeymoon is over when the wife starts complaining about the noise her husband makes getting breakfast.

—Banana Peelings

•

Three Marines idly watched their cans of C rations heating over a small fire.

Two of the men, satisfied with the temperature of their food, gingerly drew their cans from the blaze. The third continued to lie propped on one elbow just looking at the fire.

"Hey," said one of his buddies, "your chow's burning."

"I know," he replied, "I'm letting it burn just a little so it'll remind me of my wife's cooking."

—*Marine Corps Battle News*

•

"Say, landlady, don't you think the window of this room is rather small in case of emergency?"

"There won't be an emergency, Lieutenant. My terms are cash in advance."

—*The Brigadere*

•

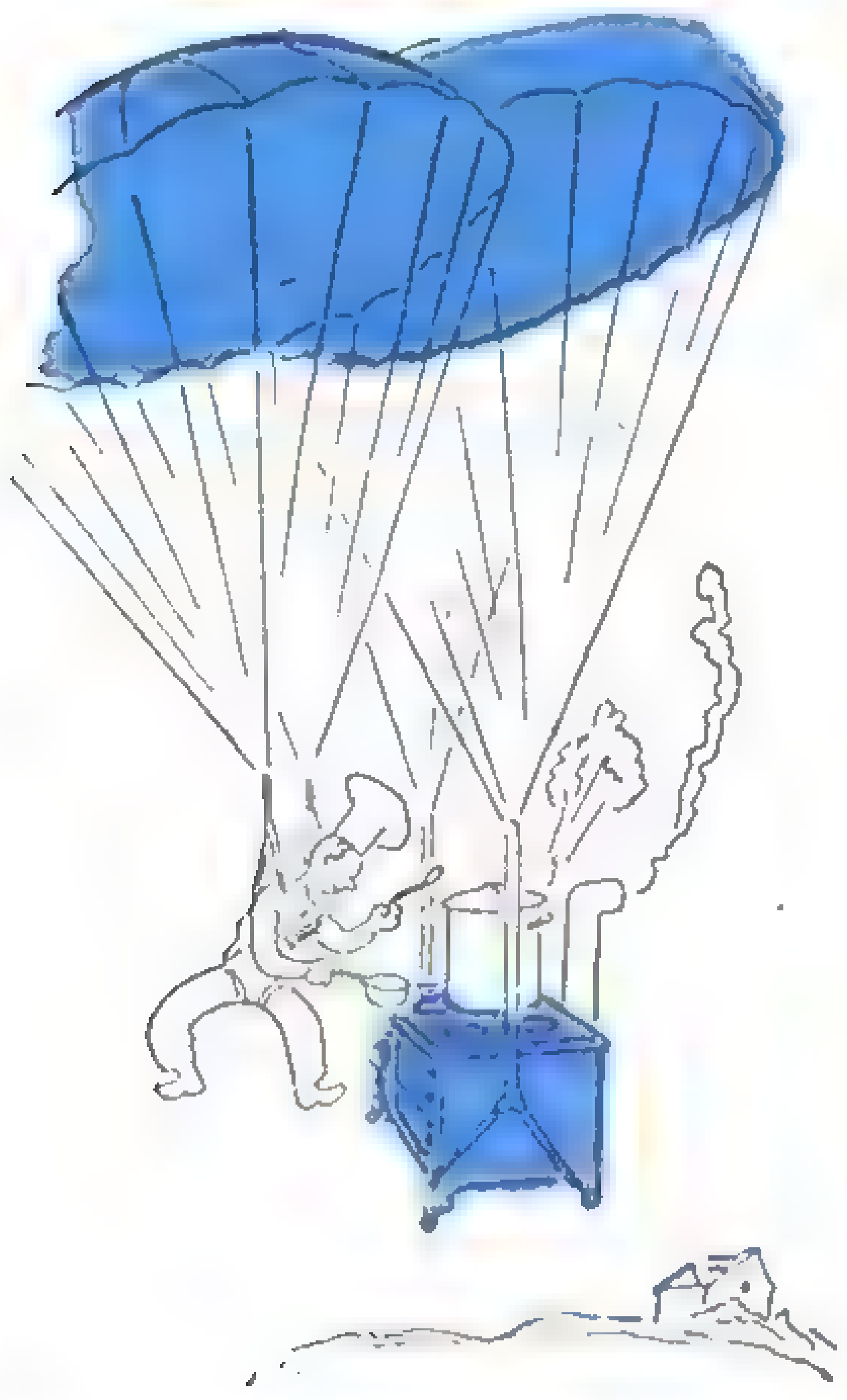
A divinity student named Tweedle
Refused to accept his degree;
He didn't object to the Tweedle
But he hated to be Tweedle D.D.

—*The Range Finder*

•

Executive ability is the art of getting credit for all the hard work somebody else does.

—*Flight Time*



Few know it, says Lawrence N. Galton, but some of the best reporters in America are not on the staffs of newspapers. They are the "tipsters," ordinary men in the street with a story sense in their blood and earning an extra dollar on their minds.

It was a tipster who gave one New York tabloid the lead that brought a scoop on the sensational Ed Flynn paving-block story. Another tipster phoned the same paper and sent cameramen flying to get the exclusive shot of the late Dutch Schultz lying on a table with a bullet hole in his side.

The same kind of unsolicited call-in one night from New Jersey enabled one Manhattan paper to be out with an extra about the Lindbergh kidnapping before anybody else knew a thing about it.

Remember the story of Pvt. Franklin Higgins of Albany and his dying dog, and the emergency furlough granted Higgins to be with his pet? A tip from a woman reader gave the Albany *Knickerbocker-News* the lead on that and broke a story which was picked up and played for weeks in every paper in the country.

WAR RATION BOARD Nº 10
O SOLE MIO
-A&I-

Tipsters are just ordinary newspaper readers who, when they hear or see something that looks newsworthy, phone it in. Except in Baltimore, apparently, where, according to the *News-Post*, nothing matters except getting the story. Not entirely apocryphal is the tale of the Baltimore society girl who was thrown from her horse while riding in the country and who asked her companions to find a telephone and call a doctor. They found the telephone and called the newspaper.

Because they're not trained reporters, tipsters send in a lot of unimportant as well as first-class leads. And regular reporters often complain after chasing down something that turns out to be no story. But when they do, expecially on Albany papers, the city editor reminds them of the time he had to call a reporter at a suburban news office and tell him, "Look out the window, there's a robbery going on in the bank across the street." The reporter hadn't seen it, but a passerby had phoned in the report.

On the whole, so effective is the man in the street as a leadman that many newspapers now have arrangements by which they pay regular fees for good leads. Others are even running weekly contests paying off as much as a hundred dollars for the best tips.

•

It's love that makes the world go 'round—with that worried expression.

—Camp Beale *Bealiner*

A bachelor is a man who makes mistakes, but not at the marriage license bureau. —*The Outpost*

•

It used to be considered undignified for girls to cross their legs, but that was before they wore short skirts.

—Manchester *Beacon*

•

Maybe this country wouldn't be in the mess it is if way back there the Indians had adopted stricter immigration laws.

—*Flight Time*

•

An Englishman asked a smiling Yank: "Why do you Yanks act so blooming cheerful?"

The G.I. answered: "Well, you see, we go back to the United States after this war is over. You have to stay over here."

—*Sourdough Sentinel*

•

First Wife: "Does your husband ever talk back to you?"

Second Wife: "Oh, dear no, but sometimes he listens in an aggravating manner."

—*The Howitzer*

•

Nowadays whatever is not worth saying is sung.

— *Gremlin*

•

The man who gives in when he is wrong is wise, and the one who gives in when he is right is married.

—*Command Post*

•

Married life is not a bad life to lead, only you get to do very little leading.

—*Wingspread*

•

A private in the South Seas was awakened by a crab in his cot and angrily accused his tent mates of a prank.

"Shut up and go to sleep," a harsh voice from a near-by tent shouted.

The private was silent for a moment and then whispered: "I can hear the stripes in that man's voice."

—*Marine Corps Chevron*

•

Timid Yeoman: "May I kiss you?"

There was no answer.

T.Y: "Would you mind a lot if I kissed you?"

Blasé Bertha: "Listen, horrible, what do you want me to do—promise not to bite?"

—*Habit*

•

Navy Wife: "Your honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head. He treated me cruelly and threatened to put in for sea duty."

Judge: "Did he apologize or express regrets?"

Navy Wife: "No, your honor, the ambulance took him away before he regained consciousness."

—*The Hoist*

•

Cinch way to sell War Bonds: hide them under the counter, then pass out word they're hard to get.

—*Snafnews*

•

We wouldn't worry about what people think about us if we knew how seldom they do.

—*Lee Traveler*

Here's a new excuse.

A sailor reported back from his leave 24 hours late.

He explained: "I'm returning from my leave and am ready to board the train when a band on the station platform strikes up *The Star Spangled Banner*. I freeze to attention. I salute. And while I'm saluting what happens but the train pulls out of the station right in front of my eyes, with nothing I can do about it."

—*The Seahorse*

Man the Kitchenette

Of the old country and the *spaiz*—an earthly paradise filled with the near-forgotten delicacies remembered here

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

For someone who was born there it hurts to write it down—*Europe is starving today.* It is difficult to forget that once its larders were full. Old Europa, the formerly fat and fecund mother of Minos, Rhadamanthus and Sarpedon, the dowager who had all sorts of culinary wealth and gastronomical tradition, is ready to commit murder for a can of Spam. It is terrible that she is reduced to just skin and bones . . .

Once, not so long ago, the French peasant had no thought that truffled capons were strictly reserved for rich princes, and even the poorest Poles carved a hen or a ham on Sundays. Hungarian rustics had their flavorful bread to console them for semi-serfdom, as well as an occasional poached deer or pheasant, and mountains of transparent, luscious grapes. The most miserable Viennese government clerk sat down to wonderful boiled beef as the clock chimed midday, and finished the meal with a cup of heavenly coffee, whipped cream on top. In these times, three meager meals a day cost thirty dollars in most parts of the Continent!

Such a turn of events is dreadful. Yes, poets said that "king today, beggar tomorrow," and *tempora mutantur*, and "woman, wind and luck changes"—but the pantry! What right had the pantry to change? If seven years ago someone would have told me that the majority of Europeans would have less bread to eat in 1945 than a sparrow in New York's tiny Carl Schurz Park, I would have laughed in his face.

In my nation the pantry was called *spaiz.* In town usually a room was designated as the *spaiz* if the architect forgot to build a special one. But in the country the whole house was literally constructed around the *spaiz.* It was in the kitchen wing, and its whitewashed walls were of adobe for coolness. Gypsies built the *spaiz* in my country. They, a people with great love for food, forever hungry, never saving a morsel for the morrow, had a particular knack for building a perfect larder.

The ceiling was high, and the tiny window was placed high, with iron bars impossible for even a hungry Hercules to bend. There were shelves around the walls, and wooden lattice work suspended on strings from the ceiling. The door was of heavy pipe reinforced with iron, and there was a judas on it, like on the door of a prison cell, although you could see only the cat through it. Yes, the cat was locked in the *spaiz* most of the time, to keep the mice in check, and in my childhood I often wished I were a cat. Not so much to deal with the mice as to be with the food.

Oh, what treasures that *spaiz* contained! Fat-bellied little wooden barrels of jams, trays of quince jelly, all sorts of fruit preserves from candied cantaloupes to brandied apricots. Throughout the winter, oblong clusters of green and purple grapes hung on raffia cords from the suspended wooden lattice work, and the longer they hung, the better they became. In their slow dehydrating process they acquired a nectar-like sweetness which is impossible to forget, and also impossible to describe.

Ham and salami hung near the grapes, and bacon in different stages of curing. Hazelnuts, walnuts, almonds, raisins, figs and dates were kept in sacks. Sugar loaves, like magicians' hats, were as tall as I was. Chocolate, coffee and tea were imprisoned in glass jars behind a battery of other jars containing spices and herbs and condiments. Pale green pickles and deep red tomatoes splashed in vinegar in tremendous glass vases. On a high "secret" shelf that the artful gypsy must have thought up expressly for my vexation, was a jar of licorice and a jar of candied orange peel. Cold fowl, a joint, a game paté, or the cold saddle of a hare, covered with white linen, reposed on the leftover shelf.

Even lawfully it was not easy to gain admittance into this earthly paradise—the key of the *spaiz* was forever missing. Grandmother, at whose country place I was brought up, was always looking for it. Every morning, the cook appeared with the same demand: "Madam, dole out today's portions from the *spaiz.*" My grandmother would look confused. She would feel under her bosom, where the key should have been. The key would be gone. Feverishly, we all would hunt for it, and finally discover it behind a book or under a carpet where grandmother had hidden it while she put on her dress. The key was tied to a much smaller key which opened the living room cupboard where the cash was kept, together with grandmother's other valuables.

There were the milk teeth of my three brothers and myself, with a tag fastened to each. There were old rings with clumsily-cut yellow diamonds, and a little ruby ring which we all thought very valuable and on which—much later—I lived in London for a day or two. Grandfather's medals reposed on a small red plush cushion. There were tufts of faded hair tied with colored ribbons, daguerreotypes, and letters which had turned yellow, silver candelabra which were too good to use everyday, and, finally, the neat little mountains of coins.

I shall return to grandmother's wealth in a minute, but first I want to tell you how to make a few of her specialties in the *spaiz*, and want to say something in praise of quince, a remarkable fruit which is no longer in vogue, but in antique times was very fashionable. Newly-married couples in ancient Greece ate a quince each, before crossing the threshold of their nuptial chamber. This custom was partly a symbol, signifying that the words of the couple would be as gentle and agreeable and scented as the flesh of the fruit, and partly tangible—the perfume of the quince was to turn the bride's head completely if it hadn't already happened.

Even today in some European countries you may see a half-dozen golden quince sitting on top of the cupboard in the bedroom to purify and perfume the air. More than six in a room are considered harmful though, as their scent is too strong. Nicolas Lémery, the famous French chemist in *Traité de l'Antimoine* said

AGNES CHAPEAUX
SGT. Ned HILTON

"If it keeps her contented here, I'll be the last to complain"

that quinces and quince jelly strengthen the stomach, stop hemorrhages, prevent intoxication and are excellent to restore lost appetites, but that one shouldn't eat too many because they might cause constipation.

Of course, I did not know all this about quinces when I was a boy; I just adored its jellied form, and if I'd been left alone for ten minutes in the *spaiz* I would have devoured a whole winter's supply. However, I never was left behind in the *spaiz*. Grandmother gave me a good push when she saw that I had intentions of lagging behind, and with a glance froze the cat to frightened immobility. The cat longed to get out and I longed to remain. But of course the feline was not interested in such delicacies as these:

Quince Jelly

Do not peel or core the quince; simply cut them in half, put them in a pan, cover with water and boil until soft. Then put the quince through a sieve and make a purée of it, peel and all. Cook the purée until it becomes thick. Now add sugar (a little over half pound to each pound of quince purée), and cook together for a half hour. Pour into molds which you have previously rinsed with cold water, and let it settle for forty-eight hours; it will become hard by that time, but not hard enough. After two days shake the quince out on a wooden board, cover with napkins, and let harden. It will be ready to eat in two weeks, and will keep in boxes for two years.

Cherry Jam

Pit two pounds of cherries. Cook a pound and a half of sugar to a syrup (boiling it for about five minutes), skimming it carefully. Add the cherries to the sugar, and a glassful of red-currant juice. Boil the cherries and the sugar together for a minute. Cool, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Remove cherries from syrup with a perforated spoon, and boil syrup for a minute. Then put back the cherries, boil together for two minutes, bottle the jam and place in the *spaiz*.

Green Tomato Pickle

Select small, green, unripe tomatoes, wash them well, and prick them in a half-dozen places with a pin. Place them in your preserving bottles. Cook good vinegar in a pan, and add to it a little salt, a bit of sugar, peppercorns, and coriander seeds. Boil for a few minutes and then pour the hot liquid over the tomatoes. Place a horseradish on top, cover the bottles, and don't use the pickled tomatoes for six weeks.

Pickled tomatoes were my grandfather's favorites; he seldom ate a meat course without them. I had to cut his meat for him though; my grandfather had lost his eyesight late in life. The formerly active man now had time on his hands, and grandmother entrusted him with small chores. For example, he had to take care of the village beggars, who came for a few coins every Friday.

Early in the morning grandmother would separate the *spaiz* key from the key of the living room cupboard and hand the latter over to grandfather. Then she would go to her domain, the *spaiz* and the kitchen, and grandfather would sit on the porch bench waiting for the beggars to pass before him. A dozen or so came every Friday; he gave each beggar a farthing or two.

But grandfather was much too generous, and sometimes, despite his fear of grandmother, his nature got the better of him. One Friday he distributed ten *filler* pieces instead of farthings. When grandmother came in from the *spaiz* and discovered the splurge, she bawled him out so the old man became rebellious, and ordered me to lead him to "The Green Barrel," a disreputable bistro down the street. Grandmother tried to stop us with dire threats of excommunication if we left the premises. But it was too late; grandfather had made up his mind. After having had his lunch everyday for the past forty years in the same house, at the same table, sitting in the same chair, he was going to run away. The old boy was determined to bring shame on grandmother's grey head, and lunch *en ville*, in a restaurant of all things!

I do not recall the details of that meal of adventure; I only remember that grandfather ate with a hearty appetite. Novelty is welcomed even by old men. Then, of course, we went home, and as we turned in at the gate, I saw grandmother sitting on the porch. A little smile lighted up her face. In a soft voice that was absolutely devoid of the former paprika, she said: "Come on, Joseph, tell me what they gave you for lunch." Grandfather was astonished; he did not think that peace would be established so soon. Then he smiled too, and began to run down "The Green Barrel" meal. It was the worst lunch he had ever had. Grandmother listened intently and with pleasure, and then she said anxiously: "Joseph, you must be very hungry. I'll bring you a little cold chicken and a few pickled tomatoes. Just a little leg part and a wing . . ." Grandfather cleared his throat and started to say that that bad meal had killed his appetite. I suppose he was terrified that he would have to put away another luncheon. But grandmother was on her feet and with familiar gesture felt for the key of the *spaiz*. "Oh, if only I could find my key." #

"Let's have some fun!"

Brim Business and Pleasure

Biographies of various swig vessels, from the chief's simple coconut shell to the civilized pilsners and balloons

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

As a drinking vessel the cupped hand was found to be a bit spilly, so man invented things with brims that could be lipped onto without a dribble. Thus did Thirst become patron and prodder of arts and sciences, which it still is. Checking the results in bars, museums and rumpus rooms, we find that:

Earliest wine cups and suds scuttles (beer is more than 6,000 years old, wine older) were pottery affairs. Capacity averaged a pint. When professional craftsmanship took over, grace and glazes were acquired, Greece hitting an artistic high with its shapely vases for storing, mixing, cooling, serving and imbibing. The *kantharos* type was an early model of the modern wine goblet, except that it had two upstanding handles. The broad *kylix* was a short-stemmed version of today's saucer-style champagne glass, plus streamlined handles. There was a handle to even the tiny pony, called *hemikotyle*. A flat ashtrayish affair was used for libations poured out as offerings to the gods. No treaty could be solemnized without this ritual. Nor would a pious Greek think of heading for bed until he had poured a spot to Hermes, god of sleep and patron of nightcappers, who has since received homage he never bid for.

The Romans, to prevent upsets, used bulbous wine cups that were broader at the bottom than at the mouth, with inscriptions meaning *Fill*, *Refill*, *Give Me Wine*, *Happy* and *Hooray for Love*. Ornate silver beakers unearthed in Pompeii are bas-reliefed with grinning skeletons, accompanied by the motto: *Enjoy life while you are alive, for tomorrow is uncertain.* Emperor Augustus, who drank only three cups of wine with his supper, was considered phenomenally abstemious.

Glass as a swig vehicle had its origin in sandy Syria, with ancient Egypt quick to copy. Shapes were neat, colors attractive and bedizenments elaborate, but the possibility that the drink itself might be worth a gander, wasn't provided for. Still, as compared with pottery, this thin-blown material had an elegance so much so that when an artificer from Egypt set up the first glass-making shop in Rome, the authorities, fearing that gold and silver would become valueless, wrecked the joint and put him to death.

They needn't have bothered, though, for where any commodity becomes plentiful, uppercrusters will want something superior to it. On tropical isles, it was a cinch to make a drinking vessel out of a coconut shell or gourd, but his Nibs the Chief had to have a carved and dolled edition. Or better still, the skull of a slain rival. And a king, prince, or duke in the Middle Ages had to have a golden goblet, encrusted with gems, handed him on bended knee by a cupbearer who, taking first taste, guinea-pigged any poison chances. If an astrologer had predicted that a drinker could buy by brand and know what he was getting, the court jesters would have retorted in Jerry Colonna intonations: "What's the matter, are you *crazy?*"

Beer pots called *Jacoba kannetjes* are bottoms-upped to the memory of Jacoba, Countess of Holland, fifteenth-century hostess of the Castle of Teylingen, who cut down the K.P. chore by supplying each of her table guests with a brand-new mug which, after being quaffed from, was gaily tossed into the moat.

Waxed leather "black jacks" were bigger, and sometimes equipped with a silver brim. Got their name from Jack, ye average fellow, who went to battle in a padded leathern "jack," precursor of jacket. But the leather superjumbo was the bombard, titled after the cannon of the day. If you could polish off the contents of one of these belt-busters, brother, you were roomy!

Something of a feat, too, was to drink a Yard of Ale, using a special three-foot glass, slim and bell-mouthed, resembling a stagecoach horn. Horns of stags and oxen have served quench purposes especially among Vikings. In the isles off the west coast of Scotland, a young chieftain, taking over his responsibilities, was expected to prove his ruggedness by a mighty draught from the drinking horn. If he were just a lad, some canny fixer would reduce the undertaking by putting in a false bottom.

Grey pewter, nicked and dented, is a soothing thing for a guy with frayed nerves to grab hold of. It's got no style but it's got stability, philosophy; there isn't an irk in the universe could ruffle it. Metallurgically speaking, it's an alloy of tin (75-90 per cent), lead, bismuth and possibly copper, zinc, antimony and what have you; in the language of flavor it's cream ale's crony and glad to associate with beer. When you're in the mood for a mug, this is *it*, lidded or open for foam-admiring. Where partaking is leisurely, lid, closed between sips, nurses head along. Quicksters, impatient at any such gadget, claim it encumbers their plunge, bedews their cheeks and bats their ear. Even so, mug lids are nowadays rarely met with on this side of the Atlantic, and the Frenchman who orders "a balloon of blonde," meaning goblet of "light," never heard of them.

For an occasion involving suds and ceremony, mug's big brother, tankard — massively squatty or tall—may be trotted out. A silver one, ancestral or modern, is truly an ostentation item and usable withal. Beer, ale, stout and porter have also found happiness in stoneware, glossy-glazed brown pottery of the Bennington type, and capacious glass schooners—not to mention the merry gallon-goblets designed as challenges to prowess. At a smart restaurant or at a party, the tall, tapering pilsner glass is appropriate: its grace accords with fair slim fingers, yet it doesn't seem a misfit in a hairy male paw. But if I ever get back to the sidewalk cafés of Paris and the Riviera, I'll join Monsieur in a balloon.

Never will you or I see a tumbler do the tumbling act from which it got its name. It lost the ability when it was robbed of the bulgy round bottom that made it tip. Its original wily purpose was to hustle the consumer: he couldn't dilly-dally because the glass was unparkable until empty. At roadside inns where travelers thawed with toddy while the horses were being changed, this speed-up system kept trade brisk. Hot tumbler jugglers whose intention had been one toddy, found they had time for three. But milord in library and club didn't wish to be hurried. He wrote a letter to the *Times* pointing out faults in glassware, and spoke to his Cousin Cedric, M.P., urging him to hew at the root, and in due time the offending protuberance was smacked flat so that tumblers were able to stand up.

Frosted silver beakers on a veranda in the blue grass region of Kentucky are sending out Bourbon and mint announcements. Any opening for a stray straw?

"Clarence, I've just discovered that we're incompatible"

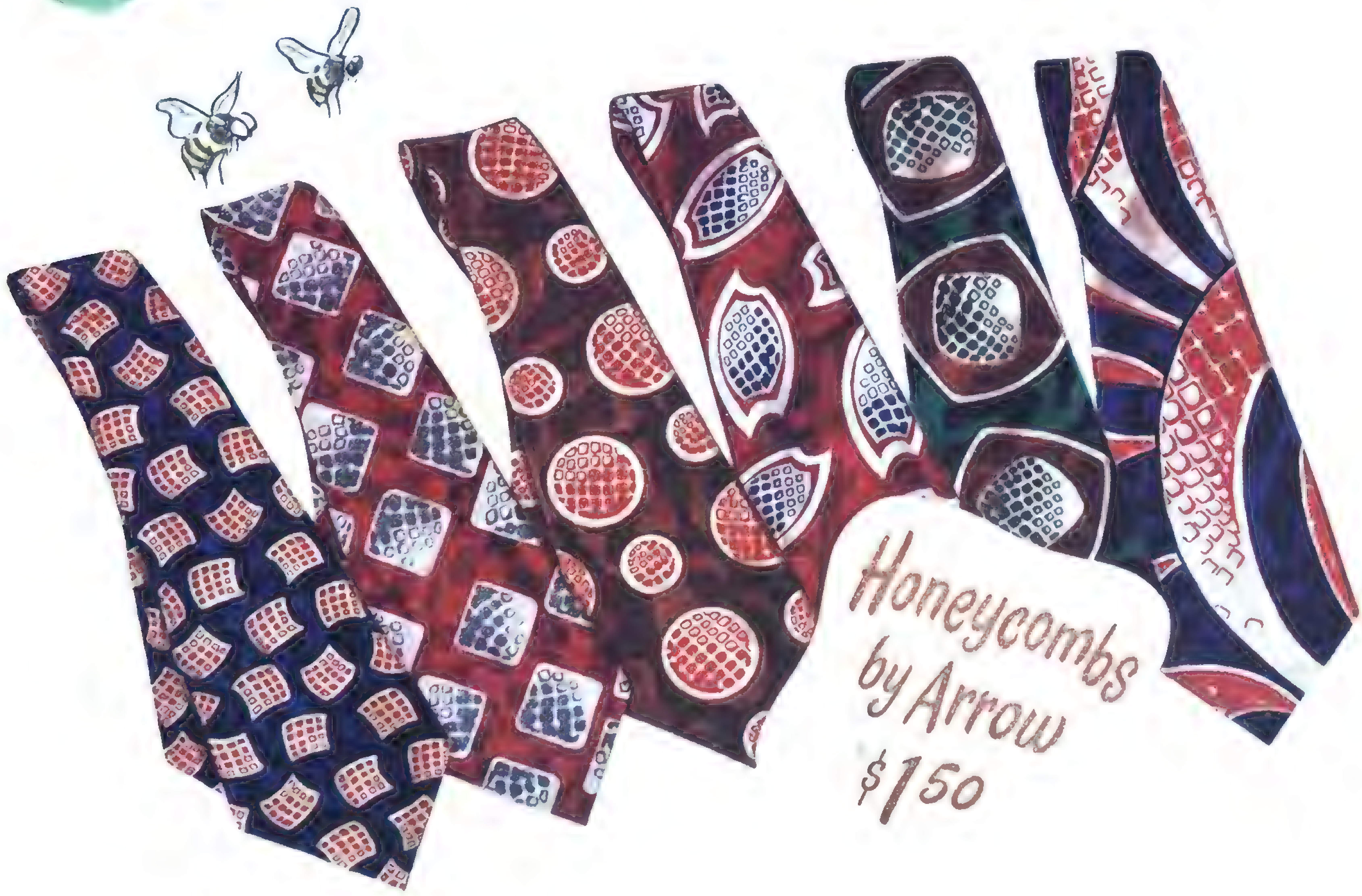
FRANKLY, WE STOLE IT FROM THE BEES!

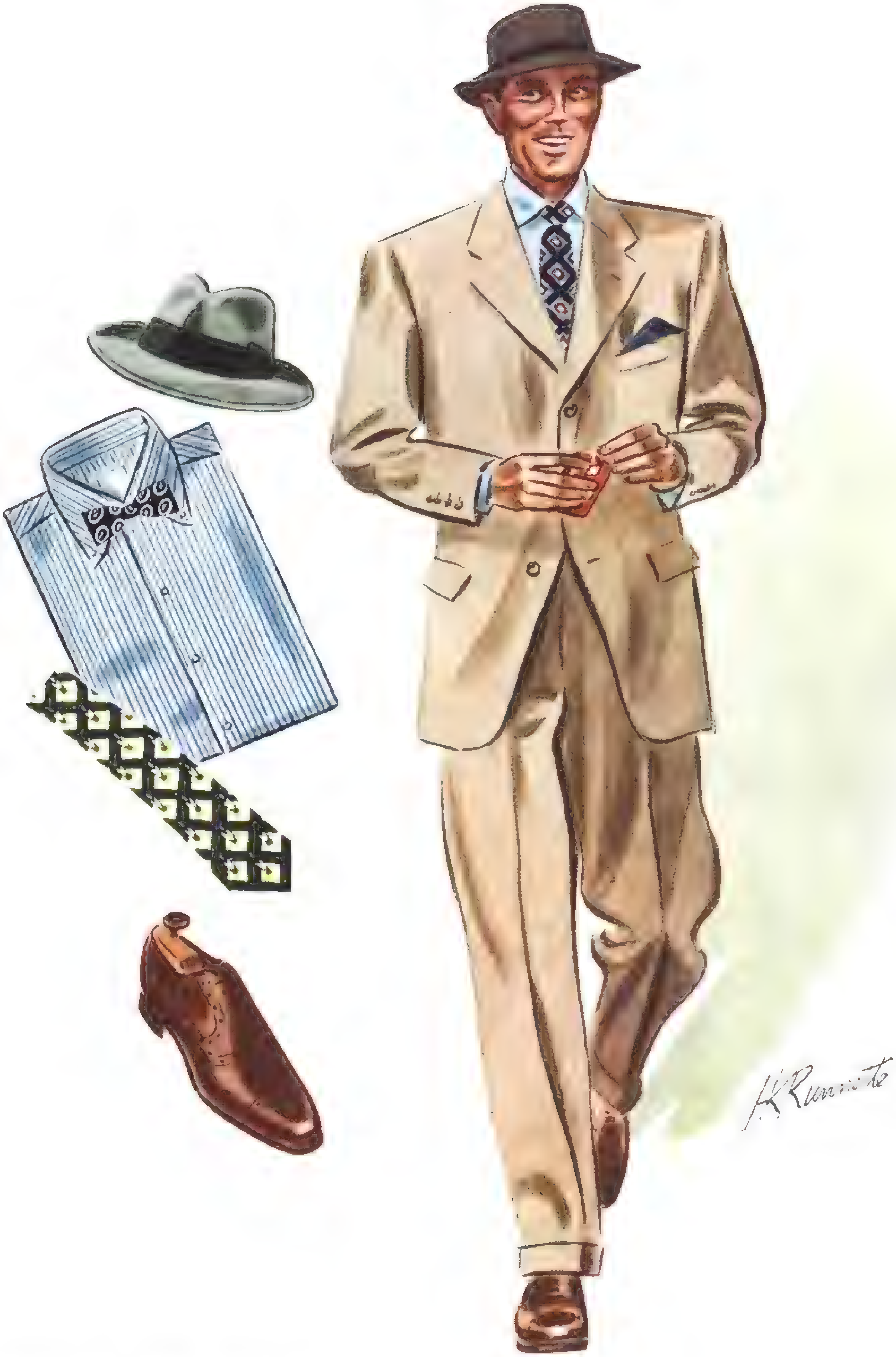
It may sound like a low, nasty trick...swiping a tie pattern from the bees.

But if the bees don't mind it, why should *you?* Especially when this new pattern—Arrow Honeycomb—turns out to be one of the season's most outstanding jobs for looks!

The busy little buzzers, as you know, make a wonderful design while storing their honey in the comb... but it needed the excellent color harmony and design imagination of Arrow Tie designers to make it an outstanding tie for *you*.

You'll find the Arrow Honeycomb pattern—on wonderfully rich fabric, with a special lining to repel wrinkles—at your favorite Arrow dealer's. Only $1.50 per honey. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.





blue with tan

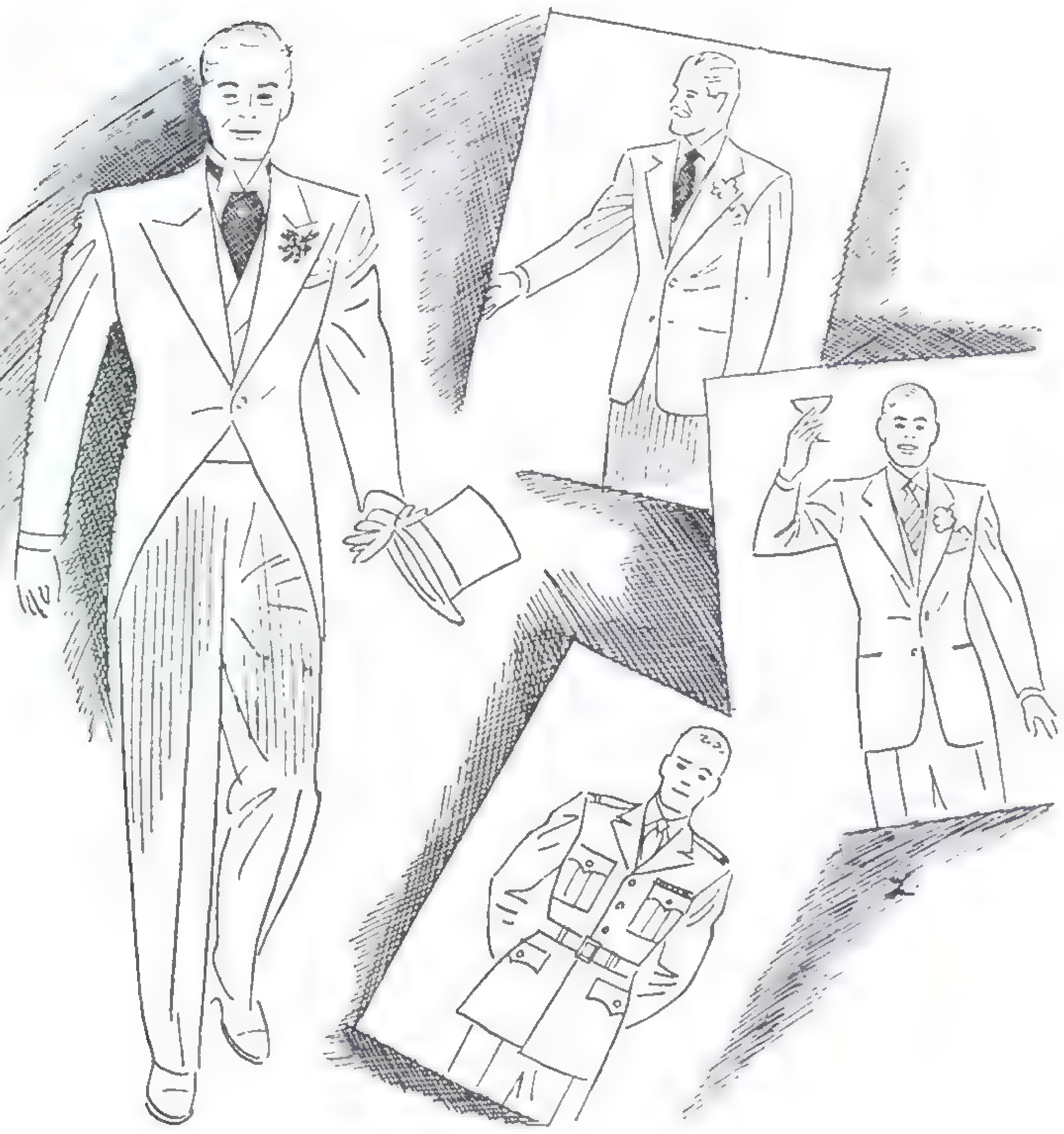
Many men returning from military services evidence differences of opinion about color in clothes. Some do like striking hues. But pretty generally they lean toward accepted civilian standards and steer clear of the garish in dress. Some people expected tan to wane as a suit color because it is so similar to the military shade. But such has not been the case, as witness this Tabac Tan gabardine suit. New is the acceptance of blue accessories with a suit of this color. The shirt is a blue Oxford with spread collar and the tie is a large printed foulard. The rest of his outfit: grey-brown pork-pie hat, blue handkerchief and brown shoes. Sketched at side are the soft grey-green hat, striped Oxford shirt with foulard bow tie and dark green ground four-in-hand tie, brown town last shoes. The combination of dark green ground color of the tie with the blue striped shirt is a variation.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

The Groom Wore—

Answering questions about the right clothes and accessories for several types of weddings

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



JUDGING by the requests for information about the right formal day clothes and accessories of late, there is a trend toward more formality in dress at weddings. During the more than two years that the W.P.B. prohibited the manufacture of formal day clothes, the cutaway coat and striped grey trousers went into eclipse. But now that they are no longer banned, many grooms, among them returned veterans, honor brides in formal gowns and long veils by wearing the traditional morning coat.

The preferred style is the one button cutaway with peaked or notched lapels, finished plain at the edges, with no braiding. This may be in Oxford grey cheviot or unfinished worsted fabric.

The striped grey trousers may be of somewhat bold markings of cheviot or more subdued stripes in worsted.

Accessories include the following: white shirt, wing or fold collar, black and white or silver grey small patterned or striped tie, Ascot, four-in-hand or bow, black shoes, socks, grey lightweight mocha gloves and high silk hat. It is customary for the groom and best man to select ties of identical pattern, which distinguishes them from the ushers who also wear identical patterns differing from those chosen by the principals. A similar distinction shows up in he boutonniere, the groom and best man wearing lilies of the valley, while the ushers all decorate their lapels with white carnations. Odd waistcoats, preferably pale grey, or white in summer, are in good taste. The father of the bride wears a cutaway coat and striped grey trousers, and his accessories of accepted type are not influenced by the selections of groom, best man or ushers.

Some men feel that under present conditions the cutaway coat is a bit ostentatious. These men substitute the Oxford grey jacket for the cutaway. Considered semiformal, the Oxford grey jacket is sometimes worn by the guests and principals.

According to the inference of the W.P.B. regulation, a dark blue or grey business suit was regarded as adequate for any daytime affair, including weddings. With such suits are worn a white shirt, collar, black socks, shoes, grey felt hat.

For weddings held in the evening during the summer, a white double-breasted dinner jacket, midnight blue or black trousers and appropriate accessories are accepted. They include white dress shirt, black or dark blue studs, cummerbund or waistcoat, patent leather low shoes, coconut palm hat.

The uniform of any branch of the armed forces, according to the Order of the Day, is right for any wedding. #

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The Man Behind the Bar

Continued from page 53

she gets home. If the former, I concluded, I must act quickly. With a vision of her grimace of disgust as she looked for some place to dispose of my map, I rushed from the bar and started scouring those tall wire baskets into which Third Avenueites throw everything from old clothes and newspapers to empty liquor bottles and—I prayed—unwanted maps of my native land. After a vain quarter of an hour's search, I descended into the subway, and poked about among the dark corners of those airless corridors. But all I found was a still life of the inevitable, insensible bum and an empty pint that had slipped from his dead-looking hand. I thereupon abandoned the search and would probably never have given my map another thought had not the barman mentioned the loss of the parcel to his boss.

When I entered the tavern a couple of days later, the man behind the bar beckoned to me with his finger, and I followed him into the back of the room. Near a juke box there was a single chair. "Take a seat," he said. I had never sat down in the bar before, and I wondered if he was going to offer me a shot of John Jameson, which I had not tasted for months, "under the counter." But he stood over me with his hands on his hips and he stared at me for so long in silence with such a serious expression on his face that I found myself asking him at last if something were wrong.

"Maybe there is," he said, and his expression did not change.

"What's on your mind?"

"I've been wondering," he said, "just what kind of an Irishman you are."

I laughed. "I wondered that about you once," I said, and although my tone may have sounded jocular, I suddenly did not feel at all in a humorous mood. I did not like the look of his face.

"If you hadn't come in just now," he said, "I was coming 'round to your place."

"To my place! What the divil's up?"

"Lookat now," he said, "I'm always ready to try and get a friend out of a jam, but—"

"A jam!" I cried, rising to my feet. "Who's in a jam?"

"Aizy now, aizy," he said gently, pushing me back onto the chair. "I just wanted to get hold of you before the police—"

"The police!" I cried. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Well, let me put it this way. D'ye think it's wise—in these days—to go around with a detailed German map of Ireland?"

I stared at him in silence, blankly, for fully half a minute. And he stared me back in hard, suspicious-looking seriousness.

This is the kind of situation that makes me sweat—not only because there was no one to blame but myself, but because it's just the kind of thing, I thought, that would and does happen to an innocent man in wartime. I saw the whole preposterous predicament in a flash: the row of cops, the plain-clothes men, and over them all the huge invisible letters F.B.I. Just why was I in possession of this particular map—a map of a neutral nation comprising a detailed inset of its capital and harbor; a map, moreover, printed in an enemy country whose leaders for years had been threatening to destroy the U. S.?

And I stood up and answered stupidly but truthfully that I was in possession of the said map because I am a native of Ireland and I like Ireland and I like maps and I found it in a secondhand bookstore and I bought it for a Christmas present for a friend....

Oh yeah? snarled all the cops and plain-clothes men together.

Suddenly my vision of the situation struck me as so utterly absurd that I burst out laughing.

"You know," I said, "you could easily be kidding me!"

"And why would I?" he asked in that almost conspiratorial whisper. "Why not take an honest man's word for ut?"

And then, before I had time to answer, I saw his expression change—his mouth go up in a grin for the first time, his eyes become slits behind the powerful glasses. He raised his hands to his hips, and he too burst into peal upon peal of laughter.

"Thought you was had that time, eh!" he cried, suddenly leaning over and slapping me on the knee with an enormous hand. "The face of yez!" he roared. "Ye'd think they was about to put y'up agin the wall this very minnut!"

Though I was hardly in the mood to appreciate the joke, my relief was such that I could not help smiling.

"Listen," he said, when he had spent his laughter. "D'ye know what? There's just two kinds o' Irishmen—those that take a wee drop, and those that don't! The dry ones are dangerous, t'others are dopes! Let's drink to the two of us!"

Then he turned, and with one hand reached for a bottle of Guinness, and with the other, from a shelf above it, for a brown paper parcel tied with string.

"I found it hanging on the door this morning," he said. ⌗

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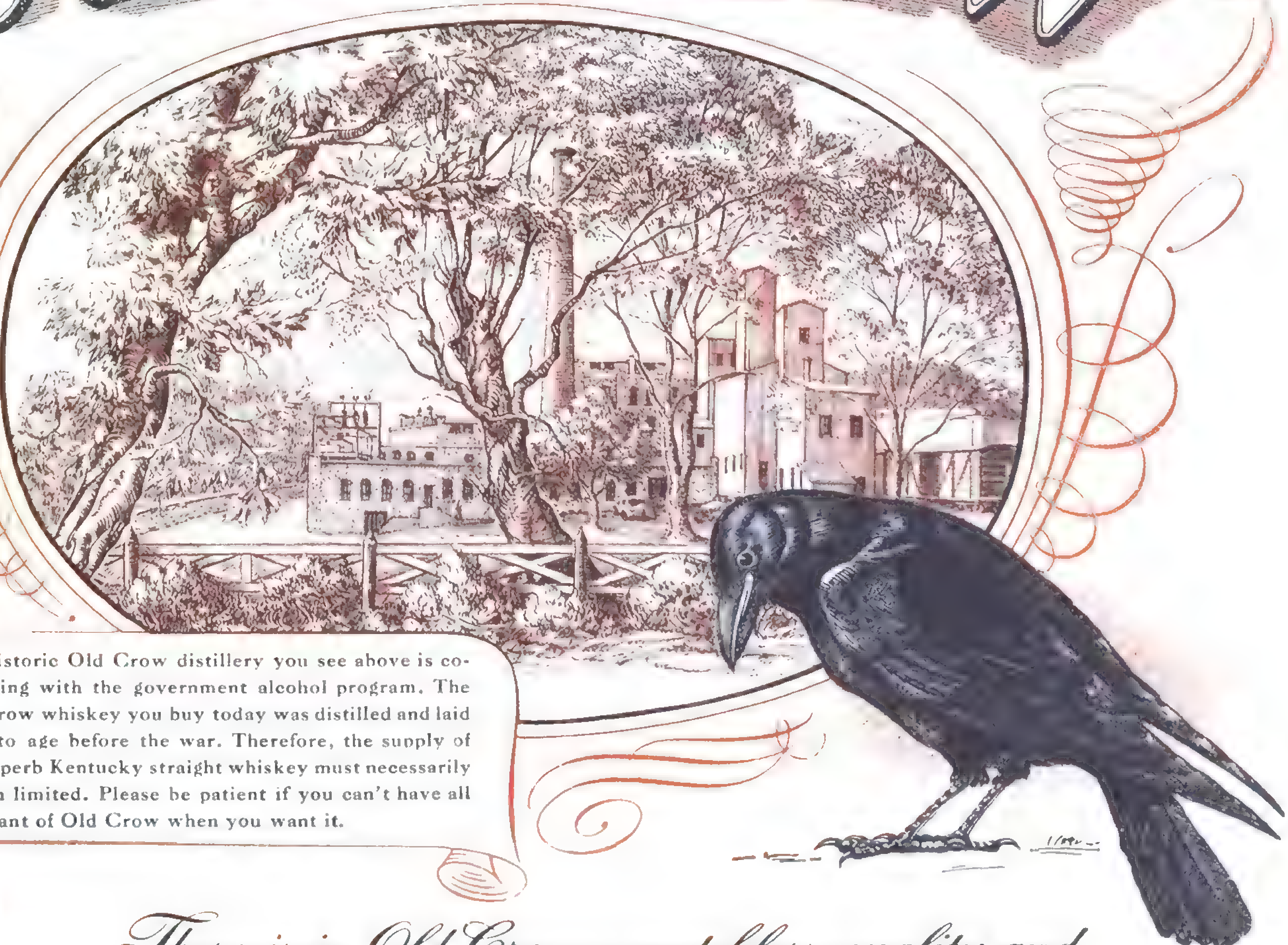

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FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

Can't skid off your shoulders

The New Mister Joe Jones

Continued from page 82

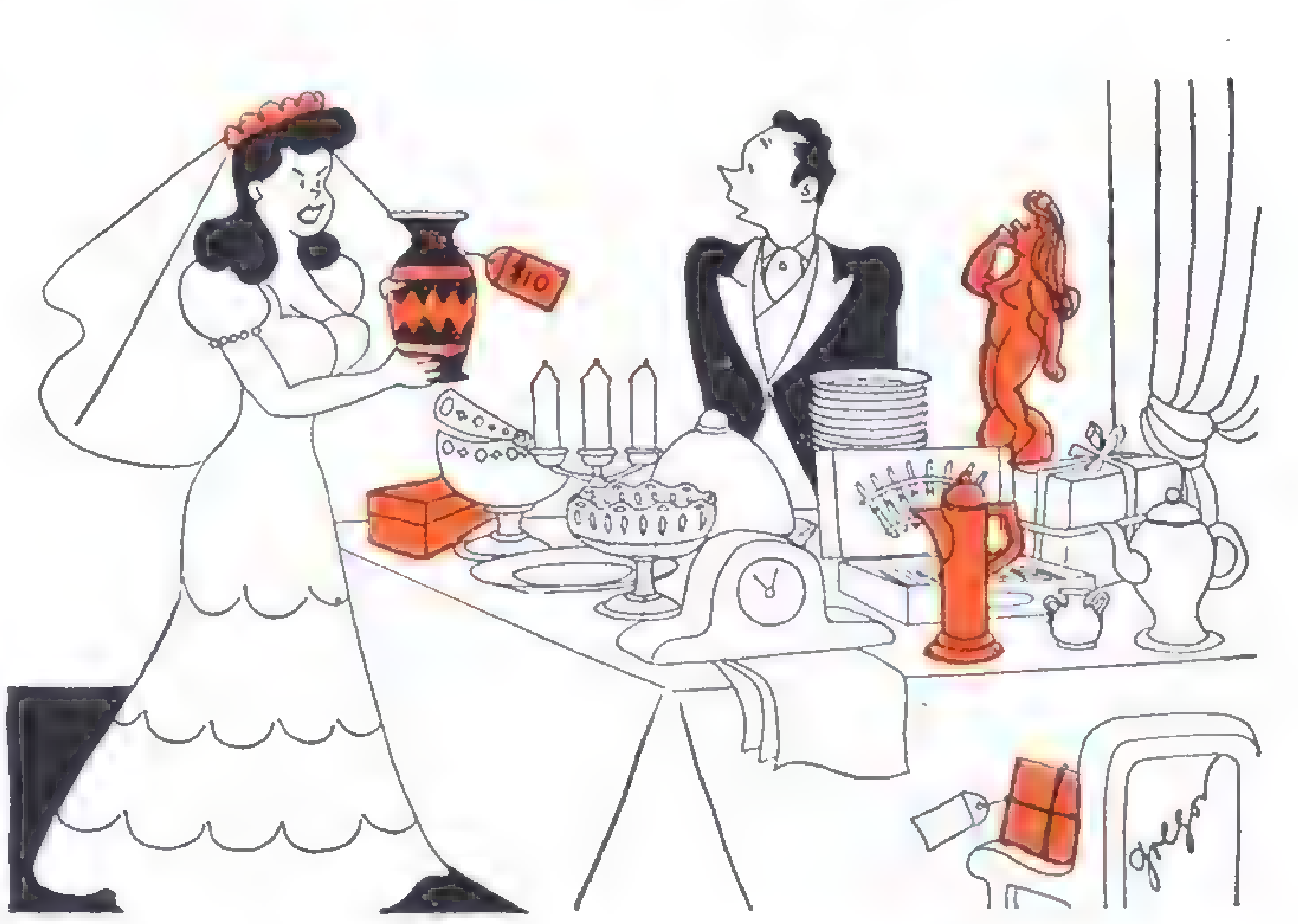
discussed artists of his generation. When his paintings were first shown in New York he was hailed as the season's El Greco and its Goya. Archibald MacLeish wrote that Jones had "more scope, more vitality, more fecundity and more promise than most artists a decade his senior," and Lewis Mumford found in his pictures an earnestness and fierceness, "a powerful reaction to the sombreness of life among the starving and the stunted and the oppressed."

Then, and since, his place has become relatively secure. For the Resettlement Administration Jones made a pictorial record of the drought, traveling through Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. The Guggenheim Foundation gave him a subsidy. The Metropolitan Museum bought one of his wheat field paintings. He won the Forty-Eight States mural competition and his murals decorate more courthouses and post offices throughout the Middle West than the artist can easily recall. There are Joe Jones paintings in such other places as the Whitney and Worcester museums, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, one of whose prizes he won in the 1942 exhibition, and also in the Cleveland and St. Louis Museums.

Joe Jones—he was baptized Joseph John Jones—is himself one of those rare victors over a poisonous slum environment for whose victims, especially if they were colored, he was able to express profound sympathy in his paintings. He came from one of the toughest blocks and was a member of one of the toughest gangs in St. Louis. When he was about ten, a stupid school official had him thrown into a reformatory because he had drawn a questionable picture of his teacher on the school wall. Beaten and kicked insensible because he had stolen food to quiet his hunger cravings, he determined to suffer in silence. He came out at eleven with a vengeful loathing of authority. This time the pictures he drew were really obscene. But he had been sent to another school, one whose principal had a basically healthy attitude toward slum youth. She let him get the dirty pictures out of his mind without giving them the notice of reproof. She encouraged him. She saw the wine in those lees. She was going to put him through art school. But soon after he had graduated from the grades, she died.

Joe then went to work for his father, a house painter and glazier in St. Louis. He showed so keen an aptitude for paint and brush that soon he was given interior decorating jobs. At seventeen he joined the Painters' Union. At about eighteen, inspired by the hobby painting of the manager of a shoe store in which he had found temporary work between seasons, he began painting pictures by himself. His parents were his first portrait models. He worked at still life and landscape. He was twenty-two when he won his first prize, for a portrait which he had submitted to a city-wide show. The following year, 1932, he won two prizes, one for painting, the other for lithography. And in the year after that, he was awarded that pearl beyond price, the one hundred dollar prize for the best entry in the St. Louis Artists' Guild exhibition of that year. Shortly afterwards, in a burst of calculated generosity, ten St. Louis patrons of art contributed fifty dollars apiece in return for which they divided the contents of Jones' "studio," twenty-nine paintings and three sets of lithographs. With this fund Jones went to the country and began painting his way toward the reputation he has achieved.

For him, from now on, the problem will be whether the new fire will burn as hotly as the old. A new technique is not enough. It must express a passion. Jones' hunger to find a new way to say new things is probably the most encouraging indication that he will go somewhere for some time, at least.



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How I Perfected My Forehand

Continued from page 94

day I doubt if anyone knows we visited.

The other occasion is remembered more clearly by Audrey. It was the day preceding my final match for the National Clay Court Championships in Chicago in 1941 when my opponent was Bobby Riggs. He had rested the week before, while I had been winning the St. Louis Tournament against Don McNeill. The weather had been extremely hot in St. Louis; Chicago was even worse. Nevertheless, I needed tuning up on my forehand, so off to the nearest public court we went. In the broiling sun we kept it up for an hour and Audrey came mighty close to having a heat stroke. But it paid off when, to the surprise of the Chicago Committee, I beat Riggs under the same broiling sun in a five-set match, thus winning my third National Clay Court Title.

Nineteen forty-two should have been my winning year as National Champion. I played Ted Schroeder in the finals at Forest Hills. I had never lost to him in tournament play; therefore, while realizing that my game had not become completely rounded out, I unfortunately went into the match with the idea that should I drop behind in sets, I could still pull out of it and win the match. But after I dropped the first two sets and won the third and fourth, Ted pulled away from me in the fifth and deciding set, and I could not bring my game to first-class pitch. It was my own fault and I believe I gained something through my loss. It taught me a lesson!

In 1943 I joined the Army game. A furlough made possible the Nationals at Forest Hills, where Jack Kramer and I won the National Doubles Crown.

Once more I was able to take my furlough in 1944 through the kindness of Colonel Gerald Hoyle, my commanding officer. I practiced on the base during my free hours, and with my forty-eight-hour pass when permissible, I worked out at The Los Angeles Tennis Club. After four long years I felt an added assurance in my repertoire of stroking.

Arriving in New York, I got in four good days of grass play and confounded even myself by saying in private that I would win the Nationals this year, and began the tournament with an impatience to drive through to the finals. This has never been my attitude before and Mercer Beasley, who had seen my game each year, remarked on the assurance and keenness with which I began the tournament. I met and defeated William Talbert in the finals 6-4, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3. The weather had been perfect, which is unusual for Forest Hills, as the tournament is usually slowed up by rain.

I am exceedingly proud of having won the title, first, for my perseverance in never having missed the Nationals since 1932; second, for the honor of being the Army tennis champion of the United States; third, for those who, though they might have been against me before, gave me their good wishes in my triumph.

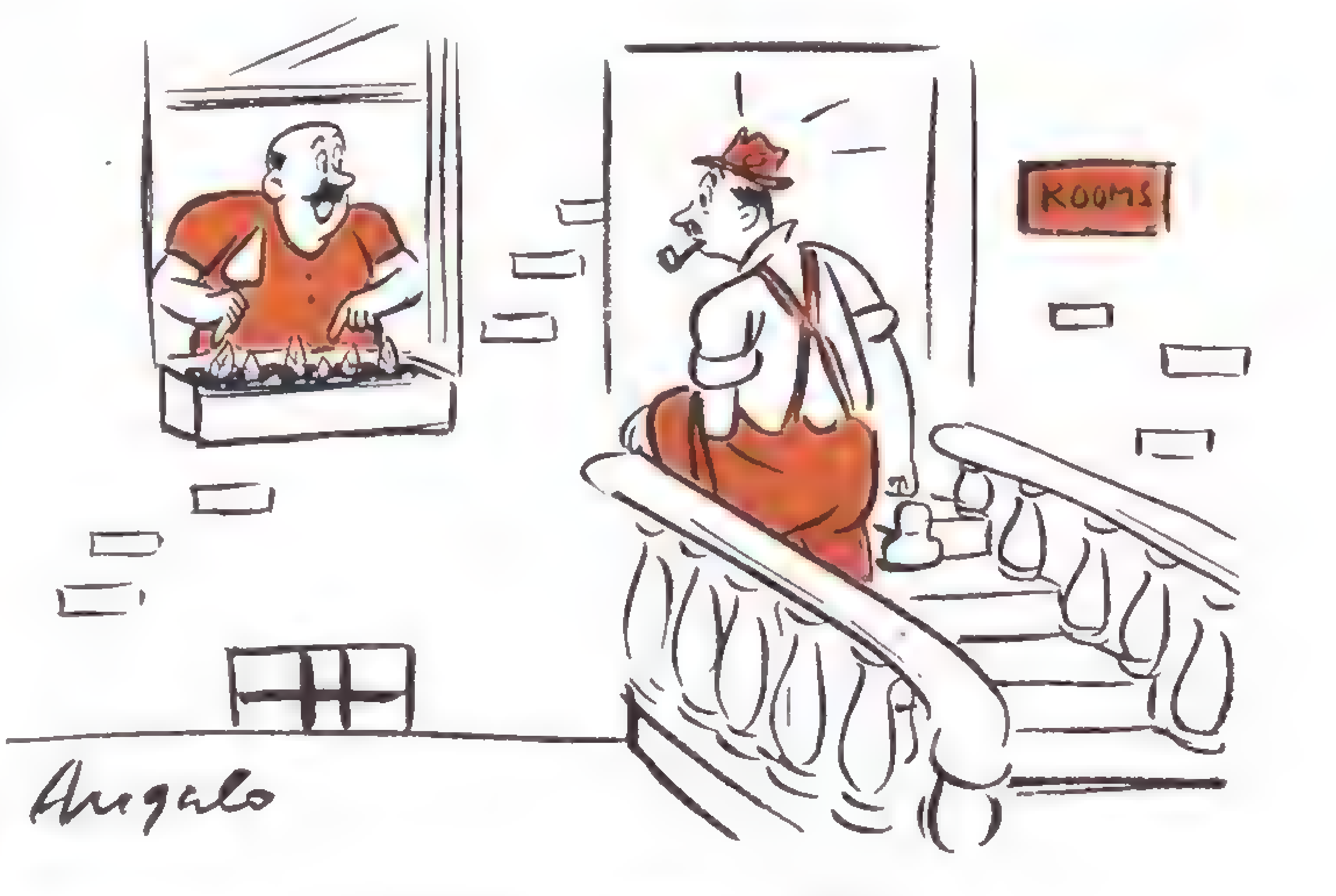
I shall always remember Labor Day of this year and the ovation of a gallery of over 10,000.

Another highlight of that day was a party given by Walter Pate, non-playing captain of the Davis Cup Team, at the Westside Tennis Club for "Beas," Audrey and myself. We toasted each other in champagne while friends came up to congratulate me.

"Beas" deserves a large share of applause, for without his guidance and interest I would never have seen Forest Hills, let alone win the championship.

After all these years of work I have finally acquired a sound forehand drive. Now I am stuck with the amusing fact that it will be necessary for me to work on my backhand to bring it to the offensive shot that it should be.

From all this you may assume that my playing days (Army permitting) are not over, and in the near future I hope also to realize one more dream of accomplishment. But that is in the hands of fate and after victory comes. ⌗



"I'm growing tobacco"

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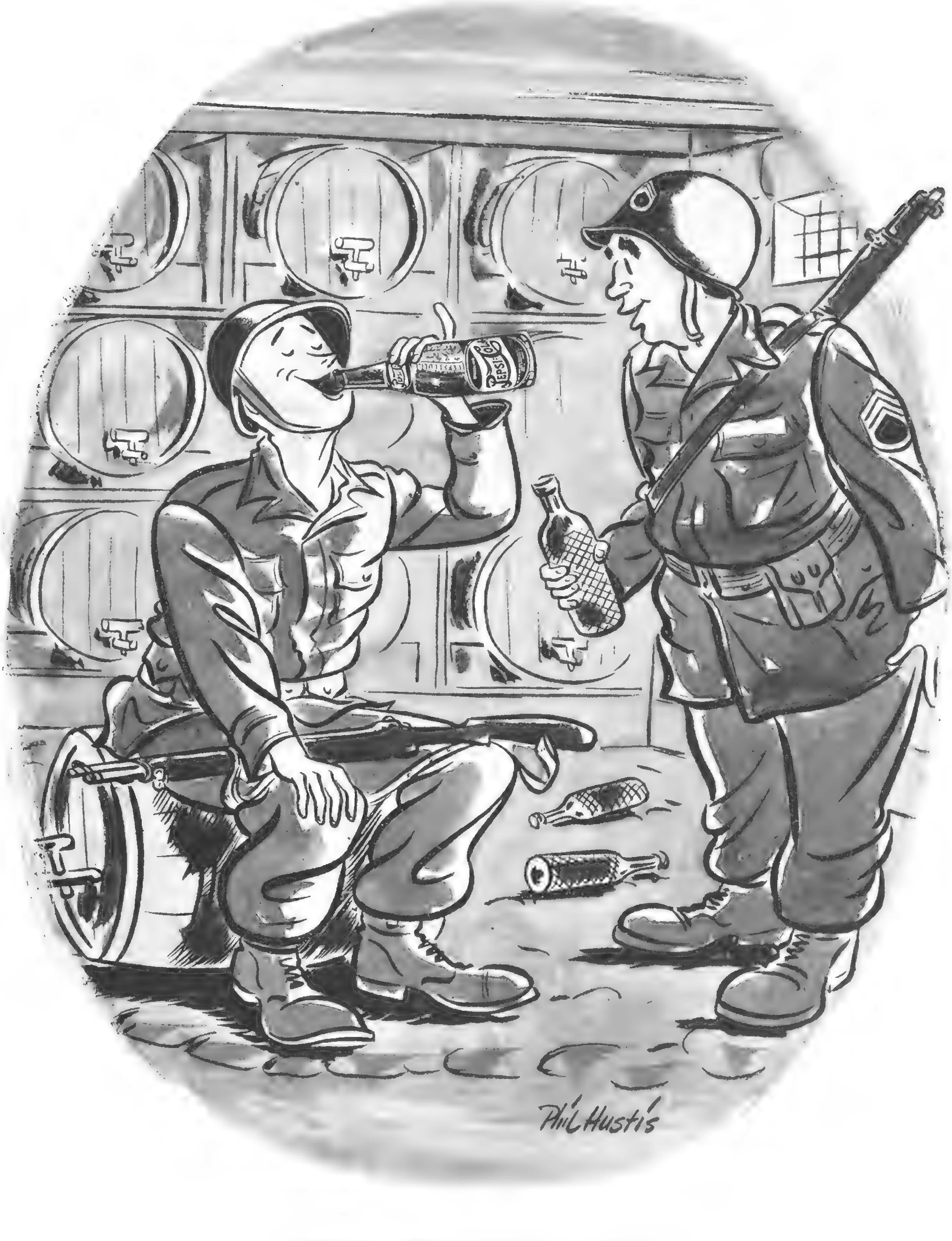
Pepsi-Cola
Phil Hustis

"Oh boy! Where did you get that!"

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BEST SELLERS

Compiled by **GILBERT SELDES**

Not for Sale

All I Do *Stardust* *Wang Wang Blues* (Glenn Miller)	Before his untimely disappearance on a flight across the English Channel, Glenn Miller made some superior recordings in London with an orchestra of some of the greatest instrumentalists of America, all in the service, including twenty strings; the band had Dinah Shore and John Desmond as soloists. These records have not been made available, although a proposal to sell them for an Anglo-American war charity has been made. In memory of a man whose name meant music to millions in the services, these records should be released.

Big Time

Eddie Condon (Decca)	For several years, Eddie Condon has been a stormy character in New York jazz; good press-agentry and management have backed up his galvanic energy; he has played jazz in night clubs, on the air, at Carnegie Hall, in television. Until now, he has been recorded chiefly by smaller companies. Now Decca announces *When Your Lover Has Gone* and *Wherever There's Love*, the first with three trumpets, Jack Teagarden's trombone and Ernie Caceres' baritone sax, among others; the second has Lee Wiley to sing.

Favorites

R-m and C-C	New recordings of this little gem are still coming, and the song gets a quick brushoff on radio networks, being unwilling to give free advertising. Recommended is the recording by Lilyann Carol with Louis Prima's Orchestra, for *Hit*.
Hit Parade (Sonora—Warnow)	Warnow's radio program is marked by attention to melody and playing the most popular tunes. The present recordings use Jerry Wayne, baritone, and Vera Barton, soprano, both night-club stars. Warnow's part is therefore secondary a lot of the time.

Objection Recorded

Tchaikovsky-Pathétique (Columbia—Rodzinski-N. Y. Philharmonic) *Beethoven-Seventh* (Columbia—Ormandy-Philadelphia)	These are the first fruits, in the classic line, of the great peace with Petrillo; and critics have objected because they are "standard" jobs as to choice of subject and execution. The fact that the first recordings are not exciting ought not to excite anyone. These were ready—in stock, so to speak.

On the Piano

Mary Lou Williams Trio James P. Johnson & Band Art Tatum Trio (Asch)	These three wonderful albums are examples of extraordinary piano playing by Negroes. The piano is, in nearly every case, used with other instruments (trumpet and bass for Miss Williams, guitar and bass for Tatum, a band for Johnson except in Joplin's *Euphonic Sounds*). The delicacy of these three players of the piano is the connecting link. Asch, again, shows judgment and enterprise.
The Three Caballeros (Decca—Disney) *Tico Tico* (Columbia—Cugat)	The picture hasn't been widely hailed; but the music is enchanting, if not new. *Os Quindin de Yayá* is amusing and well sung. Cugat *Tico Tico* suffers from an attempt to do the patter in English, at Cugat tempo.

Some Singles

Right as the Rain (Brito) *This Heart of Mine* (Musicraft—Maxine Sullivan)	The song from Bloomer Girl has Maxine Sullivan's special quirk, an almost imperceptible change of tempo. Her other song is *Every Time We Say Goodbye*, to which she adds something it needs. Teddy Wilson's Quintet plays behind Miss Sullivan—a newcomer to Musicraft.
Red Bank Boogie (Basie) *Fiesta in Blue* (Columbia—Goodman) *Round Midnight* (Hit—Cootie Williams)	Cootie Williams' trumpet is heard on the Goodman record—and shows off even better on his own recording. The Basie isn't remarkable for him—it's basic Basie.

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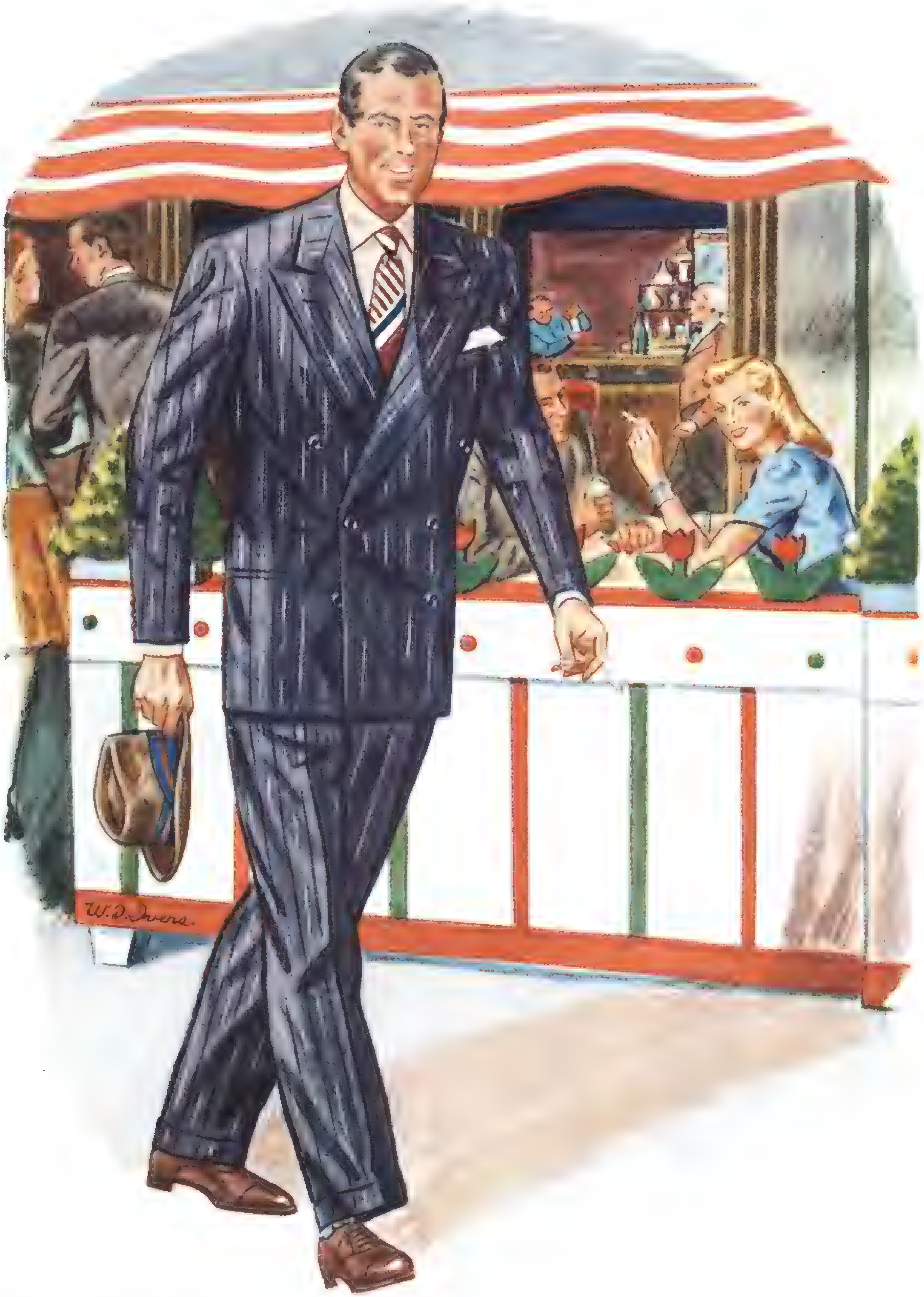


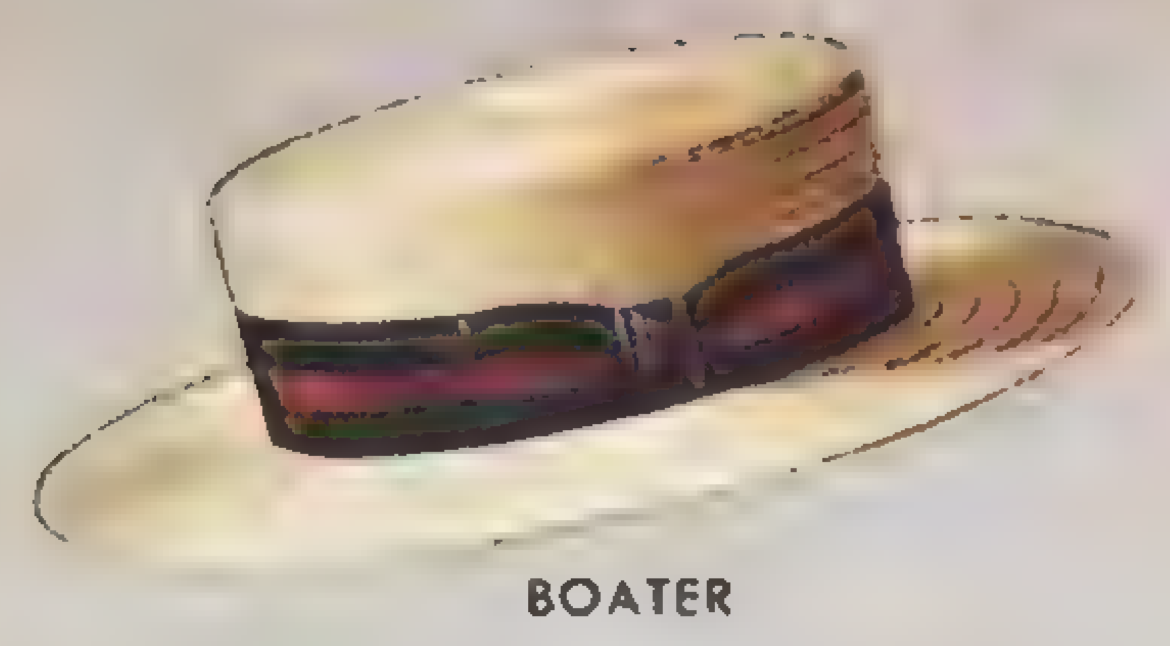
hot weather suggestions

Next to the chef's salad on a hot day, much of the pleasure of having lunch at a sidewalk cafe is watching the ever-changing street scene. It is almost a show. You may see two cab drivers having an altercation, a prize-winning dog at the end of a leash, a Power's model and the whole parade of changing characters. The pedestrian who comes into focus in this illustration follows other hot weather suggestions. His suit of Arctic Blue, a cool tone marked with alternating light and darker stripes, is of a thin blend of cotton, mohair and rayon. The buttons of the double-breasted jacket are set low for heightening effect and low opening in front. His shirt of batiste madras is of the lighter fabric, and the tone of a soft grey combines with the suit and provides an appropriate background for the printed rayon tie showing Right Angle Stripes. His mesh panama hat is a buff shade, shoes lightweight, socks lisle.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

DOBBS

What is this look—this cool, poised air that a Dobbs Straw or Panaire* has that is so right with summer gabardines or flannels? It's the Dobbs touch in knowing how men want to look and feel when temperatures soar! Illustrated below is a brand new version of the Dobbs Famous Orange Blossom. No other straw has quite the style of this distinguished, open-weave Panaire... with its distinctive taper to crater crown ...its dashing Planters line. **$7.50 to $25.**



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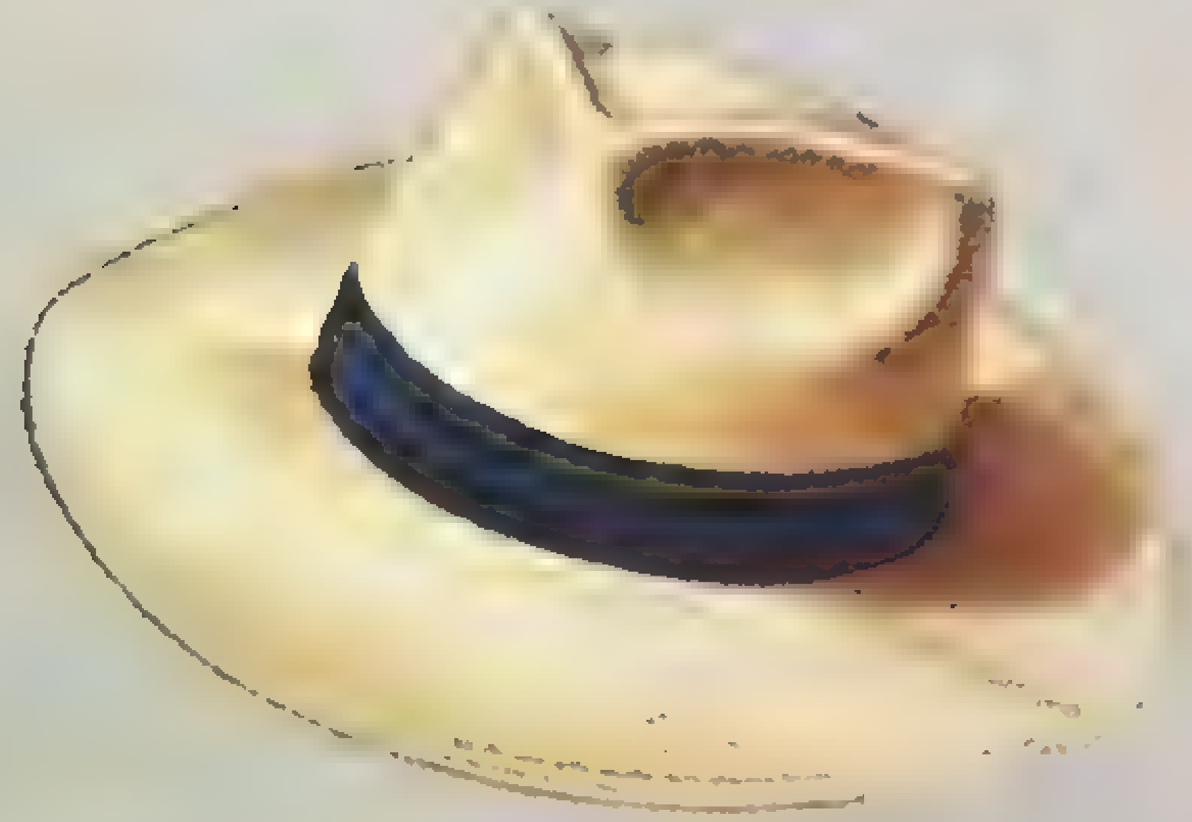
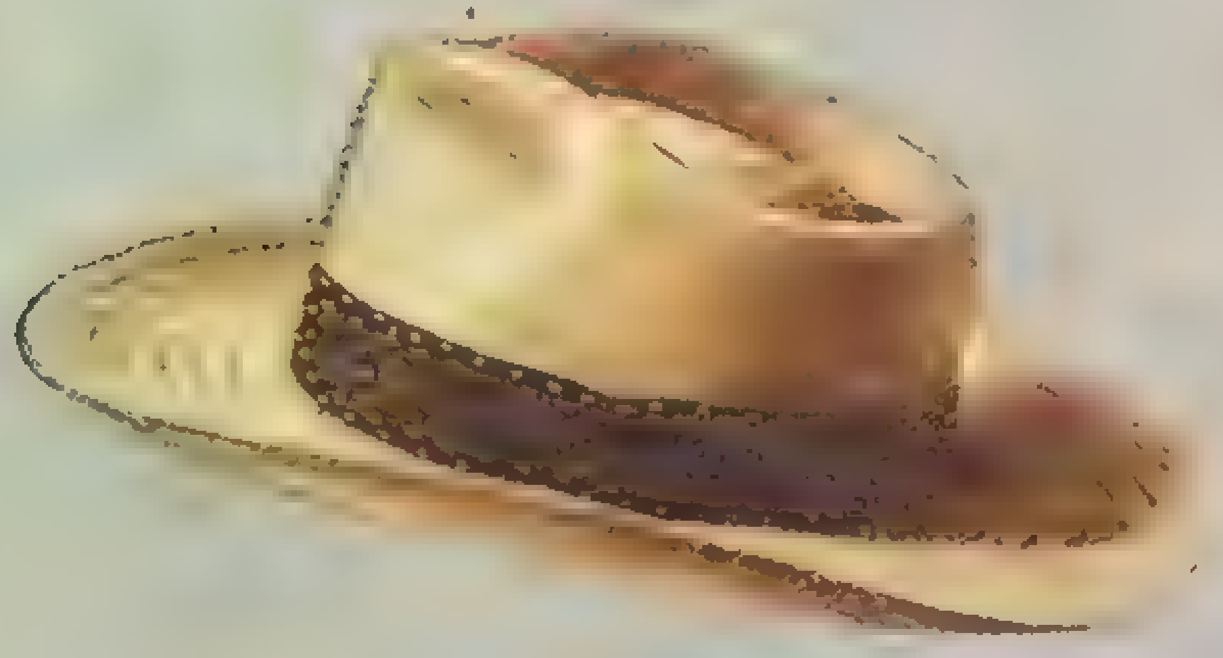
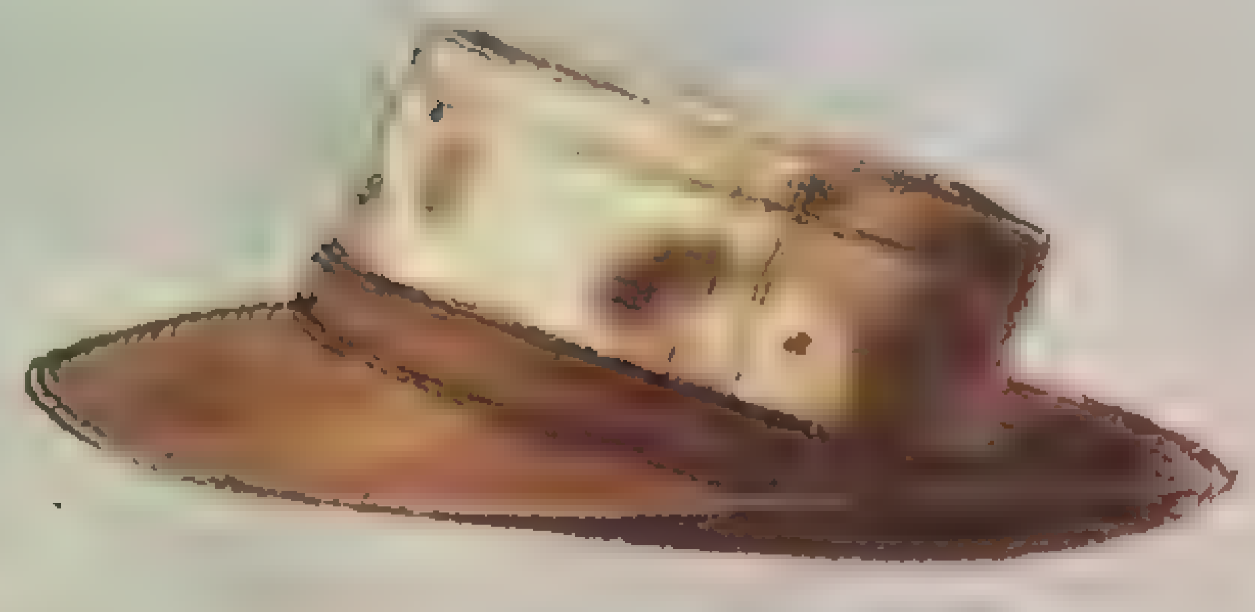
Classic favorite for town wear. $5
Distinctive braid, smart club band.



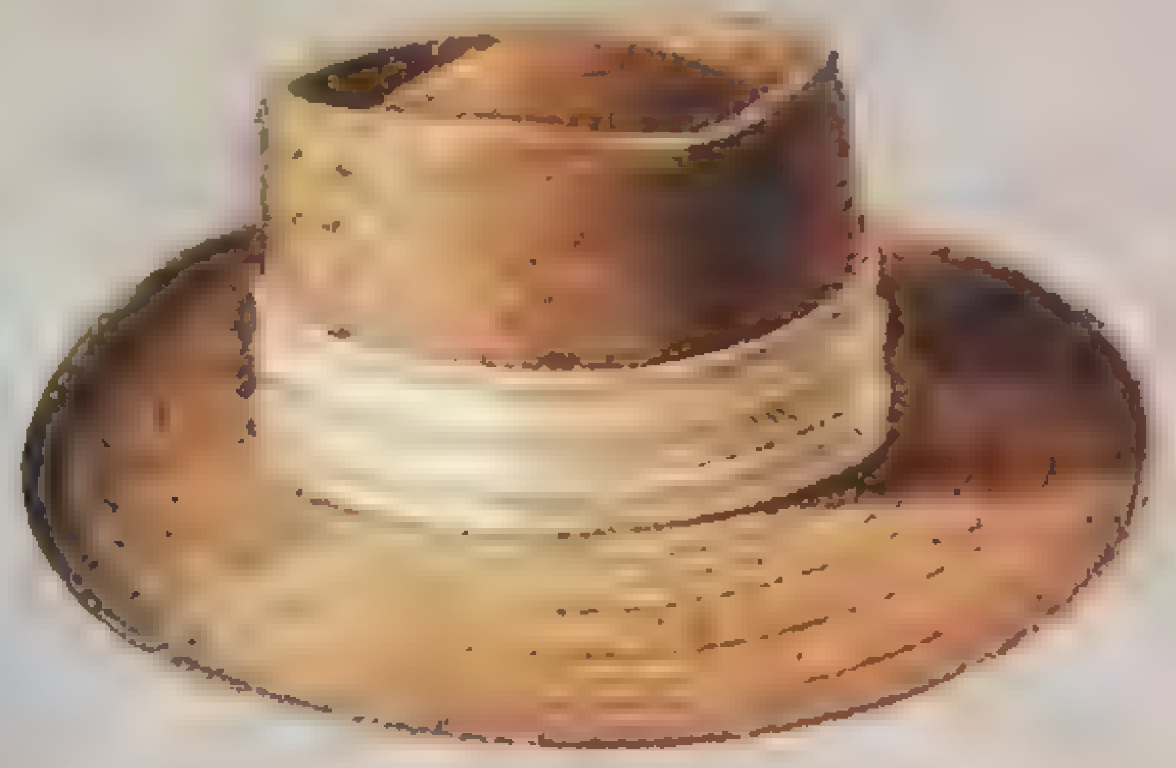
LINCOLN ROAD
Trim, casual open-weave Panaire*
$7.50 to $25.



MONTEREY
Wide El Rancho type brim.
Rich natural braid. $4.



ROAMER
Jaunty porkpie in Dobbs Twillmix. $5,
or in colorful Poplin. $3.50.



NASSAU CLUB
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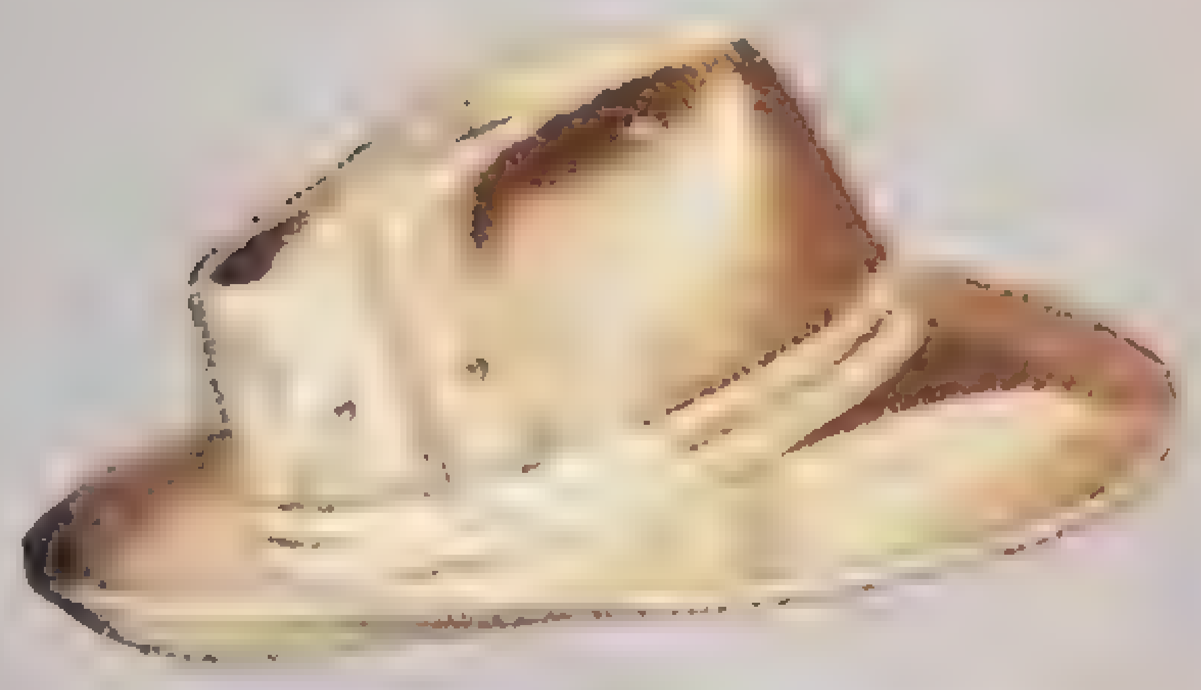

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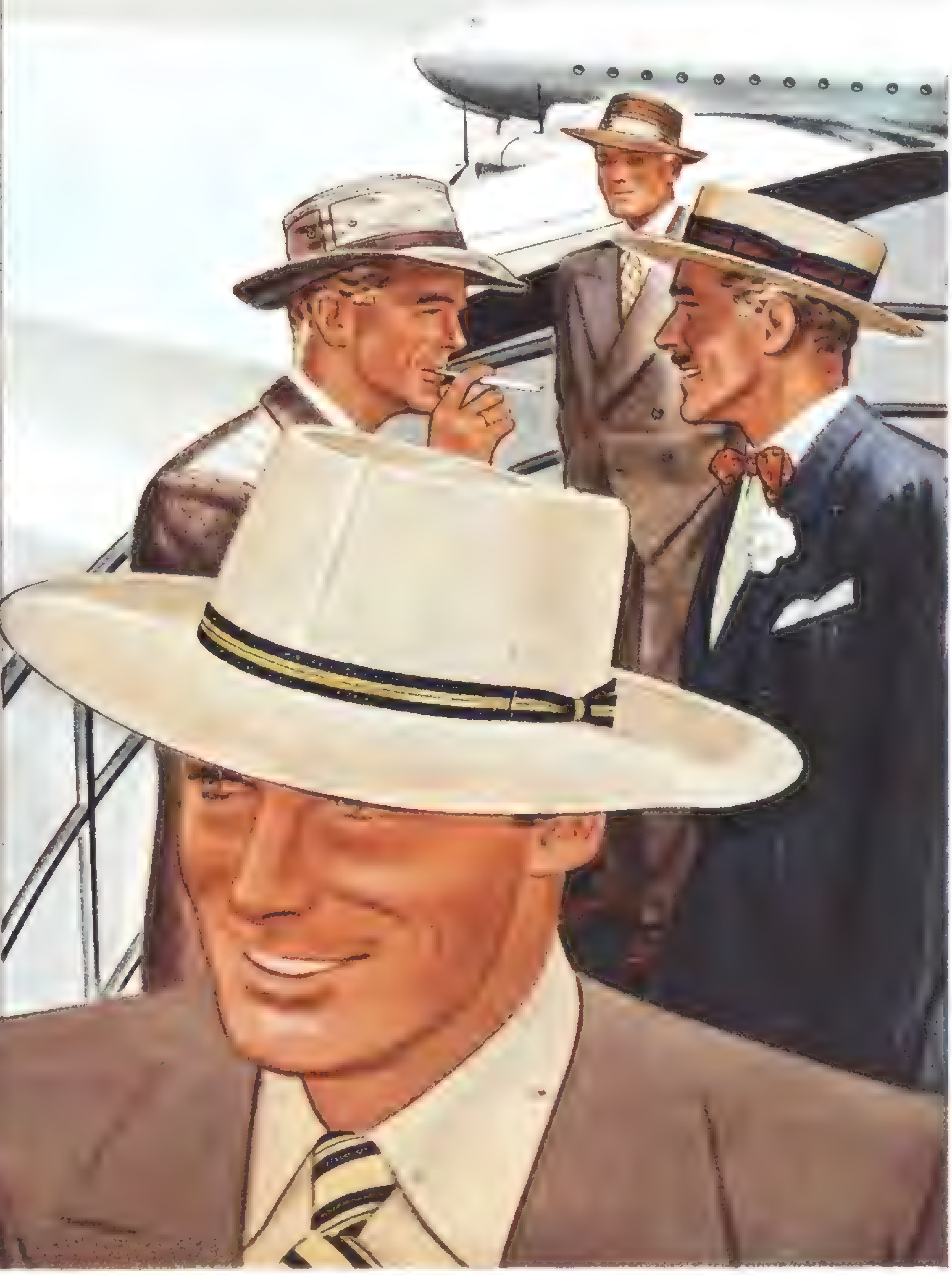

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The Prison Camp of Motu-Uta

Continued from page 37

can manage to escape to is Tahiti.

At first all the prisoners—the Germans, the Italian dentist, the Vichyites—were moved en masse to Motu-Uta. Small native houses were built for them. All this seemed to be the perfect answer to the housing problem. But a new situation developed—the sort the French describe as "formidable." The Vichyites started to fight each other. It is a well-known fact that a Frenchman with political convictions likes to swing his arms. Throw a group of such Frenchmen together on a tiny island and they will proceed to slap each other into the sea.

So the Vichyites were packed into a boat and sent off to another island called Moorea. Those Vichyites are still in Moorea. It is an island about 50 square miles in area, so that the boys have a chance to throw their weight around. The Germans and the Italians are still on Motu-Uta.

Since December, 1941, the captives on Motu-Uta have had additions to their little family. In that fateful month and year the French picked up a few Japs who were working in a phosphate mine on an island called Makatea. The Japs were placed on Motu-Uta.

Life on Motu-Uta is a peculiar thing these days. The prisoners, of course, are cliquish. There are five Germans; they stick together. The one Italian, the dentist, sticks to himself. The Japs live in a world of their own, although one of them does the cooking for Prince Karl. Three times a day a cutter puts out from the naval barracks, which is not a quarter of a mile away on the Papeete shore, with food and drink for the prisoners. It is exactly the same bill of fare offered to the sailors in the barracks. For a long time the prisoners were forbidden to have any sort of light in the evenings, but lately they have been given kerosene lamps. All the prisoners rise early and work until the last drop of the sunset, which invariably enkindles the Tahitian sky with a veritable riot of color and disappears.

What do they work at? It took the various prisoners a little while to discover the most efficacious methods of passing the time. One of the Japs never tried to acclimatize himself; he simply sat around and sulked. It was decided by the French authorities that it would be in the best interests of the little community to get rid of all manic-depressives. The Jap was brought to Papeete. He is now working in the Bureau of Public Works for 35 francs, or 70 cents, a day. He is happy. One of the Germans started to raise rabbits. He started with two of them. When he discovered that he had 150 of them on his hands, he knew Motu-Uta would never be big enough for both prisoners and rabbits. He stopped raising rabbits. One Jap quickly worked up a little business of his own. He was given discarded oil drums by the French navy and he started making pots and pans and Chinese kettles from this waste metal. They are fine pots and pans. They sell like hotcakes in Papeete. Another Jap spends his time making fishing nets.

Tahiti has become the great souvenir and curio center of the Pacific. The demand for its mother-of-pearl products is enormous. In the outlying districts of Tahiti, hundreds of natives work all day at lathes and grinding stones, polishing the mother-of-pearl and then carving it into all sorts of useful and useless objects. These are sold mainly to the men of the United States armed forces at a profit that would gives Chester Bowles convulsions; Tahiti has gone mother-of-pearl crazy, and men, women and children all chip away at the brittle stuff. Everybody's doing it. Even the prisoners on Motu-Uta.

Wolff, the painter, was not allowed to have any paints or canvas on the island, so he turned to the making of mother-of-pearl curios. Prince Karl, all his life a man of leisure, turned to mother-of-pearl to keep himself from going crazy from too much leisure. These two men turn out the finest mother-of-pearl work to be found in the Pacific today. Most of the Tahitian stuff is cheap and makeshift—the old traditional workmanship has practically disappeared. But the painter and the prince maintain the high level of art. They have no electrical machinery on the island, so that all of their work is done by hand. The average Tahitian mother-of-pearl bracelet sells for anywhere from three to ten dollars. A bracelet by Prince Karl sells for fifty dollars. It is well worth it.

The German Red Cross supplies the German prisoners with all the usual German supplies—vitamins, pills, biscuits, ersatz candy, ersatz cigarettes. Their remaining friends on the island of Tahiti send them magazines and clothing, and occasionally visitors are allowed to go out to the island to see them. When one of the prisoners gets sick he is taken into Papeete, under guard, to see the doctor. At such times he is even allowed to visit his friends—discreetly.

Motu-Uta has its inconveniences—and its advantages. It is probably the best place in the world to be incarcerated, as my French friend put it, if incarcerated you must be. Of course, some unregenerates on Tahiti keep asking why the present inhabitants of Motu-Uta had to be gyved and jugged in the first place. That is the sort of question that goes unanswered in laughter-loving Tahiti, the veritable land of dreams. It is the sort of question that doesn't deserve an answer. Anybody who asks it just doesn't understand the true spirit of the French Colonial Empire. #

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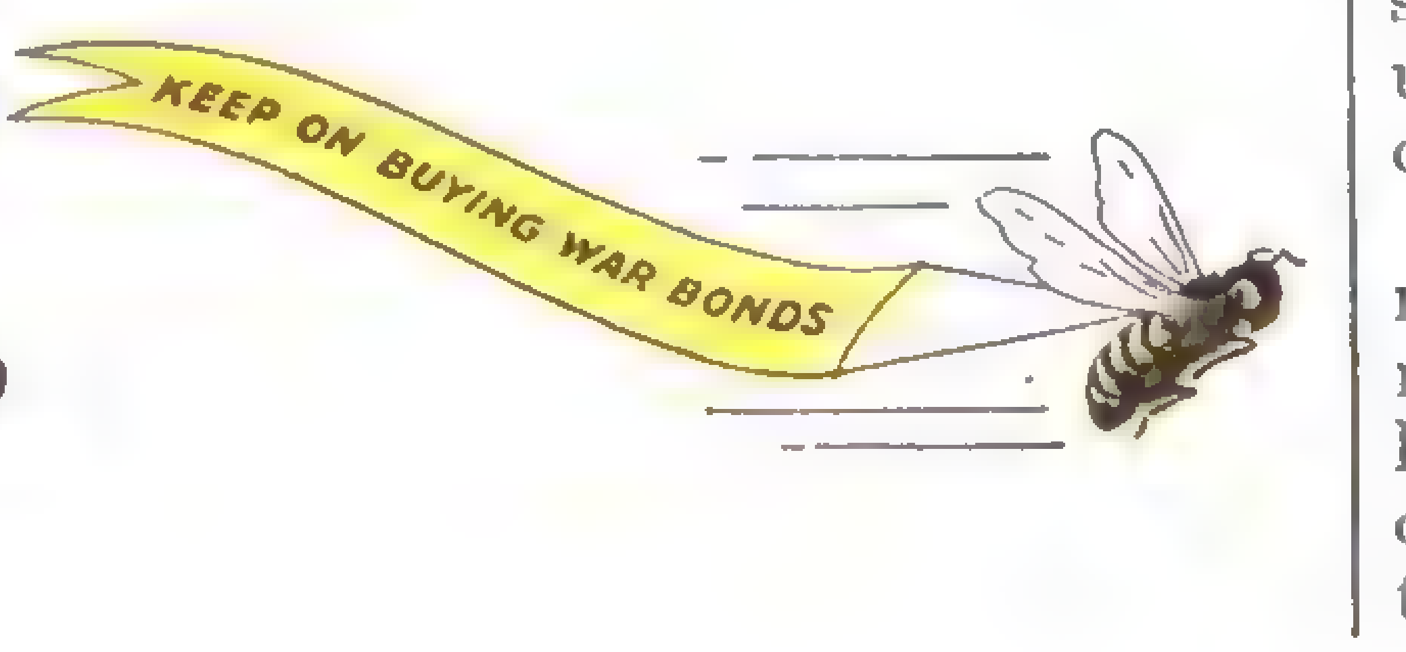
KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

The Doctor Was Doubtful

Continued from top of page 79

his middle. Cleary sensed that everyone was looking at him, waiting.

He had a quick vision of Moroni as he adjusted the slit over the spot where he was to make the incision. If he didn't show up now it would be too late. He glanced at the clock—1:05—and extended his hand for the scalpel. The nurse thumped it squarely into his palm and he poised it above the dark yellow patch of skin exposed by the slit of the sheet. God, I shouldn't be doing this, he thought, but the instant he felt the pull of parting flesh under the knife, his mind cleared and was completely taken over by the things that lay ahead. Outside the night pressed darkly against the closed window.

The incision was clean and straight and long. Cleary handed back the unsterile scalpel and felt the sterile one plunk into his hand. The nurse knew her business and was a move ahead of him throughout the operation. Jones worked swiftly, clamping off the blood vessels. The peritoneum gave easily—too easily. Cleary knew he'd have trouble sewing it up.

As soon as the intestines were visible Cleary noticed that they were swollen. Obstruction some place, but appendix first. He stuck his hand in at the lower end of the incision, feeling for the appendix. Suddenly there it was under his fingers and no mistake. From the nurse came the scissors and he clipped it off neatly and held it up before the intern.

"I'm right so far," he said. "Bad one, eh?"

The anesthetist heaved a sigh and checked the flow of gases, and the intern looked at Cleary with a face that said, "Okay. You're right so far. . . . But what next?"

Cleary had forgotten about Jones and their psychological deadlock. He was interested only in the upper intestine and kept drawing it out of the abdominal cavity. The intern covered the exposed tubing with wet warm pads while Cleary ran his eyes and fingers over the labyrinth, seeking the spot where the swelling stopped and the normal size began.

To everyone but Cleary the search was dull surgery, a necessary but tiresome waiting period until he located the cause of the obstruction.

For Cleary there was pleasure now in just being in the bright room, having a life underneath his hands and seeing the heave of the man's chest and hearing the loud, short gasps of the breath it was in his power to keep going. Here was danger to make the thrill real. The intern across the table, the nurses circulating behind him, and the anesthetist sitting poker-faced by the gas cylinders — these were a dozen years away and he would have to go back and be a student again to be aware of them. Now they were far away and dreamlike and there was a sharp satisfaction in tracing the convolutions of the gut with your fingers and sliding them across the various parts of the viscera, knowing what each one was, its functions, where it belonged, what it should look like; there was a kind of joy in this knowledge in action, a feeling that comes to men who have experienced responsibility many times and have grown to like it.

Animal patterns decorate printed wool challis braces.

"Adherent here," said Cleary, and there was excitement in the room again for everybody. The adhesions were high up near the liver where the growths had choked off the intestine in two or three places.

One of the nurses daubed his brow and he bent over, squinting past the globules of fat to the point where he would cut. A doctor needs many skills and none is more essential than the ability to be delicate and tough at the same time. It takes brute finger strength to guide a blade through tissue that sometimes grows as rubbery and unyielding as the gristle on a sirloin steak, yet the slicing must be controlled so as not to disturb a stationary piece of anatomy with the yanking, or puncture a healthy part with a wild knife.

Dodre's adhesions were extraordinarily tough and so situated that Cleary was working in the dark under the shelf of the incision. Even the anesthetist, bored observer of hundreds of operations, leaned forward to watch. Cleary spent a full five minutes hacking away, holding his breath and letting it out suddenly in a kind of snort. Finally the last stoppage was cut through and you could see the whole length of intestine shrink to its normal size.

There appeared to be nothing left to do except sew him up. Cleary bent down once more, fingering gently around the upper part of the opening. The intern was replacing the intestines when Cleary gasped.

"Feel that gall bladder. A real sweet potato."

Jones put his fingers in and straightened up. Even through the gauze mask his face wore an expression of despair. A minute ago Dodre had a chance, but now,

Continued on page 130

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The Doctor Was Doubtful

Continued from pages 79-128

with respiration low and pulse feeble and this infected gall bladder to be taken care of, everything began to grow stale. Had Dodre been conscious then and looked out the window into the muggy night, he could have seen what he thought he saw downstairs; it was trying to get in through the closed windows.

Cleary called for suction and the nurse handed him a pointed metal tube fitted with a rubber hose that was attached to a small pump. Gingerly, he prodded the swollen gall bladder and soon there was a sucking, gurgling sound as the pump drew away the foreign matter. Once or twice the hose clogged and the minutes wasted getting it clear again seemed like hours. Then, as Cleary was taking the instrument away, the lower end of the gall bladder tore apart and all the bad luck on earth seemed to crowd into the room. Jones was almost desperate with impatience. He was now with Cleary in mind and movement, nearer than he had ever been before, and this last minute rending of the infected tissue was, to him, intolerable.

But Cleary was already cutting off almost all the lower half of the gall bladder and calling for needle and thread. Time was his enemy now. He had to put a rubber drain in the hollow stump of the half gall bladder, close the opening with a purse-string suture, sew up the abdominal wall and the skin, and get Dodre out of there quick before that slow, low breathing stopped. Jones looked on with admiration as Cleary worked like lightning deep in the abdominal cavity, with blood and fingers obscuring his view. The purse-string pulled shut, Cleary started to sew up the peritoneum. As anticipated, it gave him trouble and he had to work delicately to bring the thin tissue together, edge to edge, and leave allowance for the pressure changes on the stitches that would come during digestion. It was ticklish business, working with gloves and slippery fingers, to get all the layers together without stretching any of the tissue, and when the half-moon needle had punctured the skin for the final stitch, Cleary was pleased with his own handiwork. He put a bandage over the incision and stepped back as the nurses lifted Dodre to the cart and wrapped him with blankets. He checked the pulse with his fingers. Very low now, but regular, and he knew that with careful watching Dodre would come through all right. It was 3:45. He looked at Jones.

"Well, he just about threw us the book, eh?"

Jones nodded and removed his cap and mask.

"That was a fine piece of work, Dr. Cleary, I think I learned a lot tonight."

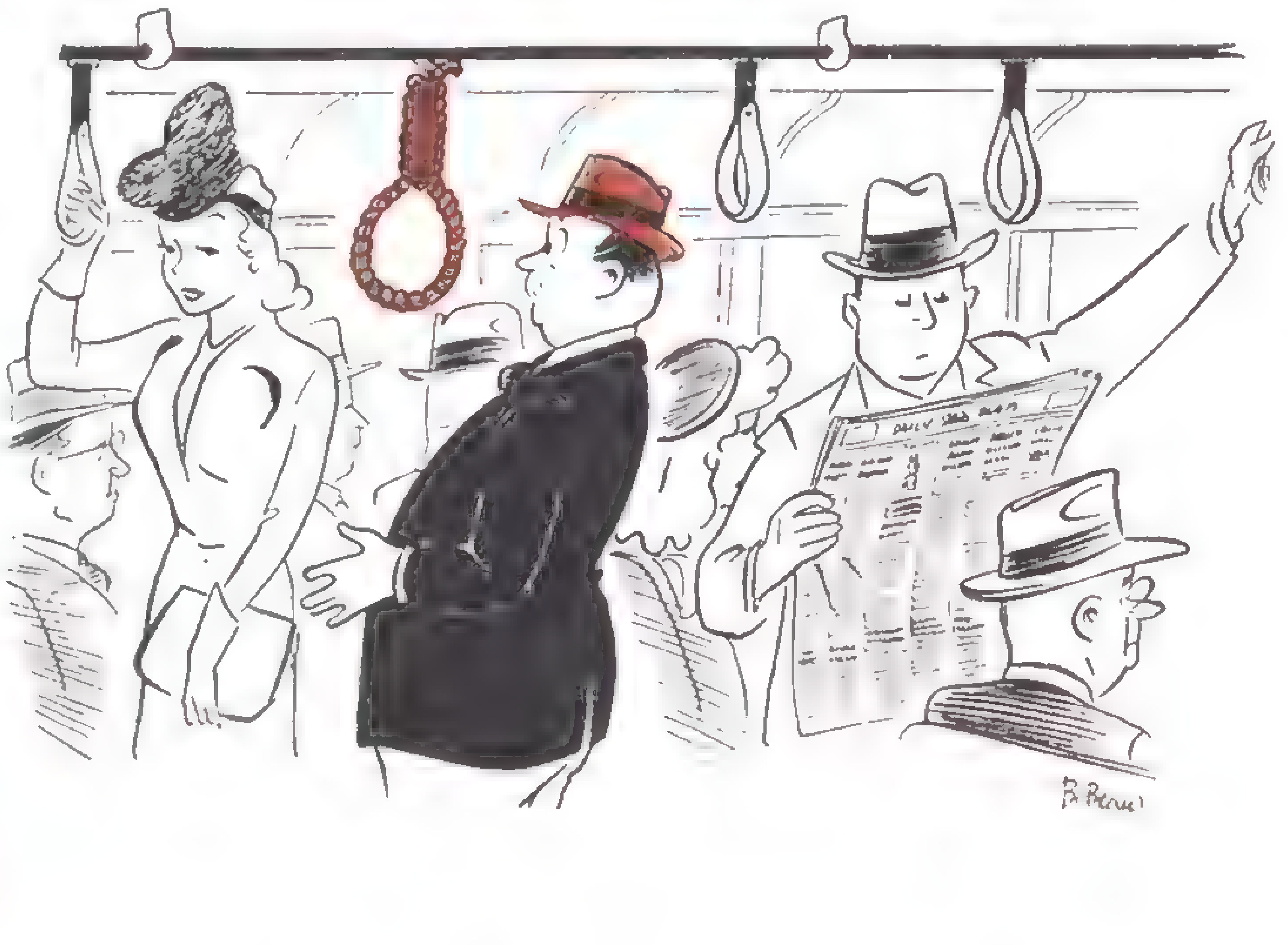
Cleary smiled and on his way to the change room he patted Jones on the shoulder and said good night. Out in the hall, the figure of a woman stepped forward as he came through the door. It was Dodre's daughter, her eyes red from crying and a white handkerchief crumpled in her hand.

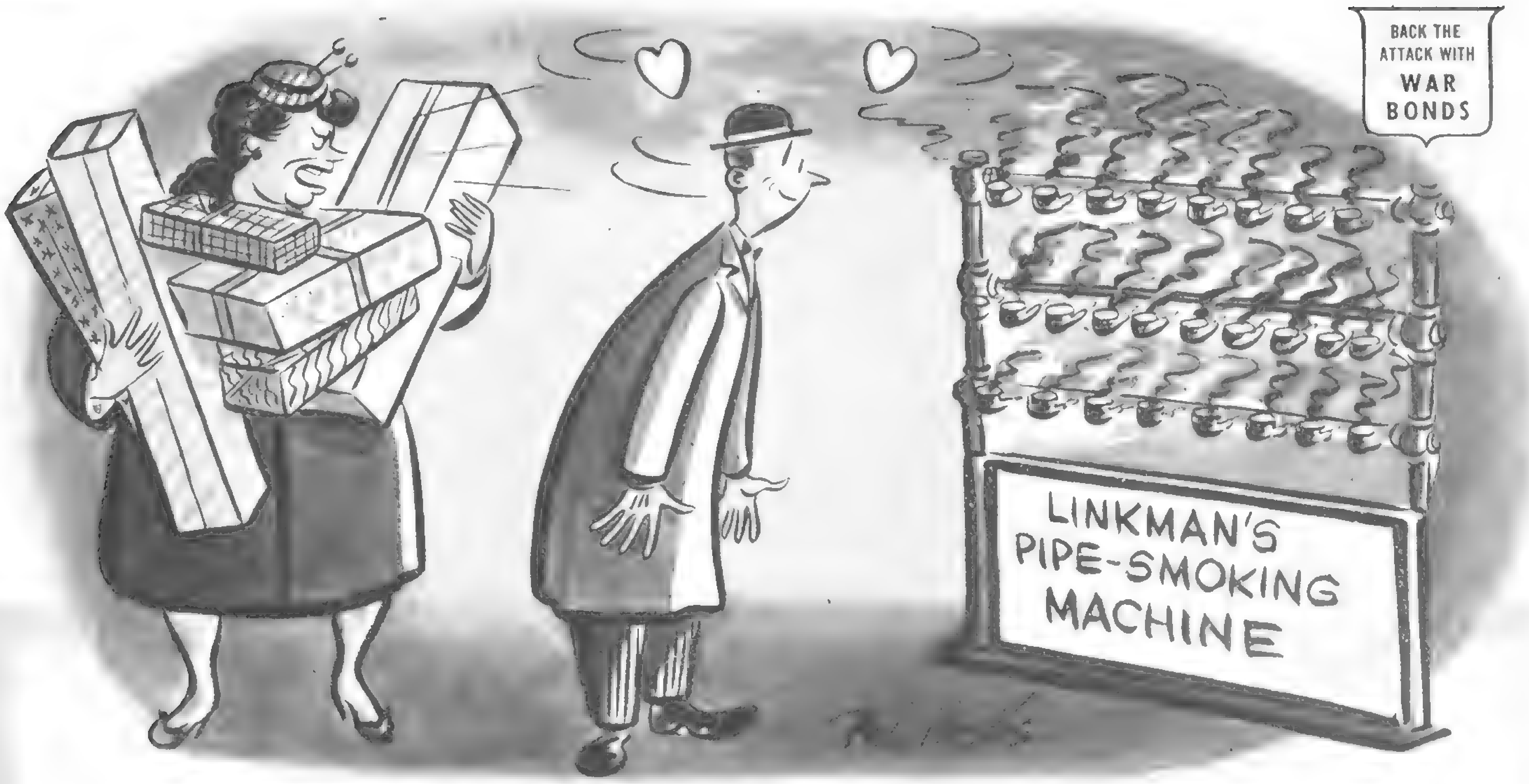
"He'll be pretty sick for a few days, but he'll be all right," said Cleary.

She thanked him and hurried down the hall to the elevator. Her father had already been taken down to his room.

It wasn't until he'd had a shower and was almost dressed that he realized how tired he was. He felt drenched with fatigue. Maybe in a few weeks, if he could get someone to help out while he was gone, he could get away for a real rest and some fishing. He thought of all the brooks and lakes he had fished and remembered how long he had to wait sometimes for a strike, then the brief, furious pleasure of landing a big one or the bitter emptiness of losing him. It wasn't so much different being a doctor, he guessed, except the stakes were higher.

Something was still on his mind. He stood in the center of the room fully dressed, trying to remember what it was. Then, remembering, he stepped to the phone and dialed Moroni's number. He'd be glad to tell the maid that she needn't wait up any longer, that the doctor wasn't needed. ⌗

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If There Is Another Time

Continued from top of page 43

R.A.F. kids at our base now, and they can't be more than—" He was suddenly conscious that someone else was watching him, and glanced up to find the barman waiting patiently. He realized that the man had probably been standing there ever since he sat down.

"Oh," he said explosively. "Oh—sorry." He turned to Patricia. "What'll you have?"

"Another cognac, please," she answered.

Car told the barman to bring the bottle, and for the next few minutes they were silent. He was hoping desperately that they would have no trouble resuming the conversation. They had gone along so well he was half afraid it wasn't true. It was all so far from everything he had ever known, and yet so close. It seemed to him, as he sat looking at her, that he had never felt more at ease, more relaxed and settled and contented. It reminded him of times he had known with Ellen, and at the same time he knew it didn't. This was far removed from everything he had ever known, because nothing was lacking; everything was tinged with a new charm and sincerity which he had never imagined possible.

She broke the silence, to his gratification. "You didn't seem to care what you ordered," she said.

His self-conscious grin appeared again. "Well, I've been at it since I got in, day before yesterday. Until then I'd been on the wagon for two months. I was due."

She was plainly perplexed. "You were on the wagon? Does that mean you were flying? Do you call the plane a wagon?"

Car laughed happily. An exciting tremor of anticipation coursed through him; it seemed to him that having an opportunity to explain something, even something so trivial, to this girl, was one of the high points of his life. "Well, no. On the wagon is what you say when you're not drinkin'. I think it's an English expression—or was an English expression originally."

"I've never heard it—"

"It really means on the water wagon. You go on the water wagon when you don't drink anything stronger than water. But—this is funny—as a matter of fact, we call the ship The Milk Wagon. There was one flight we used to make everyday at the same time, over and over, until it got to be routine, like delivering milk. Never any opposition except a few stray fighters or patrols. The guys started callin' the flight the Milk Run, and we named the ship The Milk Wagon. One of the guys painted the name on the side and we christened her with a milk bottle. Good ship."

"How long have you been flying, Car?"

"A little more than a year. I was lucky—I came over fast. Wait—I don't mean I've been here a year. Only a couple of months."

"How do you mean, lucky?"

"I came over right after I graduated, almost."

"Do you call risking your life everyday lucky?"

He looked at her a second before he spoke. "I never thought of it that way. It depends, though—well, everything depends. I wanted action and I got it fast. I was scared as hell and I still get scared. Hell, everybody does. Sometimes I think it would've been better to have pulled a job as an instructor back in the States. I get to thinkin' about back there, the things that used to happen, the people I used to know, and I get homesick as hell sometimes—" He stopped and looked down at the table. He picked up his cigarettes, offered her one, and when she refused, took one himself, lighted it, and grinned a bit sheepishly. "I never told anybody I was homesick 'til now."

"Car," she said. "Car, is there a girl at home?" He heard her say his name with a thrill, as though he had never heard anyone say it before. He liked hearing her voice linger over the short sound.

He took a deep breath, knowing that he was going to say something terribly important, almost dramatic, and afraid it would sound mannered. Then, in a second he told her. "No. There's no girl at home. There was a gal I went with before I joined the air cadets, but she was in love with everybody, I guess. I was just another guy, to her. If there is a girl, she's here." He stopped suddenly.

"Here, in London? Where is she now?"

He looked at her, and drew nervously on his cigarette. "Yes, right here in London. Right here at this table—Patricia."

She gave a little laugh, but it was not dismissal. She said, "I told you you're all alike." But she seemed to be looking at him in a way he couldn't understand, and he knew that what he had said was all right and that she knew he had not said it without having some reason for the statement. His original excitement was growing and growing.

"Maybe I'm drunk," he said, "but I don't think so. It's funny. Do I look plastered?"

The long hair glinted with reflected light-points as she shook her head, and impulsively he reached across and pulled it. It was then that the barman brought their cognac and it seemed to Car that it was just his luck to have the man catch him in what must have looked like a ridiculously boyish gesture. Yet, to his surprise, he was embarrassed not for himself, but for the girl. If the barman saw, his expression didn't change. He set two tiny glasses

Continued on page 134

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If There Is Another Time

Continued from pages 43-132

before them, then the bottle, and asked if they wished him to pour. Car shook his head and the barman went away. He took the bottle in his hands, hoping he wouldn't spill any on the cloth; he poured exceedingly carefully, filling each glass without losing a drop.

"That proves it. I'm not plastered." He raised his glass slightly. "To the girl here." He never stopped to think that he had never done anything like that before. It was the only thing to do with her, and it went off as though he had been doing it for years. She looked over her glass at him with a smile he now knew well, and again he had the everything-right-here feeling.

"More?" Car asked, after a moment.

She waved her hand negatively. "Thank you, no. Not immediately. Car, you haven't told me what you think of London."

He was thinking swiftly: she had not resisted when he playfully pulled her hair. Anxiously: perhaps she was too much of a lady to object if it annoyed her. His thoughts were going a hundred miles a second.

"Car," she said, her voice rising. "Do you always wander away like that?"

"I'm sorry, Pat—hey, is it all right if I call you Pat?"

"No, of course not."

"What did you say?"

"You seemed to be thinking so deeply. Heavens, you looked so severe!"

"No. I was just thinkin'. Nothin' important, I guess." He crushed out his cigarette and immediately lighted another, forgetting to offer her one. "What did you ask?"

"I said that you haven't told me what you think of London," she repeated.

"Oh. Oh, London's terrific. The bars are good, after you get used to them—I never drank warm beer much back home, though. Only when there wasn't ice. I like the way—well, the way everything looks old. It's tough to think of all the new buildings that'll have to come after the war. My only objection is that there's no jazz in the whole town. Dance music, yes, sure, but no jazz. Maybe you never heard real jazz, Pat, the kind the old boys like Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russell play. I'll tell you about it sometime." He paused. "Maybe we can find some records somewhere and—"

The crushing significance hit him, and he awoke. For a minute or two he looked at her appealingly, knowing she was hearing the same dismal note. It was an exhilarating knowledge, finding that her mind was running along with his, but the smashing reality and impossibility took the rocketing away.

"If there is another time," he said, dully. Her eyes told him to go on, and he saw in them the fear he felt so quickly.

"Pat," he said, whispering it. "Pat, it's been just a little while, but—hell, I don't know how to say it. Since I've been here with you I haven't been in London. Or any other strange place. I don't know this pub is called *The Devil's Elbow*, or whatever the hell its name is. The war's gone, the Milk Run—"

He stopped, looking at her incredulously. "I'm talking like a dope, I guess. Look—I've forgotten almost everything. Everything. Nobody else ever made me do that. I guess maybe I never knew I wanted to, now that I think of it. But you affect me—well, I'll tell you how it is. Right now, remembering where the hell I am and talkin' about it, I realize I'll have to leave for the base in an hour and a half—I don't give a damn, Pat." Her name was beautiful in his mouth. He reached across and took her hand.

She said nothing, but her eyes found his in a way that made everything strike him at once, and he knew what had happened. It was a vague, wild idea at first, but even as he denied it, it seemed to enlarge and grow stronger, and in a few seconds it was a truth which he knew had been there from the first, a truth and an impatience and a desperate feeling. The war was away, and now it came back with all its hideous ramifications, but it could not drive out the new feeling.

His hold on her hand tightened gently. "Pat," he said. "Pat, let's walk until it's time for my train—must you go anywhere or do anything? Do you like to walk? We'll stay near the station in case there's a raid, or whatever you say—" He was talking swiftly and as he spoke he was afraid that she would think he was proposing something wrong. "Please," he said urgently.

She looked at him steadily, tenderly. "I want to, very much, Car," she said, softly.

He picked up his hat and coat and paid the barman, then put down his coat to help her into hers; he was still clumsily unable to do anything properly, for the excitement had returned stronger than before. She buttoned her coat and smiled at him, and an indomitable exuberance soared and enveloped him as they went out hand in hand into the blacked-out street . . .

* * *

It was the beginning, the first time, and it was relived again and again in their letters. The war went on, the flights shuttled across the channel to the continent and back, and she lived each day for the time of which he had spoken, the time when he would return. Then, one day, more planes than ever flew across to Germany, in the greatest raid of the war. After that there were no more letters. There never was another time. ⧺

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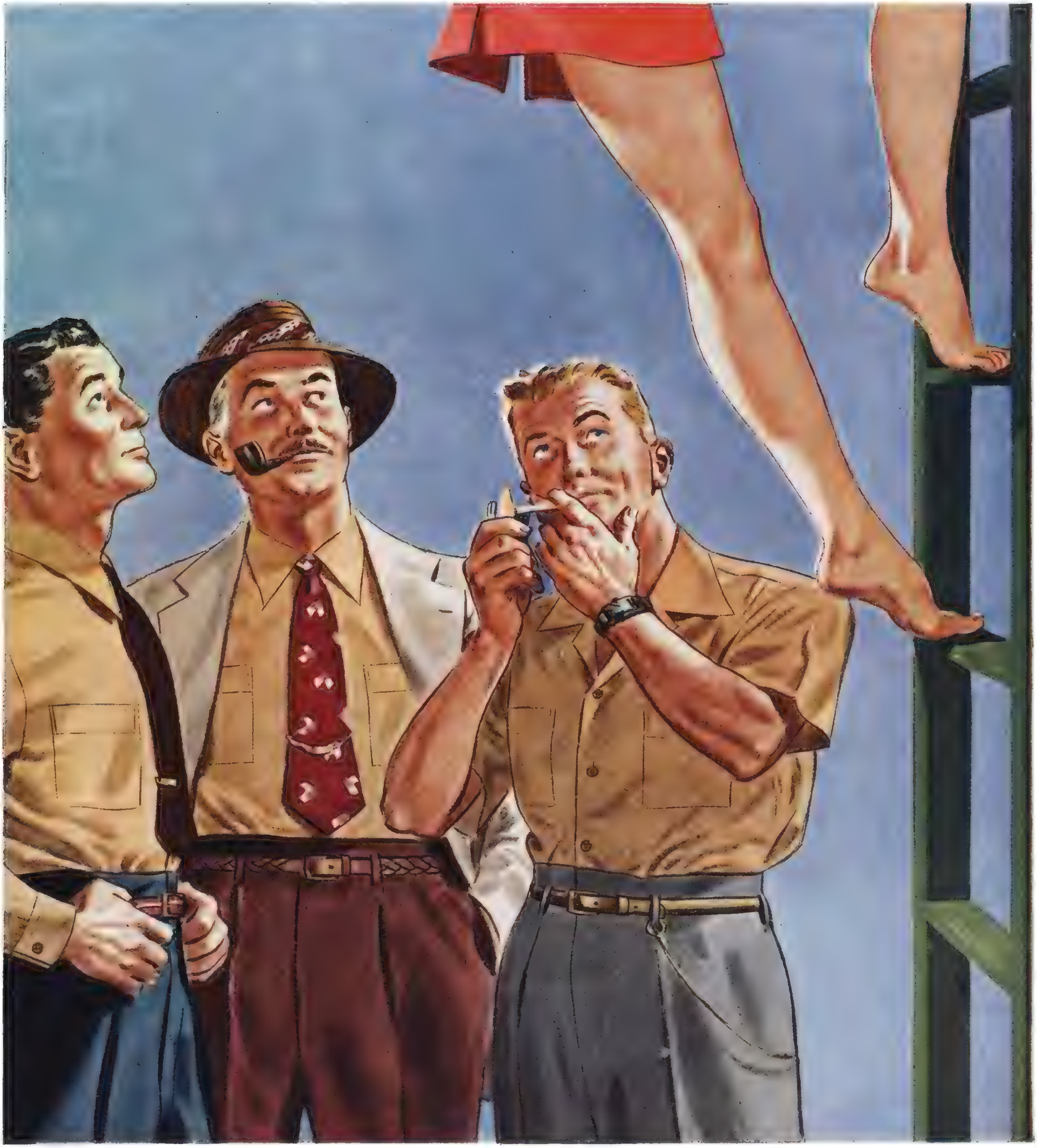

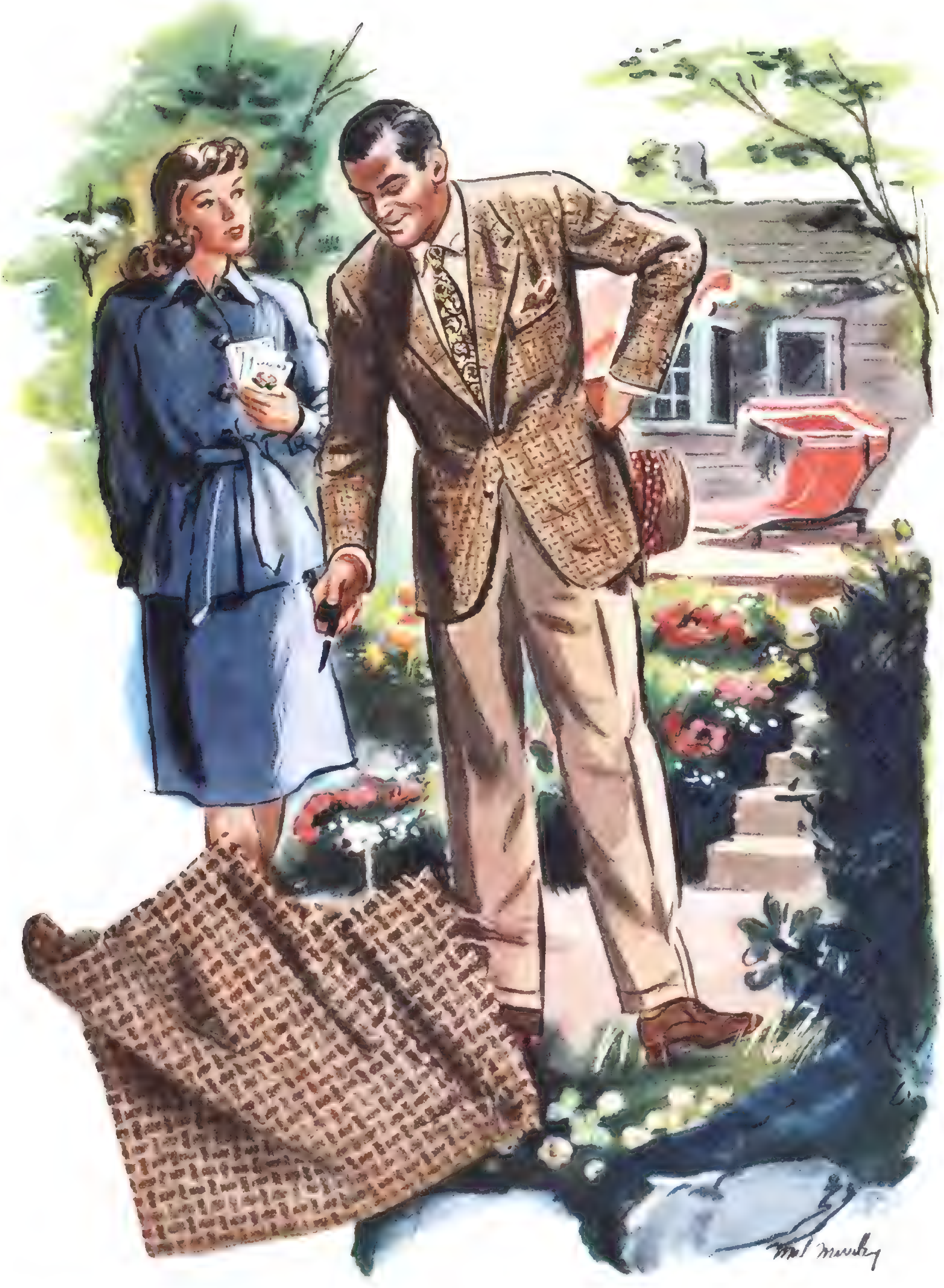

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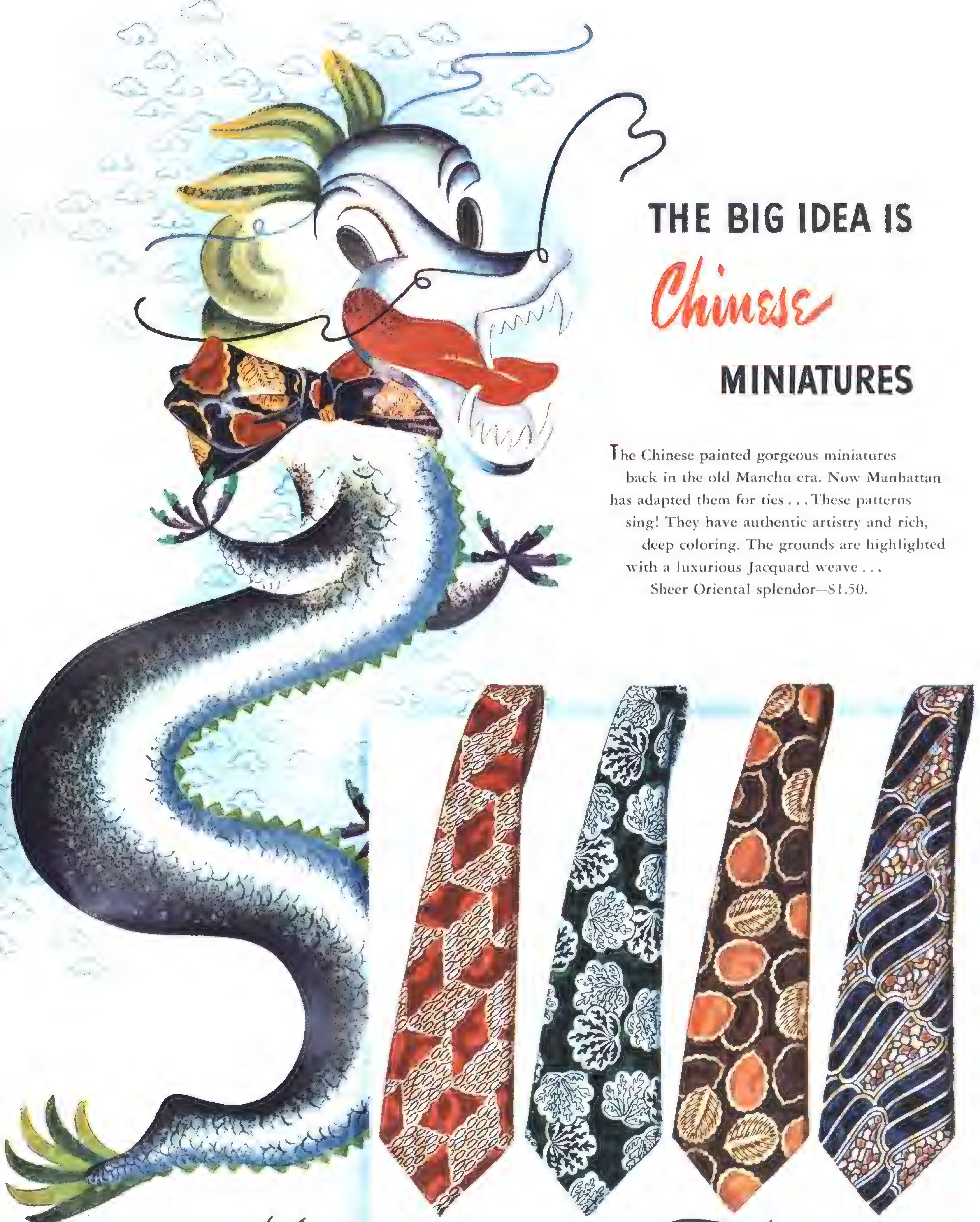
Flower gardening has become about foolproof, because the seedsmen and bulb growers have constantly experimented and developed improved types. Now you can lay out your seasonal plans for an attractive garden with greater certainty. The weavers too have been experimenting with that hardy perennial in textiles, tweed. Now, thanks to their efforts, you can get a lightweight tweed for the warmer season. The jacket worn by this man is made of such a fabric. The yarns are light, as shown by the sample at bottom. The matte weave creates the effect of a combination of thick and thin yarns, but the fabric is thinner and more porous, therefore cooler than the usual tweed. The gabardine slacks are also in the lightweight category. With the Oxford shirt is worn a printed rayon foulard tie. His cocoanut palm hat, tan cotton anklets and brown reverse calf shoes complete the outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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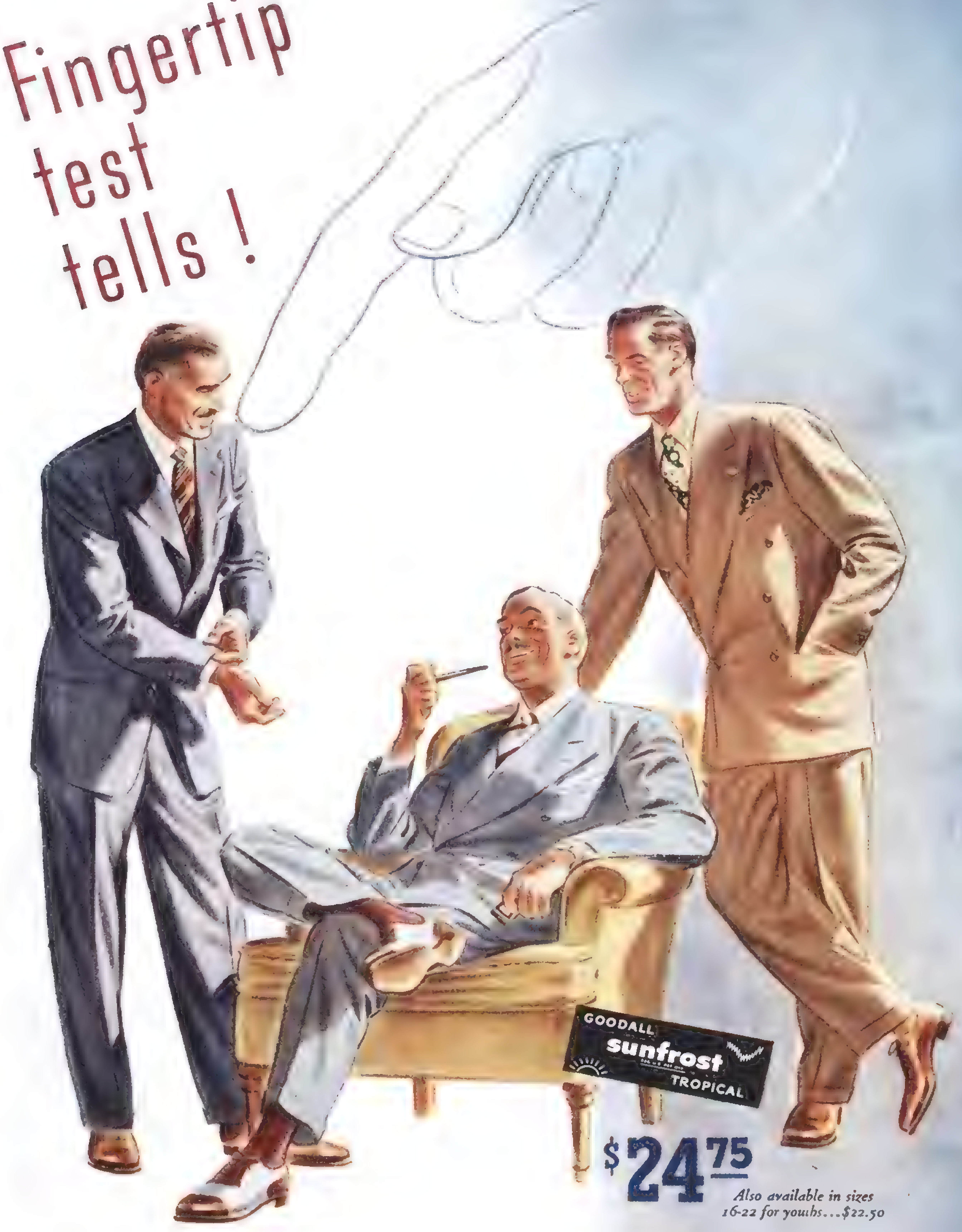

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Write Often — Write V-Mail

Relaxation Is the Art of Bums

Continued from page 67

tional Open golf champion of the United States, probably can attribute his belated and substantial success in golf to becoming "a bundle of nerves." The big blond Wood at Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth, in 1941, when he was winning his championship, disclosed that he was not immune to pressure by chewing gum, smoking a cigarette, and picking his teeth with a golf peg tee, simultaneously.

Prior to arriving as one of the oldest winners of a National Open title on either side of the Atlantic, Wood had relaxed himself out of luck on several occasions. In 1933 at North Shore, Wood came to the short sixteenth at a gait that would have brought him in ahead of Johnny Goodman, the eventual winner.

The field was choked up at the tee of this short hole, so Wood, then a very handy person at lassitude, flopped himself on the turf beneath a shading tree and relaxed himself into a stage similar to that of "the heart-and-soul 'restedness' of a sleek and lazy cat by the fireside."

When aroused from his relaxation, the genial and graceful Mr. Wood proceeded to slump himself into third place.

In 1939, after tying Byron Nelson in the regulation 72 holes, and in the first 18 added holes, Wood had the misfortune to be against a very tense fellow. The very tense fellow was Nelson, the winner. In 1940 Wood was two strokes back of a tie for first place with Little and Sarazen because he lacked the capacity to put on the pressure. But he was acquiring that capacity and when he became able to key up his nerves, a great shotmaker became a champion.

Joe DiMaggio and Ben Hogan, while they were compiling their phenomenal nonstop records in baseball and golf, got about as near to nervous breakdowns as athletes can get. That's the price they had to pay.

I saw Hogan come into a locker room after he'd finished in the money in forty-some consecutive tournaments and the papers were beginning to feature his unparalleled record. He was a sick young man. I asked a widely-known doctor who happened to be in the locker room to look at Hogan. The trouble with Ben, so the physician discovered, was nervous cramps.

Although Hogan's enlistment in the Army Air Force prevented a comparison of his fully developed ability with that of Nelson, Snead and McSpaden, the foremost performers of wartime competitive golf, no knowing one can deny that Hogan is a top star of the past five years in the links sport. Likewise, no one can say that Hogan has much of a natural or developed capacity for relaxation. Neither has Nelson. Nor Snead. Nor McSpaden.

The man who wants to sell the book on relaxing, names Joe Louis among the great masters of "scientific body control through the art of relaxation." Joe has a natural gift of relaxation. It may or may not be a racial blessing of the sort that doctors say accounts for the infrequency of ulcers in Negro abdominal sectors. But it does show in the record books that the time Joe relaxed to the extent that he wouldn't mind his mentor, the late Jack Blackburn, he was knocked out by Max Schmeling in the twelfth round. Two years later, when Joe went into the ring tense and vengeful, he mauled Schmeling to defeat in less than a round.

It could be that the secret of success in athletics or anything else is, as the man says, "escape from nervous tension," but the wrinkles of nerve strain and fatigue that crease the features of the greatest performers in sports don't indicate it.

We have been bulled too much about the terrible things nervous tension is doing to us, and the athletes are hauled in as Exhibits A of the heaven-sent languor of bums which the tired business man is advised to envy and aspire to acquire.

The Relaxing Expert says his book will show you "how to relax physically and mentally for sound, restful sleep."

Thomas A. Edison, John D. Rockefeller and others who have done fairly well, showed you that. You also can learn from a lot of kids who curl up in foxholes and do a championship performance at sacking in under shellfire, which is something to really give one nervous tension.

All these sleepers had to do was to work and worry hard enough to get tired. If you're tired you go to sleep. What could be simpler?

But the man will sell plenty of books. "Nervous tension" is a handy alibi for what the old folks used to call cussedness, a characteristic usually quite pronounced in the successful citizen, be he athlete, warrior or businessman. A good alibi certainly should be worth two dollars or your money refunded.

Those who are deficient in nervous tension and who are entitled to master's degrees in relaxation are commonly judged to be loafers, dopes and bums, unless they have such rare genius of simulated inertia they can exhibit it for money like Stepin Fetchit. So don't try to get credit rating on your relaxation.

However, I've got nothing against the man who wants to sell me a book on *How to Relax.* I hope he doesn't get himself all tied up in tight nervous knots waiting for the mailman to bring my coupon in.

But if he does, what other malady could he expect as the price of trying to get the other guys' money: freckles? ⵌ

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DUTCH MASTERS

DUTCH MASTERS

Hollywood's Dollar Bills

Continued from page 64

that that drove the two Bills out of publicity and into other ends of movie making. Pine became a right-hand man to Cecil B. DeMille and helped the veteran director make *The Plainsman*, *The Buccaneers*, *Union Pacific*, *Northwest Mounted Police* and *Reap the Wild Wind*.

Thomas went to Columbia as publicity chief, returned to Paramount an associate producer, then moved to R.K.O. as a writer.

Paramount and R.K.O. are next door to each other, so the former partners continued to lunch together at Lucey's restaurant near by. One day at lunch they decided to launch themselves as producers. Richard Arlen, the actor, was at an adjoining table.

After a whispered conference, the Bills summoned Arlen over and said, "Look, Dick, we've just been made producers. How would you like to work for us?" Arlen said, "Fine," so the boys shook hands and said: "Now we're producers with an actor."

Then they went to Paramount: "Look, we're producers and we've got Dick Arlen as a star. How about releasing our pictures?" "Fine," said Paramount; so the boys shook hands again and said: "Now we're producers with a star AND a releasing company."

The next day they went to a bank and told the president:

"Look, we're producing pictures. We've got Dick Arlen and a Paramount release. How about lending us some money?" The bank said, "Fine." The boys said, "What are we waiting for?"

They turned out their first picture, *Power Dive*, in ten days at a cost of 86,000 dollars and to date it has grossed better than three-quarters of a million dollars. They have turned out twenty-seven pictures since, every one a money maker. After the first three, Paramount put up the financing and gave them a contract for six pictures a year.

The Bills get most of their movie ideas from the headlines. After choosing a title, like *Torpedo Boat* or *Aerial Gunner*, they start writing. But they don't start the scenario. Pine and Thomas never start writing a movie until they've written advertising copy for it.

They learned as exploitation men that when they couldn't write lively copy on a picture it generally flopped. So on their own pictures they write the copy first and then, if it sounds alluring, they make the picture.

Their two writers, Maxwell Shane and Danny Mainwaring, like the bosses, are former publicity men. Shane was a publicity

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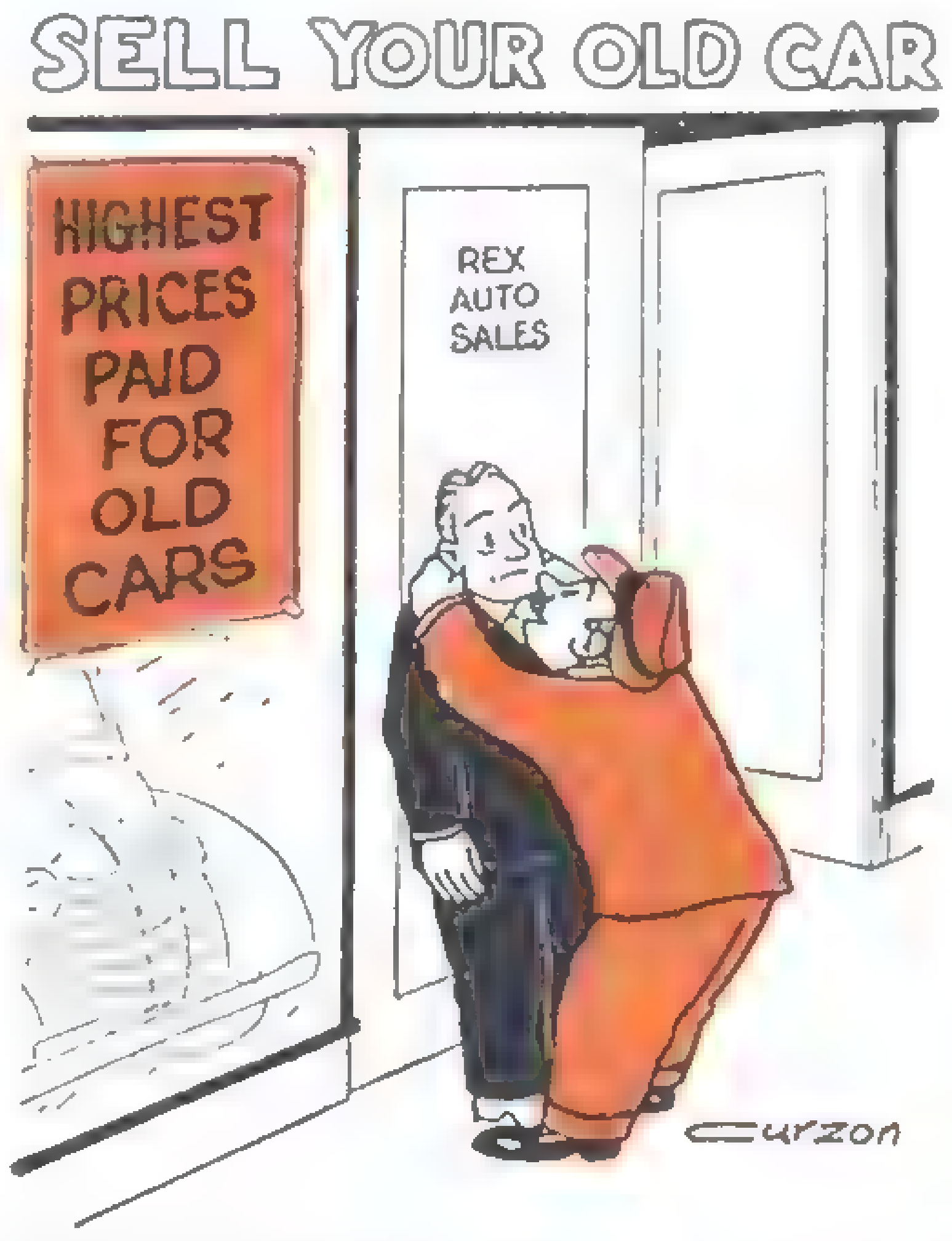
man for Paramount theatres, before becoming a screen writer, and Mainwaring wrote publicity at R.K.O. and committed detective thrillers on the side under the pseudonym of "Geoffrey Homes." When Pine or Thomas give birth to one of their innumerable ideas, it's up to Shane or Mainwaring to nurse it into script form.

Once the scenario is finished, or perhaps before, Pine and Thomas start shooting and they shoot faster than a machine gun. Most of their pictures are shot in ten to eighteen days! One day they broke all records with 67 camera setups: on another they shot scenes on 22 sets. Most directors shoot three to six pages of script a day. Pine and Thomas gallop through an average of eight to twelve, and sometimes roar through sixteen pages in one day!



"Remember the time you used to bother me to buy a car —well, I give in"

When the shooting of one scene nears completion, production manager "Doc" Merman blows a whistle, the signal for everybody to go into action arranging a new setup for the next scene. Everyone, including Pine and Thomas, grabs something. The camera crew rolls the camera to its new position. Electricians shift the lights. Prop men trot out new furnishings. Actors grab costumes.

The record of one of these "whistle moves" is six minutes flat. In just six minutes the cast and crew of *Tornado* moved from a coal mine set to the living room of a palatial mansion.

Even lunch is made to count in filming a Pine-Thomas thriller. The cast used to gather for lunch in the producers' office. They would then discuss the morning's work with carpenters, grips and script girls advising the stars, director and producers. Now that the cast and crew are too big to get into the office, the Bills usually take them out to lunch.

"The biggest expense in shooting a picture is time," explains Pine. "Suppose Jack Haley goes out to lunch and is fifteen minutes late lingering over that extra cup of coffee. That costs money, big

Continued on page 112

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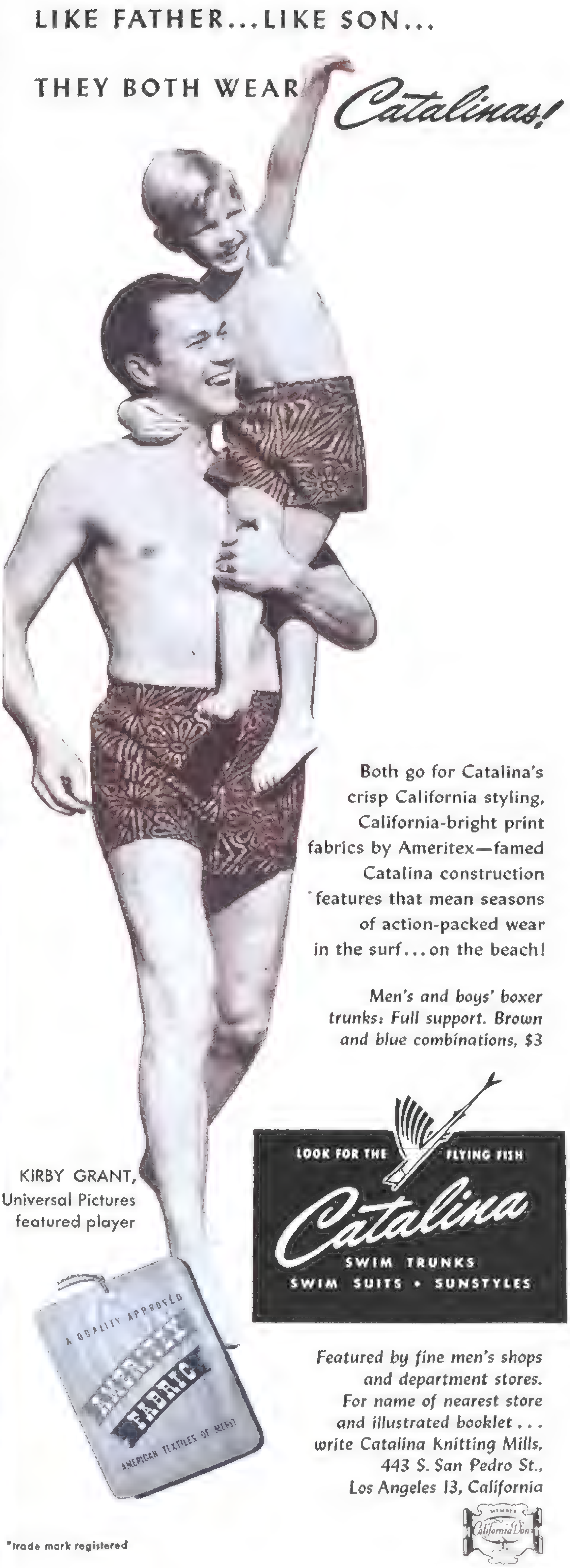
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Hollywood's Dollar Bills

Continued from pages 64-141

money. So we take the whole gang out to lunch and get 'em back on time. We figure we saved one thousand dollars on Haley's coffee alone on one picture."

However, the two Bills have more ways of saving time and money than maneuvering their actors out of a second cup of coffee. They save money on overhead by renting space in one of Hollywood's oldest studios. Their regular staff consists of three secretaries, one bookkeeper and one telephone girl.

When they start a picture, they hire the cast and crew for that single picture. The shooting time is worked out almost to the hour, with the full schedule on sets and location covering only ten days.

Miniature sets are built and every move worked out in advance. The Bills may work painstakingly for a month or even two months on details to be able to shoot a picture in two weeks.

Although the success of a B picture producer is usually in direct ratio to his reluctance to part with a dollar, the "Dollar Bills" insist they do not economize on essentials. They cannot afford top stars, but get competent favorites like Jack Haley, Dick Arlen, Chester Morris, Bill Gargan, Jean Parker and Nancy Kelly. In fact, these players appear so often for Pine and Thomas that they are sometimes facetiously referred to as the "Little Theatre Group." The Bills cast proved players in supporting roles, contending that it is better to pay more for an outstanding character actor and not run the risk of the player "blowing up" with resultant costly retakes.

For the same reason, Pine and Thomas hire the best possible technical assistants. Thanks to them, and to careful planning, most of the money spent by the Bills winds up on the screen instead of on the cutting room floor.

The Bills also resent any implication that their films are quickies just because they manufacture them quickly.

"They entertain people," says Bill Thomas, "and I don't know what else you want. This Hollywood genius stuff gives me a pain. I've often wondered how a man feels when he learns he's a genius. Does it dawn on him suddenly in the night? Or does he look at himself while shaving and surprisedly say, 'Old man, you're a genius'? And when he decides it, how does he go about convincing anyone of it?"

Then how does he sell the idea?

Because they produce action pictures with mass appeal, Pine and Thomas are sometimes called

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The features that made Ampro so popular have also been recognized by all branches of the U. S. Army and Navy. As a result, practically 100% of Ampro output now goes to our armed forces. Therefore, Ampro 16 mm. silent projectors will not be available until after the war.

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the "poor man's DeMilles." They can throw together an extravaganza for less money than DeMille invests in a bathtub scene.

The old master himself acknowledged this fact in a congratulatory wire to the Bills at a banquet in their honor at the Masquers Club. The wire said:

Hail to the two Bills, Pine and Thomas,
If the stars fulfill their promise,
They will film DeMille productions
At substantial price reductions.

One reason for the Pine-Thomas success is their smooth teamwork. They are opposites in temperament and appearance, but each complements the other.

Pine is forty-eight years old, a dark, melancholy individual, given to brooding over mundane matters like budgets and production schedules. Thomas, on the other hand, is forty-one, blond and pink-cheeked, and has never outgrown his press agent's exuberance. As one writer put it, "Thomas is the only man in Hollywood who can bustle while standing still." Thomas is the idea man of the team and Pine the businessman.

Thomas lives with his wife and daughter, Carol, in Beverly Hills. Pine and his wife live in Hollywood, and have one son, now with an Army photographic unit.

Some Hollywood producers who have made a fortune from blood and thunder dramas take up a coy pursuit of art in their later pictures, but there seems scant danger of this happening to Pine and Thomas. They seem blissfully content to go merrily on as long as the news keeps them in plots for their movies.

"Filet mignon, Hawkins!"

However, this practice of grabbing ideas from the headlines can have amusing repercussions. At one of their press previews, they flashed a message on the screen, "Your comments will be appreciated. Please fill out card on leaving theatre."

One cynical critic dutifully filled out his card with this admonition:

"For complete details see your local papers." #.

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MAKERS OF FINE JEWELRY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Michigan Triumphs Again

Continued from top of page 93

clares Franks. "I couldn't believe it was true when they told me I had tuberculosis. I never had been sick in my life, and I always thought a thing like this couldn't happen to a healthy athlete. Sure, I felt low at first, but I finally made up my mind that this was just another obstacle, another battle to achieve my goal in life. Once I gained this feeling, my spirits were high and I felt confident I could lick my illness and eventually go on with my ambition to become a dentist."

Kuzma adds this observation: "I had to go through the same transformation in my thinking as Julie did. When I first became ill, I couldn't quite understand it. I knew very little about tuberculosis. But once I had adjusted myself to the fact that I would have to stay here and rest until the thing was licked, it wasn't so hard. Julie and I have had a lot of fun and it hasn't been hard to keep our spirits up. We certainly don't need any sympathy, and I can say that I never was very sick. Although I know that I will never be able to compete in athletics again, I will always stay close to sports. I will always follow football, baseball and the other sports closely. Athletics will always mean much to me. I expect to attend classes at Michigan this fall, and I look forward to living a normal life. Everyone at Michigan has been swell to us."

How did it happen that two husky Michigan football players became victims of tuberculosis almost simultaneously? It is a mystery that nobody at Michigan can put a finger on.

Crisler ordered a physical examination for every member of the Michigan athletic department in an attempt to find a clue. There was no trace of the disease among members of the athletic department nor among other Michigan athletes.

Few medical men will blame athletic contacts for the misfortune that hit the two gridders. They did not "catch" the disease while playing football. The sport itself cannot be blamed for that.

However, a clue can be found in the modern medical analysis of the disease. Tuberculosis can be present in any given person with no noticeable traces. The disease simply remains inactive. In most individuals, the tubercle bacilli never escape the prison walls of the natural defense mechanisms of the body.

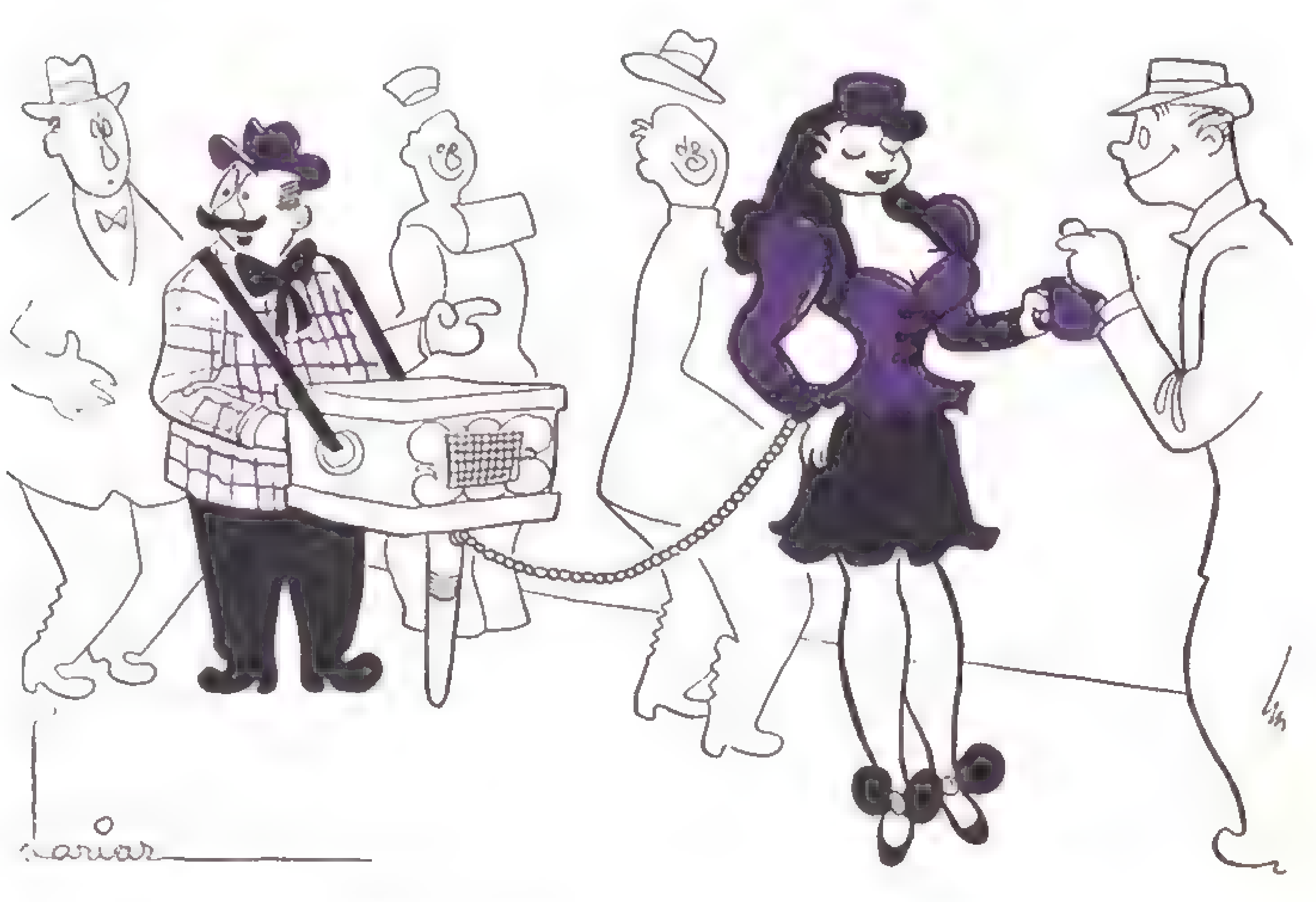
But under certain conditions, the body's defenses are weakened to the extent that the disease gets an opportunity to break out. This "break through" could result if the victim had done something that was too weakening to his individual system at that time, and contracts a reinfection by contact with a person affected with tuberculosis. In the case of Kuzma and Franks, their physical make-up may have been such, with nobody realizing it, that their general program of living, including athletics, college work and other daily tasks, may have been too strenuous for them *as individuals.* This does not mean that football is harmful or that the daily schedule of Kuzma and Franks would be too strenuous for any average person. But their routine may have been too much for *them.*

In this line of reasoning, it was purely coincidental that the two athletes became ill about the same time, and in no way can football be cited as a cause.

Because he is further along in the rest cure, Kuzma will be the first to leave the hospital, but this does not discourage Franks: "I will have to wait a little longer because I have not progressed as far as Tom. But I'll be out, too."

Thus the case of Kuzma-Franks is nearing a happy climax with their careers interrupted and altered *but not ended.* Bewildered that fate struck mysteriously at two of their top athletes at once, Michigan men know something great has happened in Ann Arbor the past two years.

Is there not some excuse for calling this one of the Maize and Blue's greatest victories?

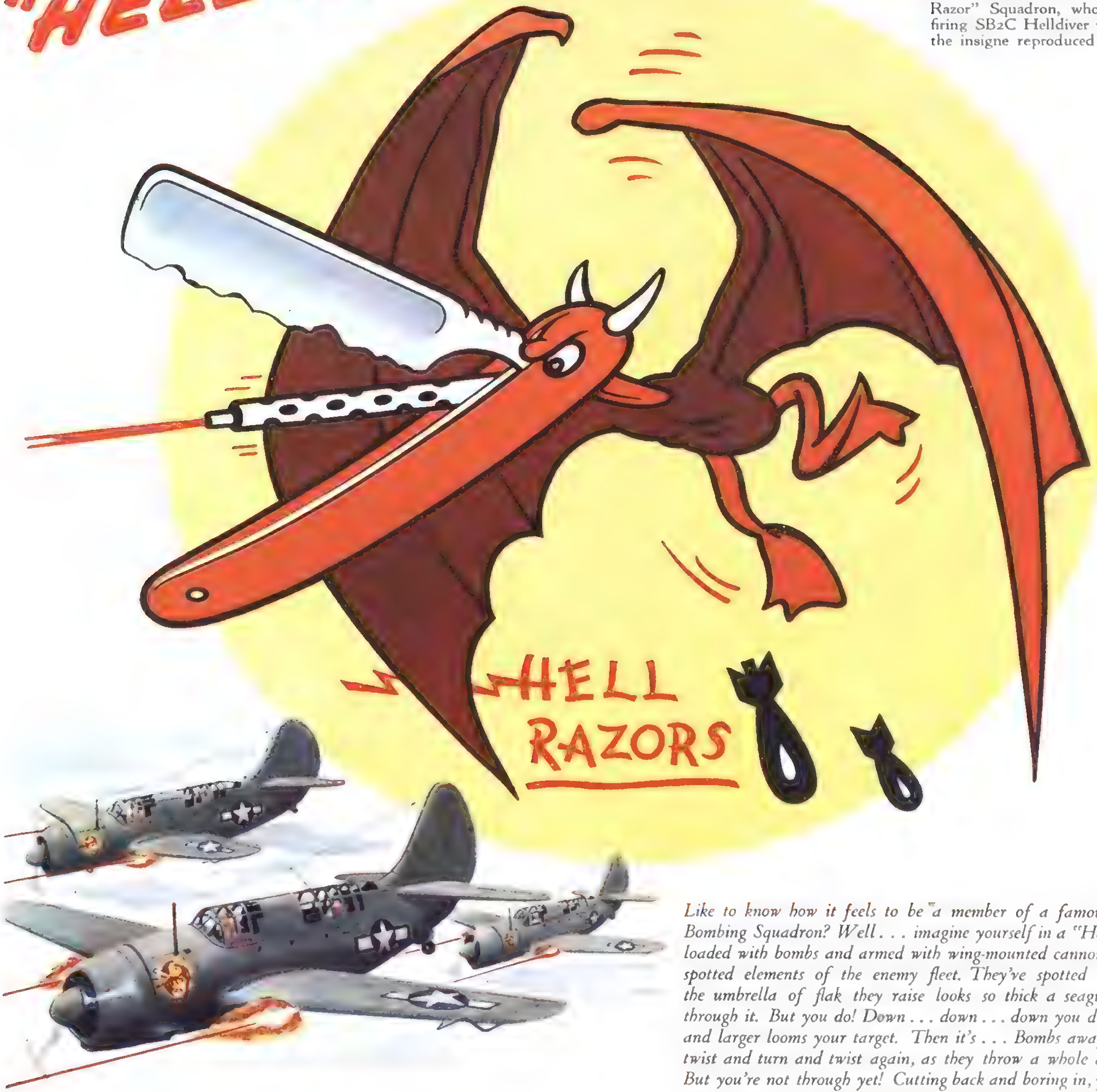


"She grosses 500% more than my monkey ever did"

"HELL-RAZOR"

OFFICIAL INSIGNE
OF A NAVY
DIVE-BOMBING SQUADRON

This page is Oldsmobile's tribute to the officers and men of the "Hell-Razor" Squadron, whose cannon-firing SB2C Helldiver planes carry the insigne reproduced at the left.



Like to know how it feels to be a member of a famous Navy Dive-Bombing Squadron? Well . . . imagine yourself in a "Helldiver" plane, loaded with bombs and armed with wing-mounted cannon. You've just spotted elements of the enemy fleet. They've spotted you, too. And the umbrella of flak they raise looks so thick a seagull couldn't fly through it. But you do! Down . . . down . . . down you dive. Larger . . . and larger looms your target. Then it's . . . Bombs away! . . . and you twist and turn and twist again, as they throw a whole arsenal at you. But you're not through yet! Cutting back and boring in, you sweep their decks from stem to stern with high-explosive shell from your cannon!

THE U. S. Navy has come to be a consistent user of 20 mm. automatic aircraft cannon. Mounted in SB2C "Helldivers," these guns have not only demonstrated again and again their effectiveness in shooting down enemy planes and shooting up enemy ground installations, but they have also proved to be particularly useful in strafing enemy ships. High-explosive shell from these cannon will sweep a carrier's deck clean . . . will knock out gun batteries on battleships and cruisers . . . will often penetrate to the powder magazine of a destroyer or smaller vessel, sinking it outright! Oldsmobile has been building these hard-hitting weapons since before Pearl Harbor, and scores of thousands have gone into action on Army and Navy planes. Oldsmobile also produces cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, parts for aircraft engines, axle forgings for military vehicles . . . and, most important of all right now, *heavy caliber shell* and *aircraft rockets*. Oldsmobile men and women appreciate that the more of these munitions they build, the fewer American lives will be lost. That's why they say, "Fire-Power Is Our Business . . . *let's Keep 'Em Firing until Victory!*"

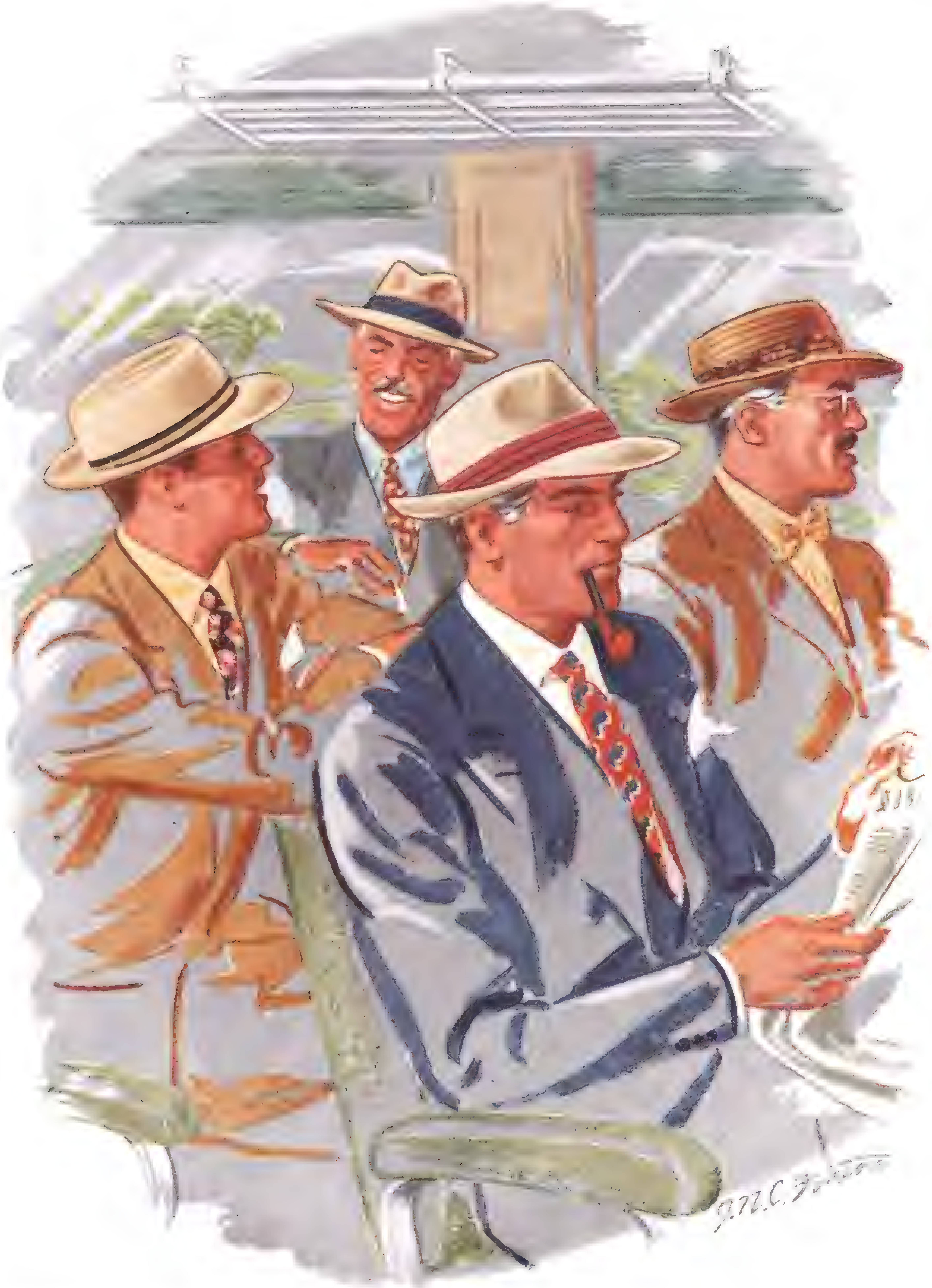
**Raising Money
Is Important, Too!**

It takes many millions of dollars to keep an outfit like the "Hell-Razors" in action. Our War Bonds help buy the guns and planes and ships they need. Those same Bonds also help prevent inflation, help insure a free and prosperous future for America.

***Buy War Bonds
. . . to Keep 'Em Firing!***

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!

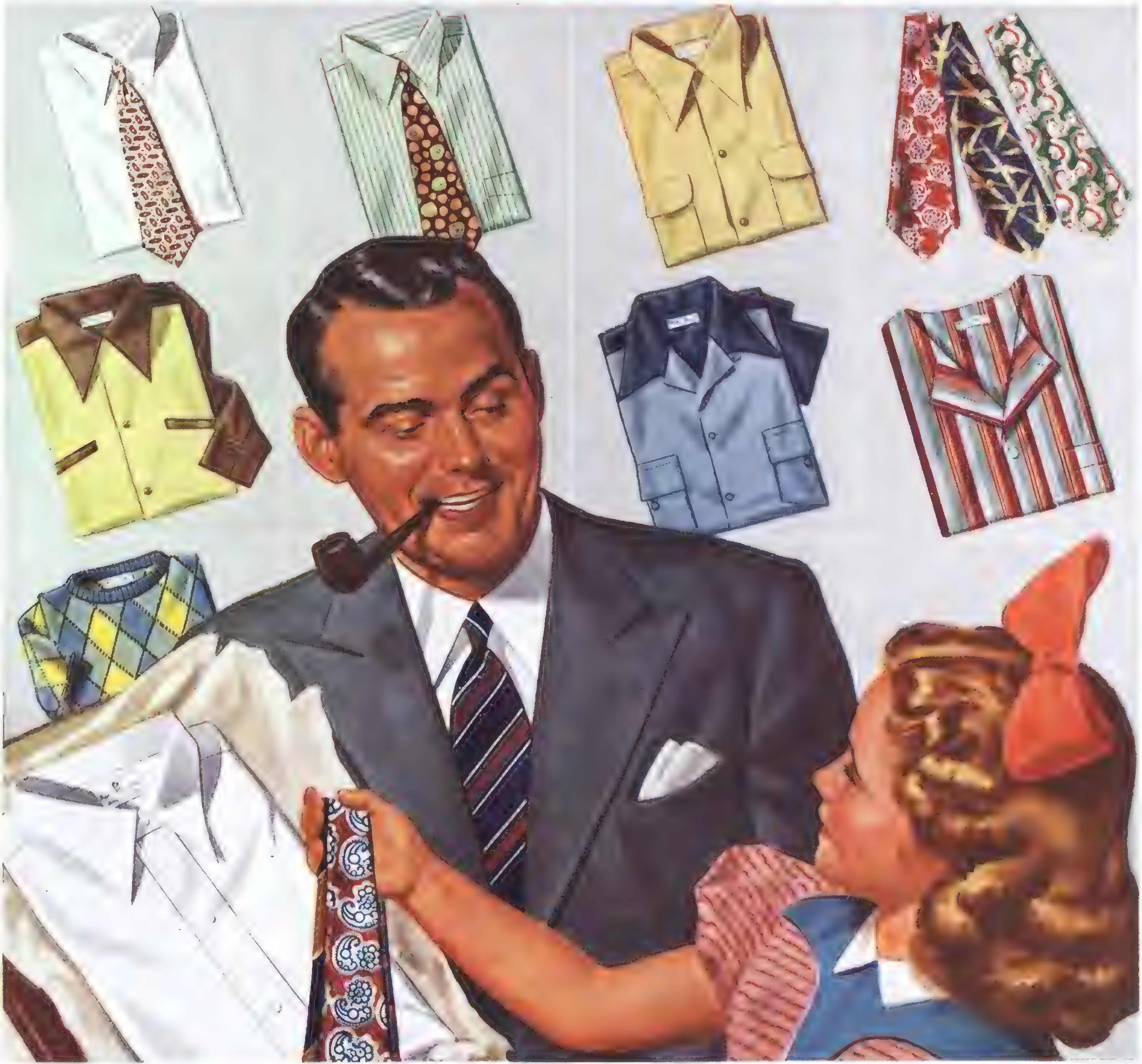


summer schedule

When you see four men riding the 8:19 in a matter-of-fact way, you appreciate the job being done by American railroads. Not only do they carry war burdens, they even manage to accommodate commuters with Summer schedules. These commuters are on schedule with their Summer hats. The one at left is wearing the new higher pork-pie in mesh panama with club stripe band—a light airy model that has good fashion acceptance. The man beside him wears a pinch crown panama with broad brim in buff shade, trimmed with a plain puggree. This, too, is a mesh weave. The pipe smoker's hat shows a new weave in panama. Faint ridges, reminiscent of the leghorn of years ago, run horizontally around the hat creating a pattern. It is brightened with a red rayon puggree. The bow-tie wearer sports the coconut palm hat with printed puggree, a style that is staging a comeback.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Make it a VAN HEUSEN Father's Day!



Dads overseas want frequent mail . . . V-Mail!

Gifts like these.. make him glad he's a dad!

Van Heusen Shirts in lustrous broadcloth, with the exclusive Van Heusen collar attached. Sanforized, endorsed by American Laundry Institute, bear the Good Housekeeping seal. $2.25 and up.

Smart, new patterned shirts too, tailored with the same style-skill, custom details, figure-fit. A new one free if a Van Heusen Shirt ever shrinks out of fit. $2.25 and up.

The Animal World provides gay new motifs for Van Heusen Ties . . . $1 and $1.50.

Sport Shirts galore! Cool, cool fabrics, smart tailoring, soft colors, new two-tone combinations . . . $2 to $10.

Luxurious Pajamas with Van Heusen shirtmaker tailoring and fit . . . $2.50 to $6.50.

Father's Day
is June 17th
Don't Forget!

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., N. Y. 1 . . . *makers of* Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sportswear

McGREGOR
SPORTSWEAR MADE IN U·S·A

Shamrock

PRE-BLENDED SHIRTS, SLACKS, JACKETS
IN FABRICS BY EVERFAST

COLORS GUARANTEED BY EVERFAST FABRICS inc

FOR FATHERS OF ALL AGES... Most young or young-thinking fathers take eagerly to the comfort and coolness of McGregor's Pre-Blended Summer Shirts, Slacks and Jackets—for these crease-resistant fabrics by Everfast look and feel like linen. Wear and wash them any way you please—they're backed by the famous Everfast guarantee!

Jacket, \$15—Slacks, \$7.50—Shirt; Long-Sleeve, \$5—Short-Sleeve, \$3.95

at better stores everywhere or write to

DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

A Hole of a Town Like This

Continued from bottom of page 43

wood and from the way he measured the whiskey.

He set their old-fashioneds before them with care. "Now, young lady," he said kindly, but there was a schoolmaster severity in it, "there's trees in Tonafield, all right. You just don't know Tonafield. There's a big poplar right here on Main in front of Henderson's Clothing, and there's a couple of locusts up by the high school."

"Don't know Tonafield!" shrieked the girl. "That's rich! I've been here three months so I don't know it. There's so much to see, I haven't seen it." She looked into her husband's even features and laughed. "Call a taxi, honey, let's see the town." There weren't any taxis in Tonafield.

"You're shouting, my friend," said the little dark lieutenant, not her husband. "You're shouting, and you're hurting Charlie's feelings."

"Oh, that's okay," said Charlie with dignity. I felt with sorrow that he had lost mastery of the situation.

"Two more old-fashioneds," said the girl's husband brightly. "Can we buy you one, Charlie?"

"Thanks, later on," said Charlie. "Too busy now, Lieutenant."

"Makin' money, Charlie?"

"You bet," said Charlie, cheerful again, catching a silver dollar as it rolled toward him.

"Sad day when the war ends, eh Charlie?"

"No, that will be a good day," said Charlie serenely.

I thought of the paper roses coming down and the Venetian blinds coming down and the price list coming down because the regular customers knew the prices. I thought of the miners sitting in the cool dark place in the back where the couples now danced. I thought of the orchestra being fired and the two pale bartenders being fired and Charlie and his gaunt wife carrying the trays themselves. I thought of how quiet it would be with all the lieutenants gone and only the talk of prospecting and the sound of beer pouring from the bottles. There must be a lot of little towns like this, I thought.

They left soon after, probably because the girl had made them uncomfortable. I stayed on and had another beer and listened to the next conversation. In the middle of it Charlie said to me, "Ever seen the Tonafield sunset? Some say it's the prettiest in the world."

I paid my check and stepped out onto the street and saw the sun setting—"the prettiest sunset in the world" . . . And it was. ⌗

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

For Cigarettes Cigars Pipes

PRESS . . . IT'S LIT
RELEASE . . . IT'S OUT
For

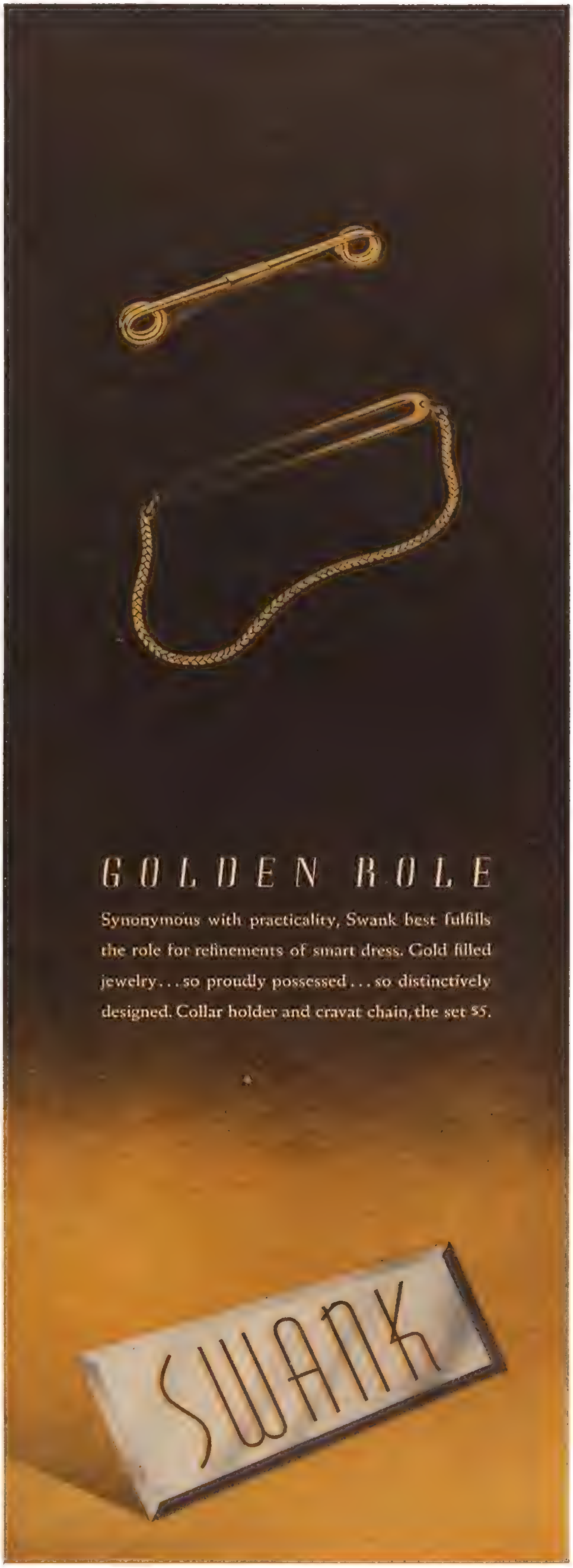
Built for
INSTANT ACTION
ANYWHERE . . . ANYTIME

RONSON Wartime Lighters—so vitally needed by servicemen for lighting flares, fires, etc., as well as 'smokes'—are supplied today to the Armed Forces, exclusively thru government agencies. When these military needs are met, there'll be RONSONS for all. Meantime, individual orders can't be filled.

Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.

RONSON
REDSKIN ACCESSORIES
Best for ALL Lighters
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS', WICKS AND RONSONOL FUEL.
Demands from all fighting fronts limit civilian supplies, so please be patient.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!



GOLDEN ROLE

Synonymous with practicality, Swank best fulfills the role for refinements of smart dress. Gold filled jewelry . . . so proudly possessed . . . so distinctively designed. Collar holder and cravat chain, the set $5.

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

Fieldclub
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS
CRAMERTON MILLS INC.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

Americans Have More Fun

Continued from page 40

although they should have known Mizner too well for that, soon insisted on backing their own guesses with heavy cash.

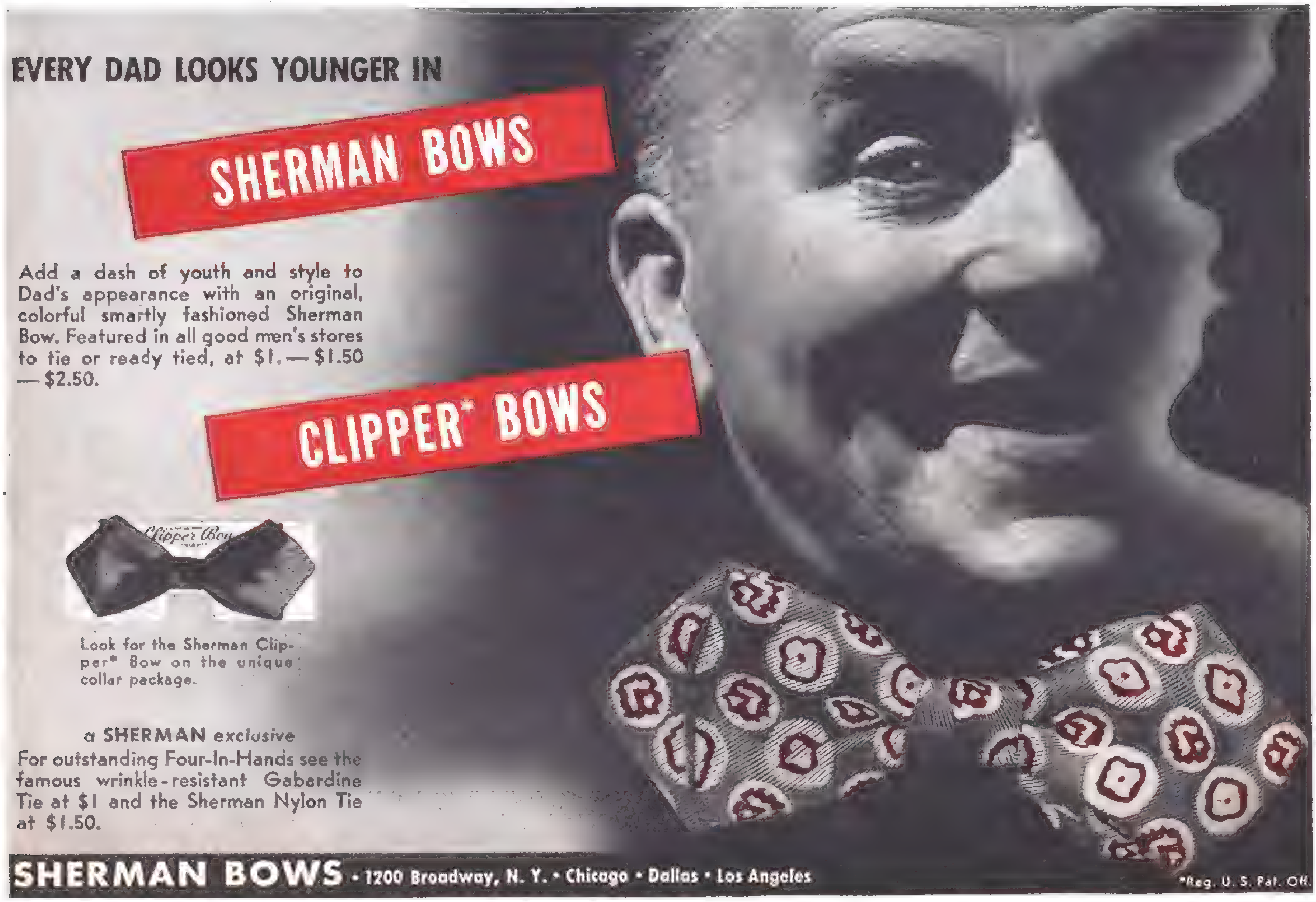
Because of the size of the man's feet, estimates of his height ranged from six feet on up. Mizner apparently had guessed five feet two.

With all bets down, the party called on big-feet and found him to be a dwarf, four feet six inches tall, wearing size eleven shoes. What they didn't learn until later was that Mizner had imported the fellow from New York and paid him to sit all day with his feet sticking out of the window.

Zero Mostel, the comedian, is another practical joker with a purpose. He boarded a subway one evening and, as is often the case, found a number of women standing while men sat. This offended the comedian; he squeezed his eyes almost shut, tilted his head back a little and, in the manner of one blind, made his way carefully along the aisle. Each time he reached a man who was sitting, Mostel put his hand out blindly and thrust it into the sitter's face. Each time he apologized and went on his way. He rode to the first stop and then made his way back to the door, again slapping and punching blindly but more or less accurately at the faces of the sitting men.

It might also have been Mostel—but it wasn't—who saved a batch of newspapers from the 1940 presidential election and distributed them to co-operative friends the night before the 1944 affair. In a group this man and friends boarded a streetcar and distributed themselves. Soon innocent passengers had an odd experience. Each one who looked up noticed a fellow passenger reading a newspaper boldly headlining ROOSEVELT RE-ELECTED. Naturally they looked around for verification—and on all sides were confronted by similar headlines. It was as hard to believe as to disbelieve and must have caused a lot of confusion, including a good many domestic arguments later in the evening.

Incidental mention must be made of the self-perpetuating, or lazy man's, practical joke. Regular target of one of these snowballing gags right now is an editor on the staff of *Stars and Stripes* in London. Before becoming a reporter in uniform he served on various metropolitan sheets for a round dozen years and justly regards himself as an experienced newspaperman. He was guilty of a minor error recently and now he receives, in weekly installments, a correspondence course blandly


EVERY DAD LOOKS YOUNGER IN

SHERMAN BOWS

Add a dash of youth and style to Dad's appearance with an original, colorful smartly fashioned Sherman Bow. Featured in all good men's stores to tie or ready tied, at $1.—$1.50—$2.50.

CLIPPER* BOWS

Look for the Sherman Clipper* Bow on the unique collar package.

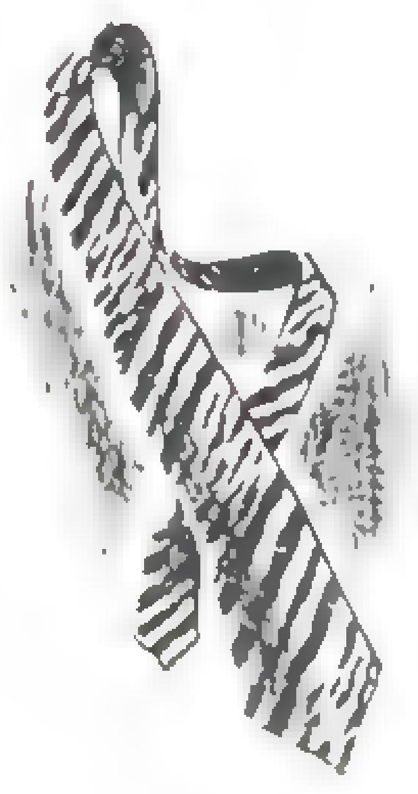
a SHERMAN exclusive
For outstanding Four-In-Hands see the famous wrinkle-resistant Gabardine Tie at $1 and the Sherman Nylon Tie at $1.50.

SHERMAN BOWS • 1200 Broadway, N. Y. • Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

titled "How to Become a Journalist." This will go on for quite a time without any further effort on the part of his colleagues.

A man with a skinful of alcohol is a ready victim for the joker, as George McManus, the "Jiggs" cartoonist, has demonstrated. Along with four other men, McManus was driving to the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. One of his group passed out long enough for McManus to contrive a frame-up. When the drunk came to, an hour later, the others in the car launched a spirited discussion of the details of the fight, as if it were over and they were now on their way home. Convinced that he had slept through the battle of the century, the victim was in hang-over tears before McManus finally gave the joke away.



The figured stripe tie shows printed small figures forming the stripes.

On another occasion, a camping party of which the cartoonist was a member was being spoiled by an uninvited pest. He wouldn't take a hint, so McManus decided to sacrifice a considerable amount of good whiskey. He loaded the nuisance down with drink till he when into a deep alcoholic sleep. When the pest awoke he found one leg splinted and wrapped in an impromptu plaster cast.

"While intoxicated you fell over a rock and broke your leg," McManus told the fellow, "but you'll be all right if you lie still."

The pest spent the remaining three days of the outing flat on his back, while the others went their ways unpestered. McManus was generous enough to crack off the cast and free the character when the party was at an end.

Standing virtually alone among practical jokes was Eddie Guest's sentimental gesture after a visit to the new home of Henry Klein, radio executive. It was a very new house indeed and the man who wrote, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home," was distressed by the absence of trees and a garden.

Next day, Klein received a phone call from an excited wife. "The W.P.A. has moved in on us," she shouted. "They're tearing the place to pieces and unloading trucks full of trees."

Klein quieted his wife, and

Continued on page 154

COMPACTS
in sprightly colored
LIZARD
Cigarette cases to match!

INTIME

For that special someone ...a Rugby Compact and twin Cigarette Case of soft, supple Lizard leather in vivacious duo- and tri-tones of burgundy, lime, yellow, buff or black. Extremely light, exquisitely handcrafted, with exclusive leak-proof metal lock. Available also in bright, smooth leathers 24k Gold Embossed; and a clever 2-in-One Compact and Cigarette Case. 3.50 up

Rugby The Mark of Original Leather Creations

At better stores everywhere Or write Rugby Products Corp., 11 W 32nd Street, New York 1

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction

"LIGHT UP" he says, "and discover the *keener pleasure* of really choice, rich tobaccos" . . . of *MARLBORO'S* superb blend (*which cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford*). Merely a penny or two more!

For Him or Her
PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her
BEAUTY TIPS (red)
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co.
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

Americans Have More Fun

Continued from pages 40-153

promptly forgot the whole matter. When he drove home that night, he went right by his house without recognizing it. Landscapers had, in one day, filled the yard with sod, bushes and trees and flower beds. It wasn't the W.P.A. at all, just Edgar Guest.

There is some reason to believe that Charles Lindbergh's unrelenting hostility toward the press dates back to a practical joke pulled on him when he was an unknown young aviator. That is the theory of the great reporter, Bob Casey, who tells this tale.

The big news story of the year was the trapping of Floyd Collins in a Kentucky cave. While miners worked frantically to sink a shaft in time to rescue Collins, newspaper readers waited eagerly for each morsel of news. The Chicago newspapers took possession of the story, with the *Herald and Examiner* fighting the *Tribune* bitterly, edition by edition.

This being before the day of wirephoto, the *Herald and Examiner* was very proud of its inspiration to have pictures flown from Kentucky. The city editor hired a young flyer named Lindbergh to pick up a package of exposed film and rush it back.

When Lindbergh landed near the cave, the first man he came upon was a *Tribune* reporter, named Steeger. Now Mr. Steeger knew no more about the plan than anyone else not in the *Examiner's* confidence, but he had no trouble guessing that the man in aviator's clothing was there to hustle something back to Chicago for another newspaper. From that it was a hunch that the aviator had been sent by the rival *Examiner* to pick up exposed negatives.

Steeger grabbed young Lindbergh's arm. "Are you after the *Examiner's* pictures?" he asked.

The flyer allowed that he was.

"Here," cried Steeger, producing a package of blank film. "Rush these back to Chicago!"

Lindbergh ran to his plane and flew it at top speed to Chicago. When the films were developed and found blank, unkind words were spoken to Mr. Lindbergh. It was the beginning of the flyer's unhappy contact with the press.

You'll notice that, for all their diversity, these yarns have one thing in common. The active figures in all of them are men. This is not a matter of selection. All the practical jokes I've come across (and, as Jimmy Durante puts it, I know a million of 'em) are stunts pulled by the less deadly or male, fraction of the species.

Women include themselves out. Maybe they lack imagination, or they've got too much sense. ⌗

BE IN THE SWIM

WITH

Mansco

TRUNKS

You'll feel sleek as a seal in these streamlined Mansco trunks. They're *tailored* for swimming—smooth, smart, comfortable. Choose the style for your personality from a variety of colors, patterns and models.

The Burly

A NEW SUMMER-WEIGHT

DRESS JACKET

OF CALYPSO CLOTH BY

EVERFAST*

CALYPSO CLOTH by EVERFAST*

ice-cube comfort . . .

. . . is the first thing you'll notice about this handsome new luxury EVERFAST* fabric. It's amazingly lightweight, and porous so air can circulate right through it. Yet it has enough "body" to be tailored just like heavier fabrics . . . it's almost impossible to wrinkle, and it will hold its shape indefinitely.

IT'S AN Ayrostar ORIGINAL

. . . Burly's precision-styling is deftly tailored right into this strikingly good-looking summer sports coat. Patch pockets, back-vent, trim 3-button single-breasted . . . it's a coat the best-dressed men in America will mix or match with summer slacks. In Caribean Cream, Barbados Brown, and Sandune . . . all sizes . . .

$13.50

AT BETTER STORES

ARROW IMPORTING CO.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

*Reg. T. M.

Hayward, Hurley and Hell

Continued from page 49

crazy. Hurley swarmed with fortune hunters. Lumber and miner's supplies could be bought for prices "so low as to draw tears of gratitude." Beef sold for eight cents a pound and potatoes for thirty-five cents a bushel.

The thing moved like a snowball down a steep grade. In 1885 there were only three incorporated mines in Hurley with an aggregate stock of 1,500,000 dollars. By the following year there were eighty-seven corporations with stock up to 105,000,000 dollars organized to exploit the Gogebic range.

John S. Burton built the elegant Burton House, and visitors poured in to see the famous boom town. The lumberjacks and miners stayed in the saloons as long as there was space left to flop on the floor with packsack for pillow. And in a few months, without anyone ever knowing quite why, Hurley became a center of iniquity.

There were a few God-fearing persons who claimed that the two disastrous fires which wiped out Silver Street in 1887 were divine retribution. But ye editor of the *Montreal River Miner* took a more realistic view. "Some of the saloons," he wrote "saved a portion of their stock, as was evidenced by the condition of numerous individuals *before* the morning after." A month later twenty-eight new buildings had already sprung from the ashes.

It was a ribald frontier life where an exuberant female might solicit matrimony with a public advertisement, as follows:

"Any man wanting a wife can have me by plunging to the bottom of the reservoir opposite the engine house and bringing forth the water pitcher I dropped there a few nights ago. K. R."

Killings among brawling lumberjacks and miners were so common as to cause little interest. But on April 10, 1890, even jaded Silver Street was stirred to learn that Lottie Morgan, the most popular showgirl in the Alcazar Theatre was lying out behind Crocker's saloon, her fair head split open by an axe.

"She carried herself," wrote one careful eulogist, "with all the propriety possible for her class, was vivacious, sprightly, well-informed, and was universally known here, at Ironwood and Bessemer."

Lottie's funeral was held fittingly in the opera house, and she played her final role to a record crowd.

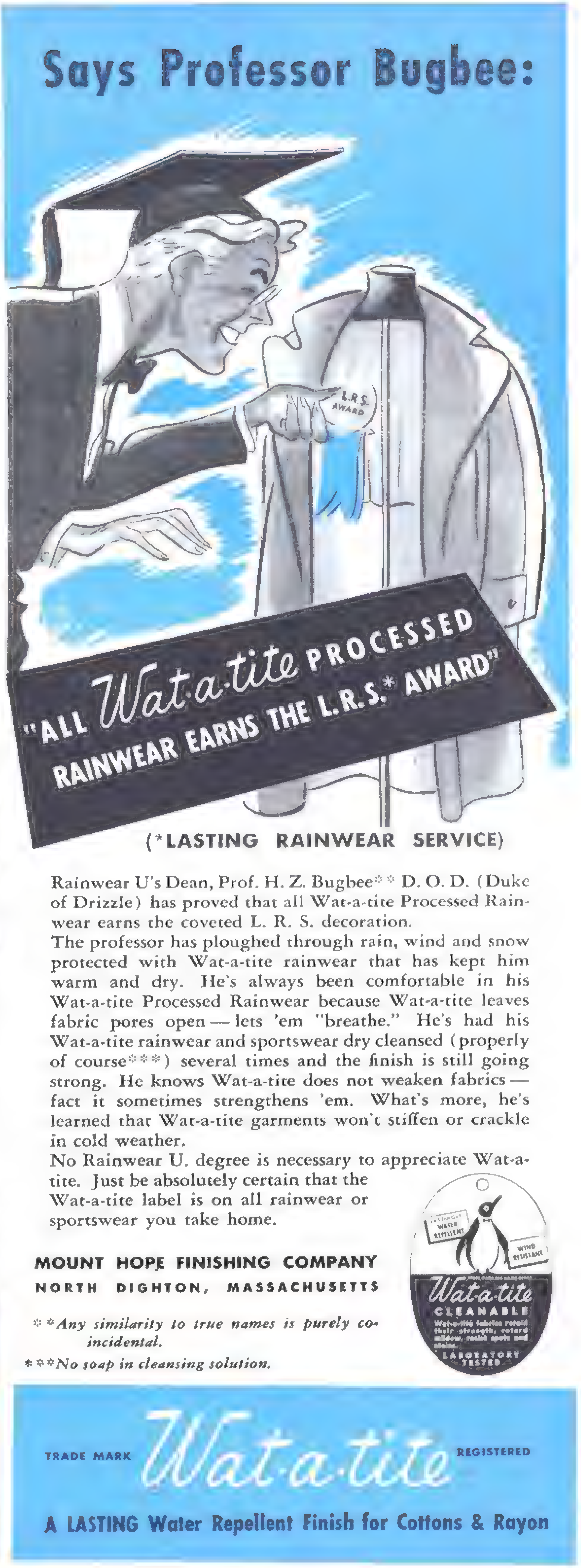
It seemed as though the iniquities of these Wisconsin frontier towns finally caught up with them. Hell became something more than

Continued on page 156

THE KING OF
Rums
Gold Label
Ron Rey
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
LIQUOR CO. INC
Julius WILE
Ron Rey
Puerto Rican Rum
IMPORTERS SINCE 18

From Puerto Rico comes this royal rum to make regal drinks for you. Ron Rey Rum will improve your Daiquiris, Libres, Collins, Manhattans and Old Fashioneds. It will pass your most exacting rum test . . . just Ron Rey, ice and soda. A delicious, refreshing Highball.

Gold & White Label 86 Proof • Sole Agents for the U. S. A. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York



Says Professor Bugbee:
L.R.S. AWARD
"ALL Wat-a-tite PROCESSED RAINWEAR EARNS THE L.R.S.* AWARD"

(*LASTING RAINWEAR SERVICE)

Rainwear U's Dean, Prof. H. Z. Bugbee** D. O. D. (Duke of Drizzle) has proved that all Wat-a-tite Processed Rainwear earns the coveted L. R. S. decoration.

The professor has ploughed through rain, wind and snow protected with Wat-a-tite rainwear that has kept him warm and dry. He's always been comfortable in his Wat-a-tite Processed Rainwear because Wat-a-tite leaves fabric pores open — lets 'em "breathe." He's had his Wat-a-tite rainwear and sportswear dry cleansed (properly of course***) several times and the finish is still going strong. He knows Wat-a-tite does not weaken fabrics — fact it sometimes strengthens 'em. What's more, he's learned that Wat-a-tite garments won't stiffen or crackle in cold weather.

No Rainwear U. degree is necessary to appreciate Wat-a-tite. Just be absolutely certain that the Wat-a-tite label is on all rainwear or sportswear you take home.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING COMPANY
NORTH DIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

***Any similarity to true names is purely coincidental.*

****No soap in cleansing solution.*

A LASTING Water Repellent Finish for Cottons & Rayon

PIONEER Gift Hints for *Dads' Day*

PIONEER WALLET

Genuine Pigskin. English Style. Contains change purse, stamp pocket, card holder and two bill compartments.

$3.50 plus tax

PIONEER BELT

Cobra-grain Pigskin striped with horsehide. Distinctive and smart.

$2.50

PIONEER BELT

Cobra-grain Pigskin with gold-plated buckle. All-around good style.

$2

PIONEER

PHILADELPHIA

BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS

"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

Hayward, Hurley and Hell

Continued from pages 49-155

the joke at the end of a catch phrase in that awful Summer of 1894 when its very gates seemed to yawn on the cut-over north country.

There had been no rain for weeks and on June 14 the temperature rose to over a hundred in the shade. In the next month a number of fires broke out in Hayward and were suppressed only by the great vigilance of the fire brigade. By the 19th fires were raging on every side of the little town, burning thousands of cords of wood, the crossties of the railroad, telegraph poles, fields of grain and garnered harvests, farms and cattle, lumber camps and mills, and even whole towns which did not have a zealous fire department to "wet them down" as Hayward had.

People were forced to be on the alert day and night till everyone was drooping from fatigue. Saturday and Sunday, September 1 and 2, 1894, marked "two of the most unwelcomed days ever experienced in northern Wisconsin." All day the Fire Company poured water on terrified Hayward . . . on Labor Day no one had the heart to celebrate, death had come too near . . . on the 6th the terror started again . . . on the 8th it blew a gale, and when at times the sky was clear of smoke there was a glittering brightness in the upper air that meant pure flame in the high heavens carried by the wind miles beyond the fire, and the people prayed and were afraid to go to bed. On the 12th finally came rain [illegible] many neighboring towns h[illegible] been totally destroyed. And all the beauty of the land was gone. There was nothing but a charred countryside above which rose bare, black snags, mute exclamation marks against what man had wrought.

It seemed Hayward would become one of those ghost towns occasionally encountered among the scrub. But in 1911 it had a respite when the national spotlight was turned on it during the far-famed Dietz trial.

John Dietz was a burly backwoodsman who buffaloed and terrorized the north country for years. Ever since 1902 he had been trying to collect (others said extort) money from the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company which once had employed him. His incredible story, which includes the wanton wounding of many men, warrants torn up by the score, sheriff after sheriff and all their posses defied and driven off, finally ended in what is known as the Battle of Cameron Dam.

There in the remote woods,

Do you have the Wright hat, sir?

Works Wonders with Morale

THE WRIGHT HAT

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Dietz and his son and wife and two small children held out against a posse of sixty of Wisconsin's crack shots, a newspaper battery of forty men, and 1500 spectators, most of them unofficially armed. Twenty-five hundred rounds were exchanged before Dietz was shot in the hand and surrendered at sight of his own blood.

By now Dietz was a murderer, having killed a deputy, and he got life. But after all his shenanigans, he went into prison on a wave of popular sentimentalism created by a national press in search of an angle.

John Dietz was played up as an underdog fighting singlehanded against the evils of capitalism embodied in the huge, heartless lumber company.

But a town can't live long on mere notoriety. And so now it was that they began to realize the possibilities of the climate and the many lakes. The tourist industry was born, an industry that raises the normal 11,000 population of the Hayward Lakes region to 100,000 in summer. Fishing is the prime sport. And Hayward boasts that its own Louie Spray got one of the biggest muskies ever caught on hook and line, weighing 61 pounds and 13 ounces.

Out by the Namekagon where billions of feet of timber were floated down, there is now a huge State nursery with a replanting program of millions of tiny trees. The jangle of the juke box, and the clatter of the slot machines and the expensive mixed drinks served across a gleaming plastic bar at the height of the "season" scarcely invoke those inimitable times when the lumberjacks came out of the woods and down along the old Chippewa Tote Road singing, "I wonder if they'll know me now, if I go home again."

Yes, Hayward gradually got "civilized," but Hurley never wholly did. During Prohibition the big-time bad men like Al Capone, "Whittling John" Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, John Hamilton, Homer Van Meter and

Continued on page 158

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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Hayward, Hurley and Hell

Continued from pages 49-155-157

Company, discovered it and made it their rendezvous, and ever since it has been a "must" for tourists.

Well, it's only fair to Hurley to say that Hurley isn't proud of it. The homefolks claim that the town couldn't support four taverns on its own thirst. Can *they* help it if people come there looking for synthetic sin based on an outdated reputation? Their sincere deploring, notwithstanding, the fact remains that 75 of Hurley's 115 business establishments are taverns, that is roughly one tavern to every 40 inhabitants.

The Hurleyites turn your attention to the long ore trains leaving constantly with iron for the war effort. They take you to Mt. Zion from where you can see the tall superstructures of the enormously deep shafts—for these are some of the deepest mines in existence. In the old days they didn't have to do much more than scratch the surface to get the ore, and they dug shallow veins every which way without a thought of future consequences.

Then one day people noticed that the earth beneath their very feet was caving in, sometimes with perilous suddenness. The result is that today Hurley stands on a kind of plateau encircled with deep pits known as "caves," and when you consider that the shafts of the old Ashland mine are there under the town itself . . .

But the good folk of Hurley just laugh at such a notion. It couldn't happen to them. And they point with pride, too, to the trainloads of logs there on the siding by the ore trains. For there is still logging in scattered spots and a few miles away two big camps cutting the very last stand of virgin timber in all that vast region. A visit fleetingly invokes the past . . . here is the workshop where they are cutting sledge runners in the old-time manner out of naturally curving birch roots, the *sauna*—Finnish steam bath, produced by pouring water on red-hot stones, and the cookhouse with the long tables literally loaded with the good food demanded by lumberjacks and eaten amid the total silence imposed long ago to avoid mealtime quarrels.

And the lumberjacks still gravitate to Hurley and, not trusting themselves, deposit their stake with their favorite bartender who doles it out to them lest they gamble it away in a single night. Jack Forslund says he had eighty-seven of them sleeping on the floor of his place last Christmas.

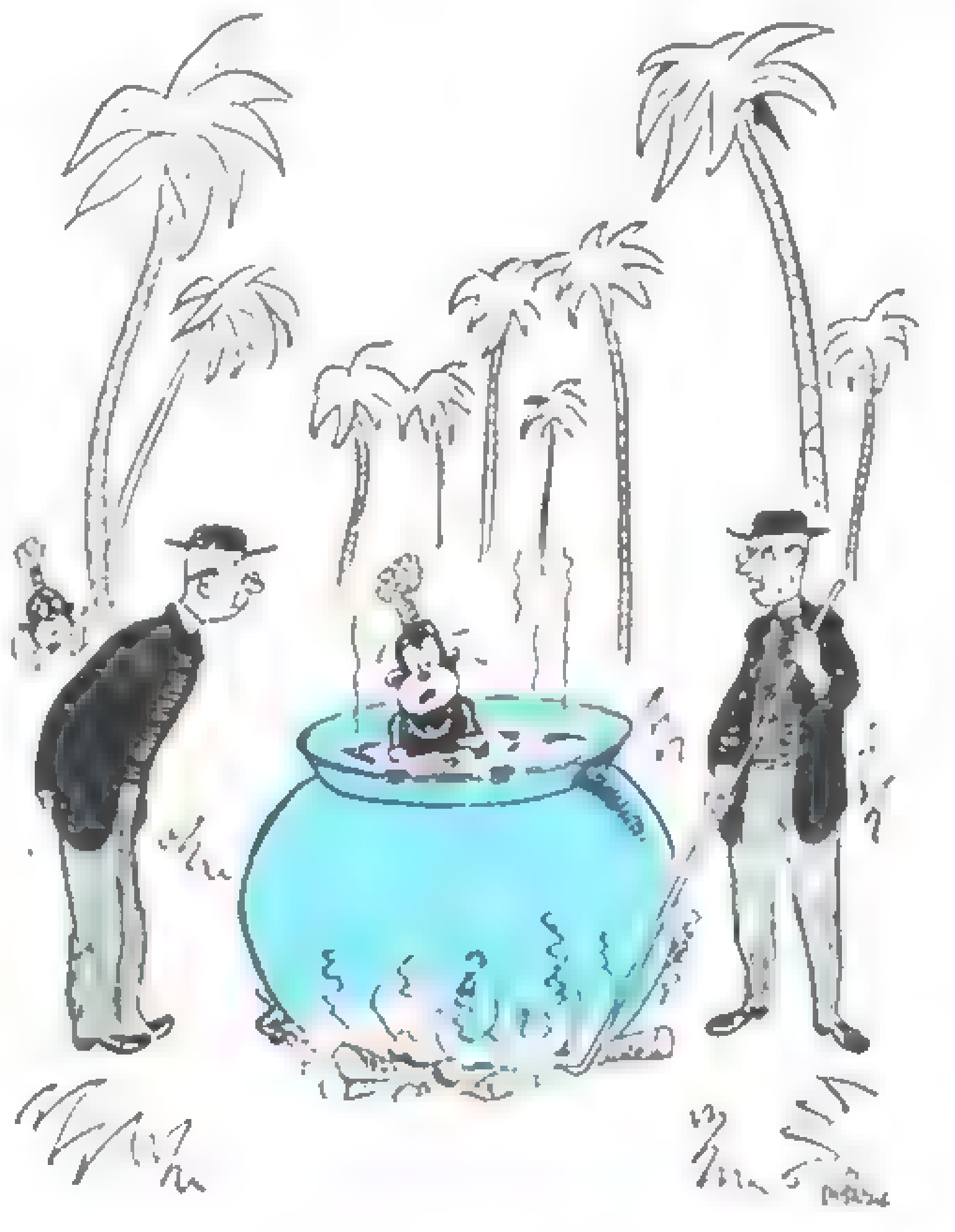
Driving in after supper from the logging camp, between the purple and gold hedges of asters and

IT'S NEW AND IT'S A STETSON
STETSON
THE SHOE SHOWN IS THE "BREEZE"
THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

goldenrod, we reach Hurley just as night falls and Silver Street springs to life. There is a tantalizing aroma in the crisp air—"pasties" baking in Daoust's restaurant. These meat and potato pies are Hurley's heritage from the "cousinjacks"—Cornish miners who came to take out the first ore. Nowadays over half the miners are Italians, but they all make pasties in their homes—it's become a Hurley custom. In the Turf Exchange a bunch of lumberjacks are doing some steady drinking, and down the street in one of the modern night clubs gambling gets under way, with the traditional silver dollars used as chips piled in stacks a foot high before the dealer.

But the favorite rendezvous of those "in the know" is the "club" established in the cellars of the ruinous old Burton House. We take our way up there under one of Wisconsin's inimitable harvest moons. Drinks are served at an ancient mahogany bar, the games are going on quietly in an adjoining room. It is eerie to think of the deserted old building overhead, only a half dozen of its 250 rooms now being used as a place to flop by decrepit lumberjacks. We go up to the musty lobby. Gone is all the elegance of those incredible nineties. There is no clerk now, and we ourselves take out and pour over the yellowed registers filled with the flourishes of a day gone forever.

There is an odd hollow sound from the echoing depths of the building. We listen fearfully. Finally there heaves into view a strange, legless, fingerless wreck of a man. As this pitiable hulk makes its way across the lobby, pushing a broom before it, the face turns to us and the lips move, but no sound comes. The half-man disappears into the darkness. Someone explains he is an old Finnish lumberjack who got drunk one night and fell asleep in the snow and froze off his legs and fingers and has never been able to speak since—a fitting caretaker for a ghost hotel. #



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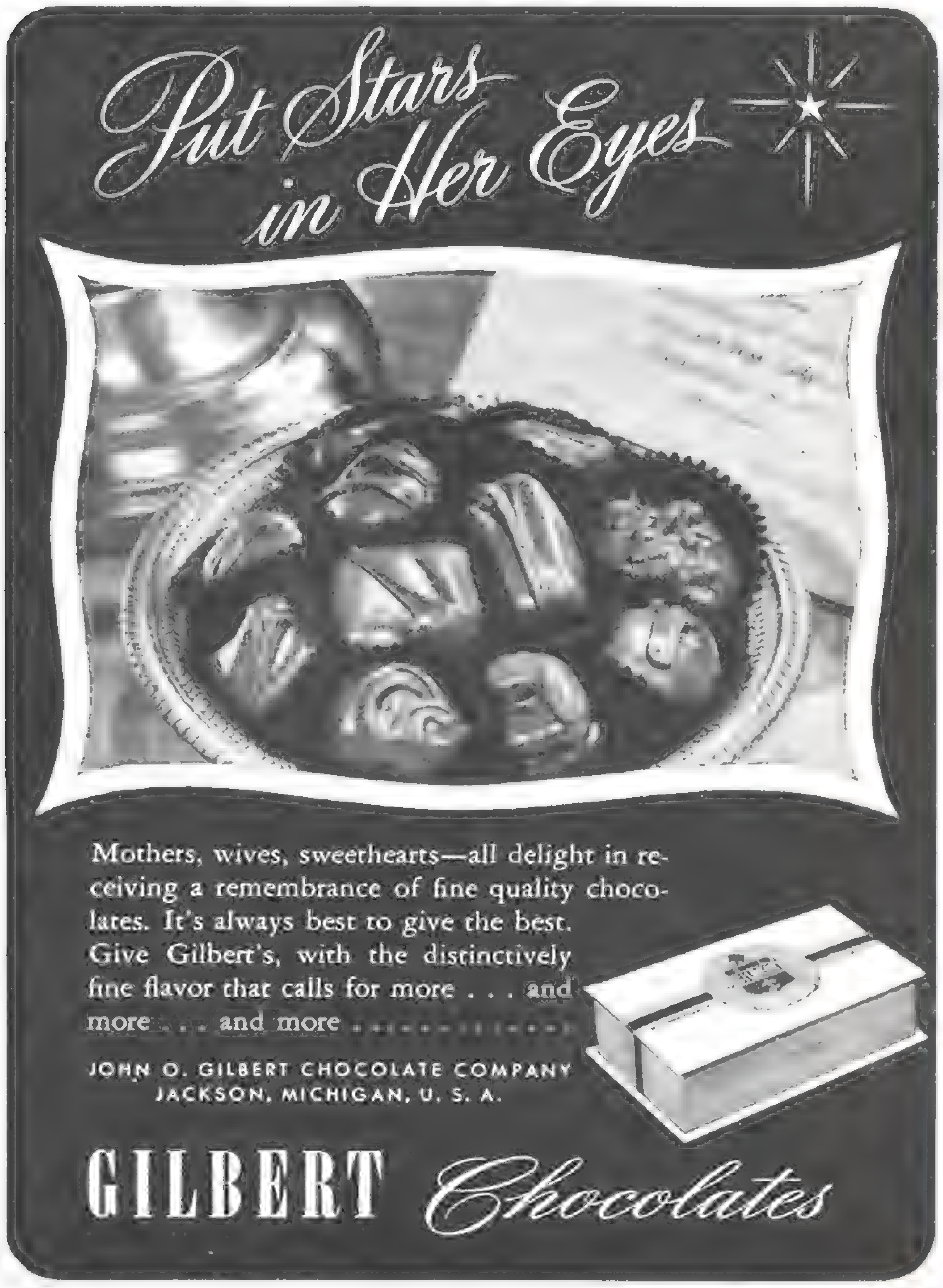

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AO CALOBAR SUN GLASSES Optically Safe

Conquest of Arithmetic

Continued from page 70

nical skill, and it was personnel management.

The Executive began to shuffle the papers on his desk. "You've heard about the submarine war the enemy is conducting along the sea frontier?"

I had heard about it, but I believed they could take me in the virgin state. I recalled William Lloyd Garrison's observation that the success of any great cause does not depend on numbers.

Ignoring my heavily accented effort to decrease the inertia of the conversation so that I might redirect it into more fruitful channels, the Executive continued on his way, "We need men and we need them fast, men who can learn our particular phase of this anti-submarine work."

"Sir, I realize the necessity. At the same time, mathematics is the language of this training and I have never been able to speak it. You can get better men than I."

"That I am sure of. But we don't have them right here right now. You just stay on those books and you will be surprised how quickly you will pick it up."

"What happens if I don't make satisfactory grades?"

"You'll make them all right."

"Yes, sir. But if I don't?"

"I should say that in your case there is safety in numbers."

This sally pleased the Executive. He smiled warmly at me and honked, "Carry on!"

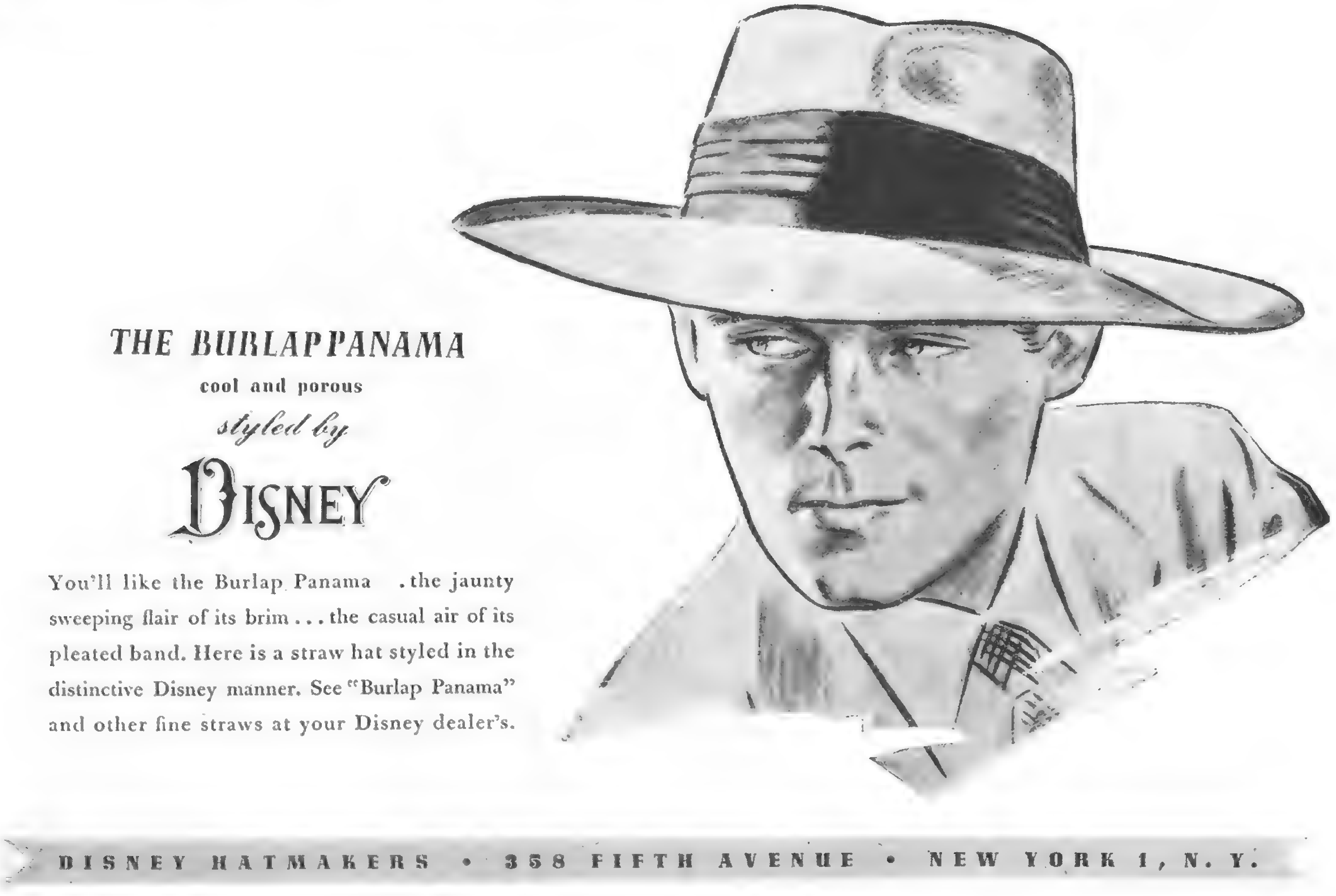
I saluted, about-faced and, after regaining my balance, withdrew.

So it was mathematics or else. I went to my room, lighted up and lay on my bed to think it through. Did I not have a brain, patience, fingers and a pencil? What else was there to it? Paper? I had that too, and reaching for a pad I began to itemize what I knew

(a) I could add. With mistakes, granted, but if I looked at each number carefully and did not try to solve the problems by intuition, the mistakes could be eliminated. The reason people could not add, I decided, was that they treated addition as a religious matter. Instead of hacking away at one number at a time they tried to stare the column down and derive the answer by autohypnosis.

We have all noticed our friends (and ourselves if we are sufficiently introspective) in these Additive Trances—eyes glazed, fingers tense, lips twitching some runic nonsense, "*sixandcarryeightdammitdammitcarryonemore . . .*" The thing is to be patient, take it one number at a time. Addition is not a matter of talent, but of care.

(b) I could also subtract, subject to the same cautions that applied to addition. I had a grand-



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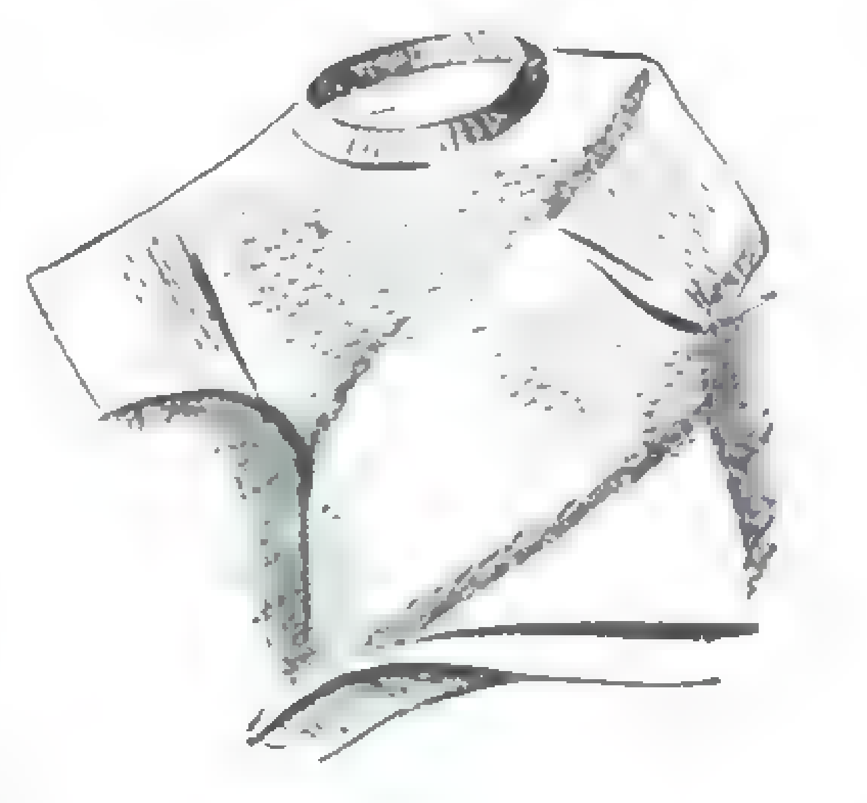
uncle who used to take his checkbook out on the back steps and beat it with a golf club to make it balance. He insisted the method worked. I tried it once; it worked for me, too. But now that I understand subtraction better, I believe I only exorcised the devil from my own soul and was then able to go at the balancing process with a refreshed, calm mind. It is the mental attitude that counts.

(c) As I lay on my bunk in the dormitory, sucking my corn cob and scratching on the pad, I concluded that things were not so bad as I imagined. Multiplication is only addition slightly complicated. If you do not know all the times tables—if the eights, say, give you trouble—just put the required number of eights in a row and add them. That makes it addition, and addition—as we have seen—is easy.

A further encouraging thing about multiplication is that contrary to grammar school doctrine it is not even necessary to learn all the times tables; a sampling is good enough for all practical purposes. Thus if we know what 4x8 equals, we need never trouble to learn what 8 x 4 equals.

These calculations may confuse Albert Einstein, but any finger-tapper will appreciate their inherent simplicity and, after filling two pages with them, I concluded, as I now affirm, that multiplication is no more difficult than addition or subtraction.

I decided division could wait. If I intended to wash carefully, shine my shoes, look in the mail box, have a cigarette, file my nails, count my socks and perhaps have another cigarette before lunch, it was time to stop. I did not have to meet up with the monster right that minute.



Small patterned knitted cotton shirt rates for varied sports.

During lunch I discovered Mike Faust, who was to have an effect on me such as Father Picquet had upon the Iroquois, revealing the true light and drumming up my courage when it flagged under the weight of vectors and roots.

Faust was of that special class the Navy fosters, an exuberant lad fresh out of Lehigh, amazed to find 200 dollars credited to his account every month (a 250 dollar increase over his college in-

Continued on page 162

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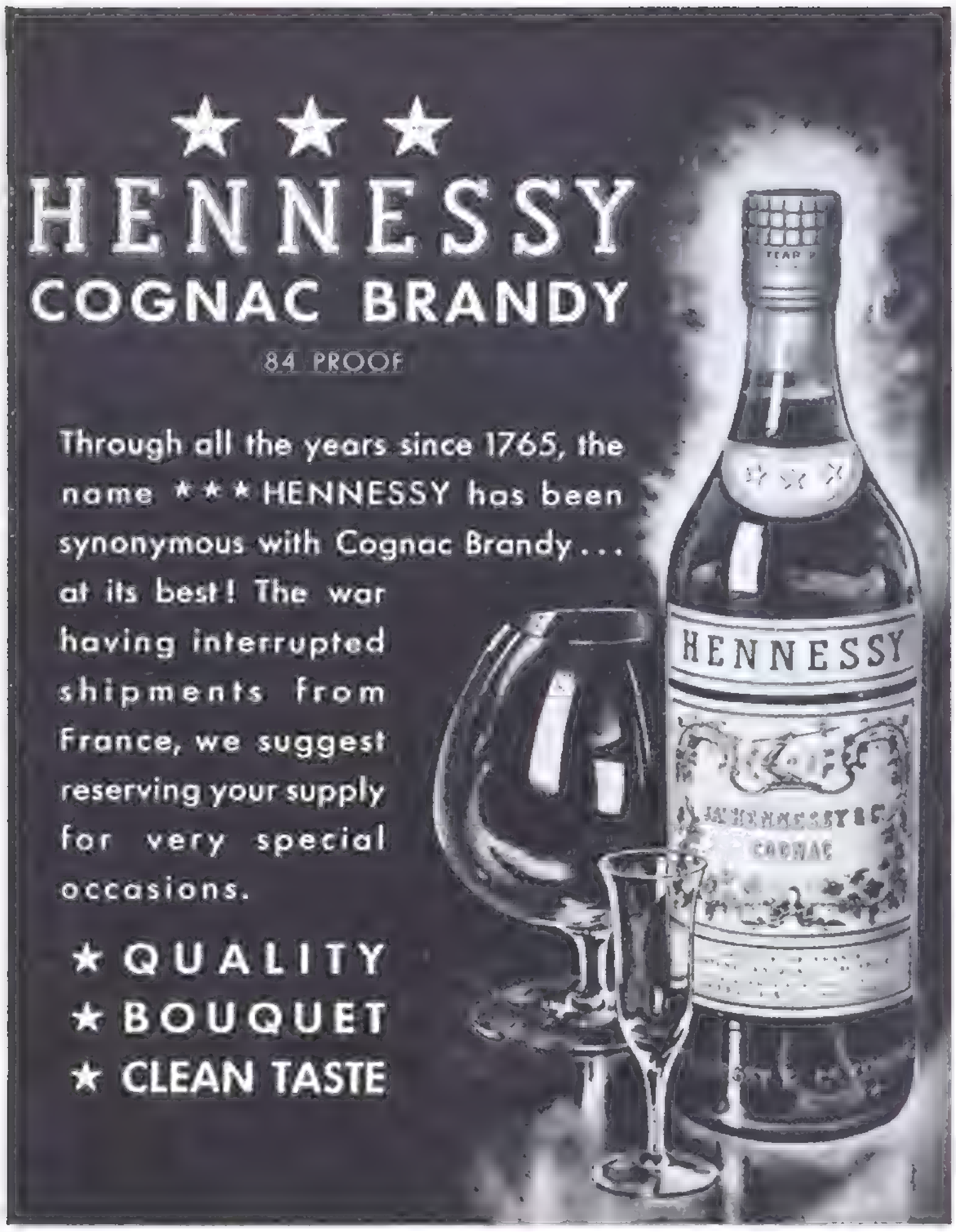

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Conquest of Arithmetic

Continued from pages 70-161

come) enthusiastic over the prerogatives of his one stripe and, beyond that, uncannily able to understand motors, guns or anything made of wheels, shafts and wires. I heard this voice behind me in the cafeteria line amiably cursing the selection of salads, the color of the gravy, the texture of the ice cream, and speculating on what was in the coffee in addition to coffee. The voice followed me across the wardroom, and when I sat, it sat beside me, griping about the crumbs on the seat.

I did not realize until then that the remarks had been addressed to me and that they were coming from this happy-eyed square rigger I came to know was Mike Faust. From his viewpoint we had been conversing in the cafeteria line, and my sympathetic attention to his monologue made it logical that we have lunch together. It suited me fine. Before dessert he asked me to call him Mike. I asked him to call me Ed but he preferred to call me Stoop, for I had explained my arithmetical difficulties.

"Cheerist, Stoop, there's nothing to it. What the hell is mathematics, only a lot of numbers? Sometimes it's algebra, next time it's calculus, next time it's electricity. It's still numbers. We'll take 'em one at a time. They're only tough if you let 'em gang up on you. I'll make an Einstein out of you in a week. Division? That's nothing. We'll get that out of the way right after chow."

The technique was simple. Mike wrote several sample problems on a page for my reference. Problems were issued to me and all I had to do was follow the work methods in the samples, liberally honeyed and bullied by the professor. When I did not understand why a digit went into this column rather than into that, or why a decimal went here rather than under the table, Mike told me. In a hour I could handle division. Anyone can do it. All it requires is a sufficiency of sample problems. For convenience they ought to be written on the backs of lodge cards and driver's licenses so that they will always be at hand.

"Now, Stoop, I am going to show you how to use a slip stick."

What was that?

"A slide rule, Stoop. Nothing to it."

I dissented. I had never seen a slide rule except at a safe distance, but they seemed to be the honorary fraternity insignia carried by the most able figure artists. Using a slide rule was the end of learning, not the road to it. Faust might perform on a slide rule right before my eyes, but I

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could learn it no more than I could learn the Indian Rope Trick. I was being pushed too fast. I reached for my cap.

But Mike had it otherwise and he produced the instrument from his brief case.

To those of you who are convinced beyond reservation that you are incapable of mathematics, I prescribe the slide rule.

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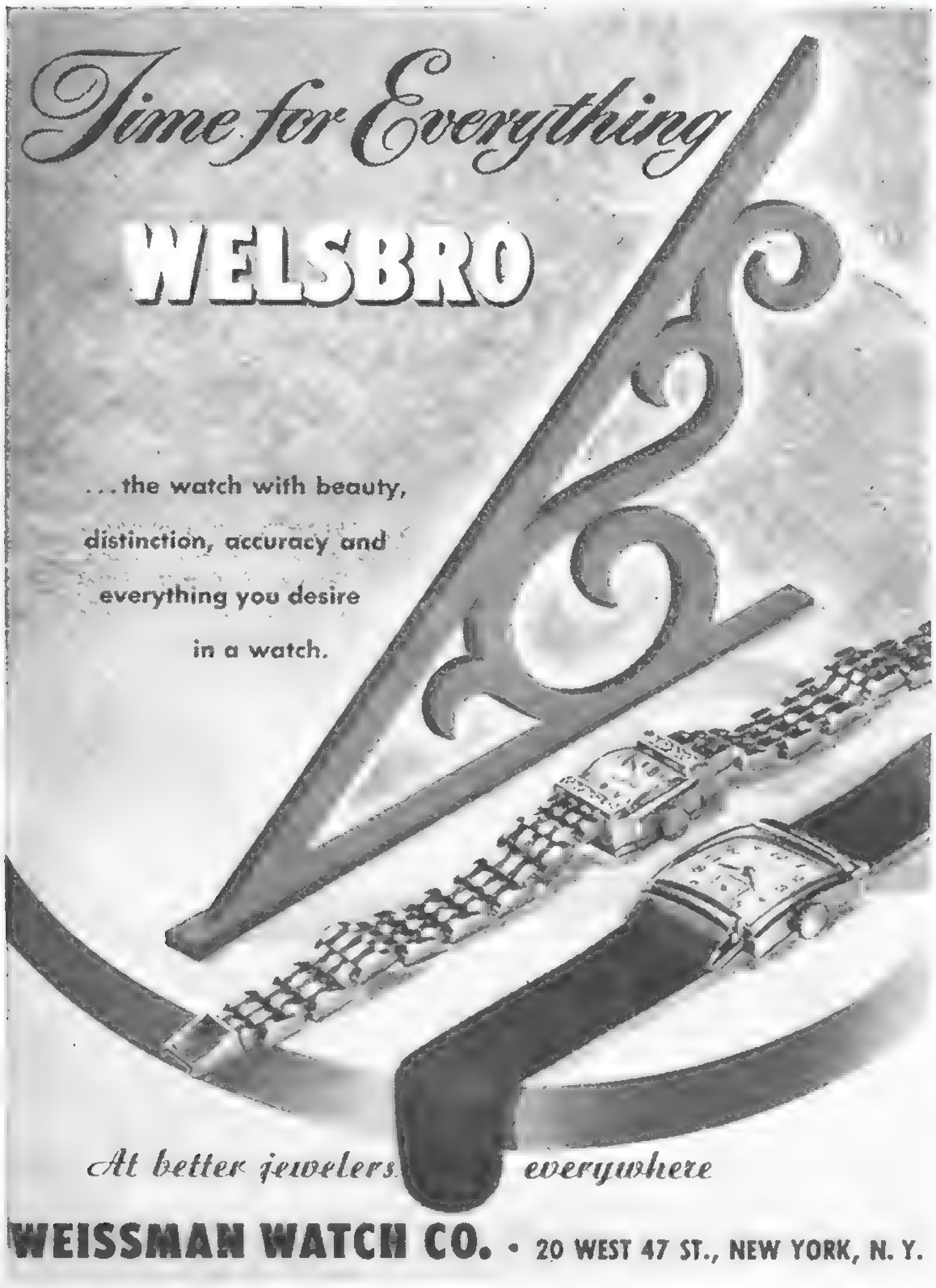
Balance it in your hand. Examine it closely. Could anything make less sense? Here is a ruler with four or six scales on one side and at least as many more on the other. Some of its inches are three inches long and some only a half. A panel slides out like a snake coming out of a hole and returns taking its scales with it. The thing is impossible. That is why I prescribe it. For subduing the slide rule is so simple that mathematics *per se* will never again seem mysterious to you.

The slide rule is subdued with the pamphlet enclosed in the packing box. I have owned a half dozen slide rules in the past couple of years, each more complicated than the last, and of a variety of brands; all carry compact instruction pamphlets. A child can learn the thing if he does not approach the task in a too highly nervous condition. Two pages of instruction are all you will require before soloing in the upper levels of multiplication and division.

I became the Demon Solver. My brain was incandescent and longed to test itself against a new Riddle of the Sphinx. After this first lesson I could not only multiply and divide on the rule, but I had taken the first step into the Inner Temple—*I could extract square roots*, although to be sure there was nothing to do with them after I got them out, and eventually a bosun's mate had to be cajoled into carrying them away. I was Superman! Bring on your sines! Yes, and their cosines! And their sisters and aunts.

In the lecture room I sat not under the eaves which had been my choice of seat in every previous school, but in the fore-

Continued on page 164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STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
TIE WELL • WEAR WELL

Conquest of Arithmetic

Continued from pages 70-161-163

most ranks. When Commander Morosz asked a rhetorical question, I was there with the answer. Was a student officer desired at the blackboard to demonstrate a problem? There was Coldman, chalk in right hand, slide rule in left. If the commander elected to figure the problem himself and tasted his conclusions in round numbers, I reminded him that round numbers were always false and that he had overlooked a tenth of a thousandth. I decided to request the Bureau to give me a mathematics teaching assignment.

But soon I became aware that Commander Morosz, far from appreciating my diligence, was resorting to trickery in an effort to keep me down. I had noticed a tendency on his part to change the rules as soon as I grasped one. Each time I learned to compute something in numbers, he would throw the numbers away and substitute letters—not just X, which everyone knows symbolizes the unknown, but K, N, A, B, R, Z and, before another week passed, substantially the entire alphabet.

Straightforward mathematical statements such as I had seen on the blackboard during the first lecture were replaced by phantasms of which $W = VANL$ is representative.

Not only that, but when the alphabet in capital letters was exhausted and I still sat in the front row, the commander began to ring in lower case on me.

One morning I entered the classroom to find this fanciful affirmation on the board:

$$I=\frac{E}{R}=\frac{ne}{R+\frac{nr}{m}}$$

Obviously nonsense. Enough was enough. After class I sought Mike and told him the weather was becoming thick again. How could you work numbers without numbers? Did Mike think it would be unreasonable for me to go to the chaplain and complain about this un-American behavior on the commander's part?

"Take it easy, Stoop," Faust advised. "Mathematics is numbers. If they put down letters they got to stand for numbers. When they come up numbers you can handle 'em. Make 'em come to you. Sooner or later they got to come up numbers. If they stay letters, it's not arithmetic. It's English, and don't tell me you can't learn English. But take my word for it, it's numbers."

I was not comforted. "All I can say is I hope the Jappos have to go through what I am going through."

"It's worse for them," argued

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Mike. "As soon as it stops being numbers they have to learn Jap. What if you had to learn arithmetic *and* Jap?"

That old saw pleased Faust hugely, and I conceded the point.

"Okay, Stoop. Now I'll work you some samples."

Taking the alphabetical littoral from my notebook, Faust turned each equation into numbers and it was as he assured me; when they came up numbers I could manage them. I thanked him once more for his invaluable insight, inspiration and sample problems. I had conquered the alphabet.

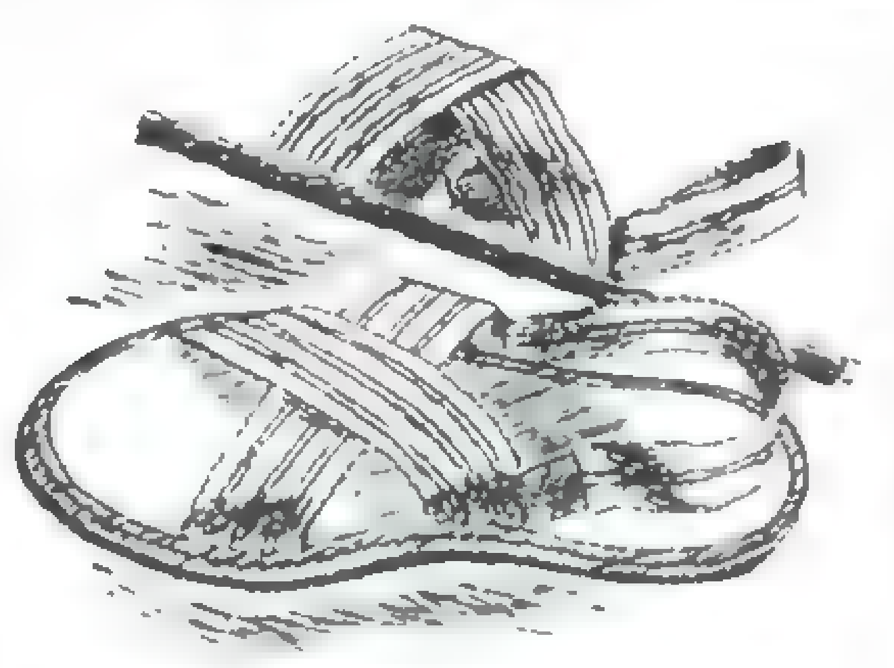
The remainder of this education experience passed with little incident. Commander Morosz made several further attempts to foul me but, with the exception of the Greek Affair, no serious threat developed. The Greek Affair had to do with what I felt was an extremely petty and un-officerlike tactic by the Commander. In the middle of his lecture one morning, having attained a high level of eloquence, he struck off with chalk on the blackboard the following:

$$\phi = \phi_m \sin \omega \tau$$

This, mark you, completely without provocation. Since the Alphabetical Affair I had avoided offending in any way. I had retired to the third row accompanied by my slide rule. I no longer answered rhetorical questions unless the commander paused so long that it made continued silence embarrassing. And this was the way he reacted to generous treatment. Very well. I would wait for developments. I would wait until they came up numbers.

And that they did. Wriggle and squirm as he might, despite every evasion and device, Commander Morosz was obliged to replace first one, then another and finally all the Greek with plain, old-fashioned numbers.

It has never been otherwise. Every mathematical problem resolves itself into some activity of the nine digits and zero. If I had not lost my wallet with the lodge cards and driver's license I could prove it. #



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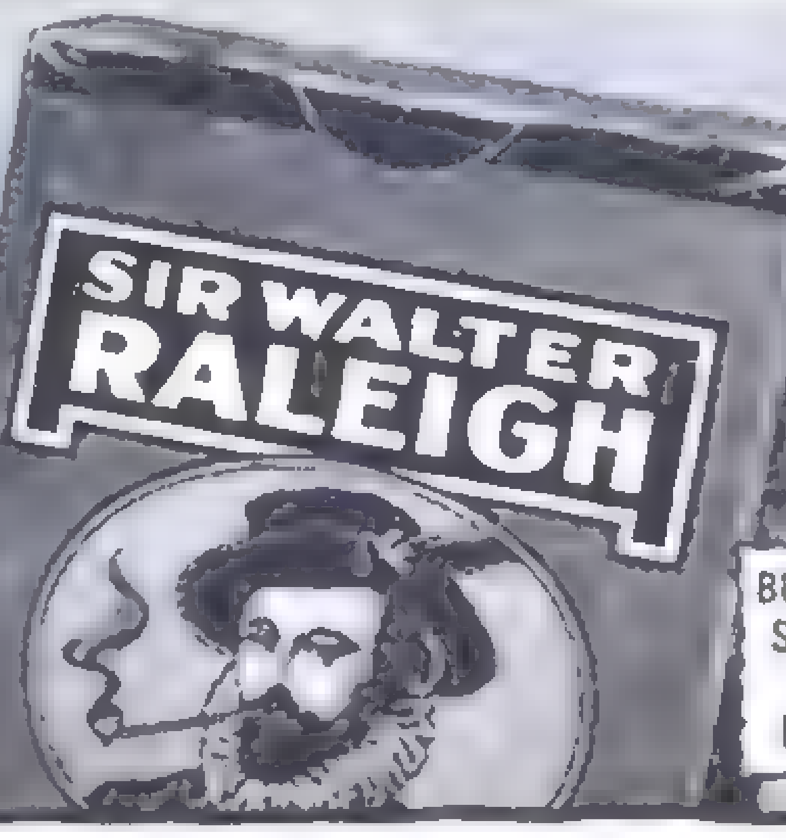

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COMFORT SHIRTING
A DAN RIVER FABRIC
WASHABLE WITHOUT SPECIAL CARE

They'll Smash All Records

Continued from bottom of page 93

ments of science, I also have in mind an improved development in timing the running races, the sprints in particular, by electric beams. The 100-yard dash is a short race to depend on tenth-seconds to distinguish record performances, when hundredths of seconds have been utilized for measuring the speed of airplanes in the National Air Races.

If a man is capable of running 100 yards in 9.38 seconds it is my opinion he is entitled to hold the world record over a man timed in 9.4 or even 9.39 seconds.

I am heartily in favor of—and I advocate—electric beam timing in hundredths of seconds, with world records accepted in those figures. Perhaps inventive improvements after the war will make such timing practical.

If the 9.4s century is to be shaded, I see no reason either why the four-minute mile should not also become an actuality in the years ahead. After seeing the effortless running of Gunder Haegg, the swift Swede, as he set record on record in his first American tour, it is not difficult to imagine his acquiring that little extra something to add a whit more speed to his running and an inch or two more distance to his stride. That's about all needed for the 4:00.0 mile to be attained by either Gunder or Arne Andersson, or some runner as yet unheralded.

I have the reputation, after thirty-five years at the University of Southern California, of being a veteran of this track and field game, and yet I am learning something every day.

I recall a conversation with A. C. Gilbert of Yale, 1908 Olympic vaulting co-champion, on the boat trip to the 1928 Olympics.

"The pole vault is not a jump, but a run," said Gilbert.

He may not have known it, but that little ten-word sentence altered my pole vault coaching procedure at the University of Southern California. Soon a strong, rangy freshman named Bill Graber entered the university. He had plenty of promise in the event and was receptive to my suggestion that he be a running vaulter instead of a jumping one. In three years' time Graber held the world record in the pole vault.

Thus are born new world records. After this war when there is renewed emphasis on athletics and the hoped-for revival of the Olympic Games occurs, I am looking forward to new records in every track and field event.

And I suspect even those new records of the future will go into the discard when athletes yet unborn take to their marks. ##

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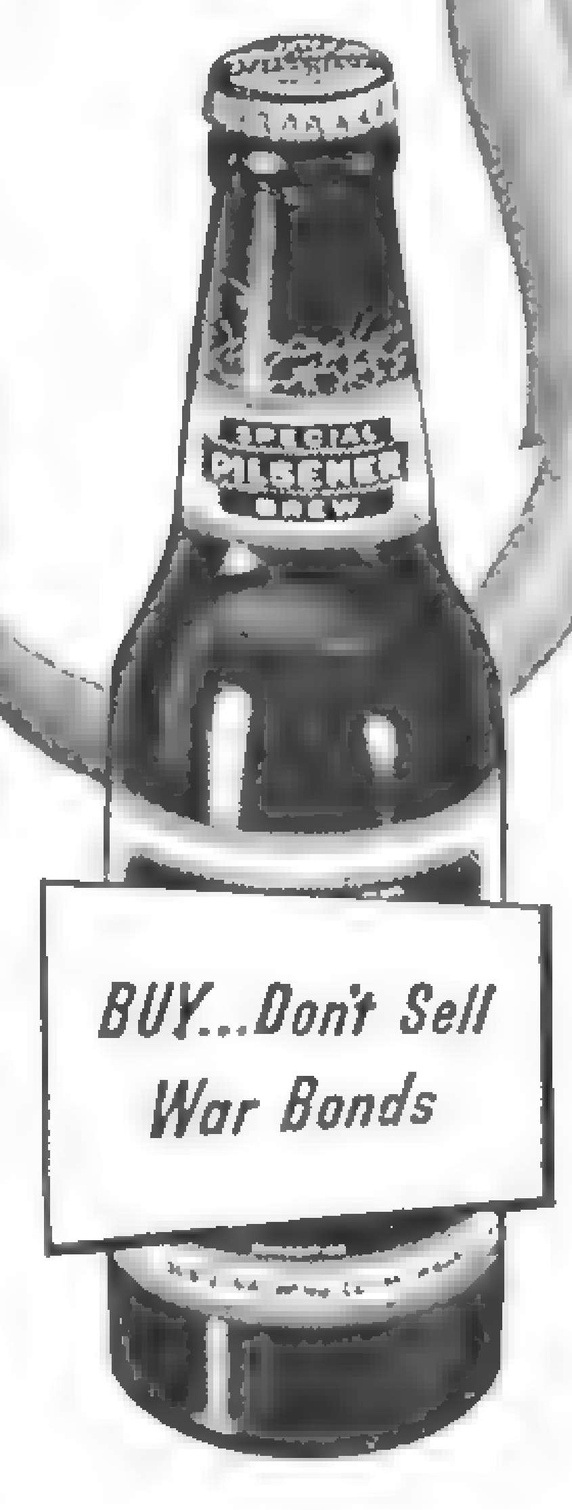

No Woman Can Tame Me

Continued from page 63

the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I don't know if I can describe that painting—I remember a big blotch of red paint, with lines of green crisscrossing it, and a black eye in the middle. Whew!

Peavis pointed his finger at the painting. "That," he said, "is a portrait of my sister, Sara Peavis."

It shouldn't happen to be a portrait of a dog, I said to myself.

Sara giggled in a thin piping voice. "Sometimes, he paints me like an apple," she said.

When we got outside, Nancy was looking at the pavement with a faraway expression on her face. She took out her notebook and slowly tore up her notes. Then she straightened her hat, and sighed. "I guess I'm not hard-boiled enough," she said, "I will never make a good reporter."

I was thinking my own thoughts. I was thinking I had the greatest hunk of ballyhoo in my hands since Anna Held took a bath in cow juice.

Nancy said, "It was sweet of you, Joe, to flatter him. I guess he ought to be in a mental hospital. I hope it won't be too hard to think of another publicity idea."

"Sure," I said. "Don't worry about him. New York is full of nuts."

"I guess anybody else would have written that story," she said, "wouldn't they?"

"Do you like musical comedies?" I asked. "A friend of mine is handling the publicity for *Panama Hattie*. I can get a pair of seats for tonight."

"I'd love to go," she said, and her face began to light up again.

I liked the way there was nothing coy or phony about her.

"And dinner at La Conga," I said. "A friend of mine handles La Conga."

"Do your friends handle everything?" she said.

Everything but you, I was going to say, but I didn't feel in a mood for cracking wise. I wish I could get a complimentary ticket to your heart, I thought.

But I found out that when she feels a certain way, and you feel a certain way, it makes a pavement on Fifth Avenue the equal of a soft country road in Carolina, and the illuminated tower on the Empire State Building is as good as a moon for my money, as long as you're feeling right.

I'll never forget the fun we had those next two weeks and four days. I could even tell you the minute when it ended. Two weeks, four days, eight hours, ten minutes after eleven in the morning.

The New York *World-Mail* is an afternoon paper, and Nancy

Continued on page 168

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Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug or department store.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ size

ARRID

More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant

No Woman Can Tame Me

Continued from pages 63-167

knocked off work at 1 p.m. We would go boating in Central Park some afternoons, or up to the Yankee Stadium to see Joe DiMaggio dueling with Bob Feller, or up the Hudson River on a one-buck sail to Indian Point. And then in the evenings dinner at all the places where my friends did publicity—maybe a show later, or a movie. You could have so much romance in little old New York that it could hurt.

We had so much to do together that maybe I accidentally on purpose forgot to mention our little friend, Roderick Peavis, who was taking a great deal of punishment.

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES
WEAR A
V.F.W.
"Buddy Poppy"

I rented a Prince Albert costume at Eaves, and we dressed Roderick up like Victoria's husband and brought him to Whorfle's. Sidney Whorfle himself suggested we take advance photos of Peavis all over the store and during the anniversary we could use the pictures in our ads.

Peavis was photographed with the fur models, for a touch of cheesecake.

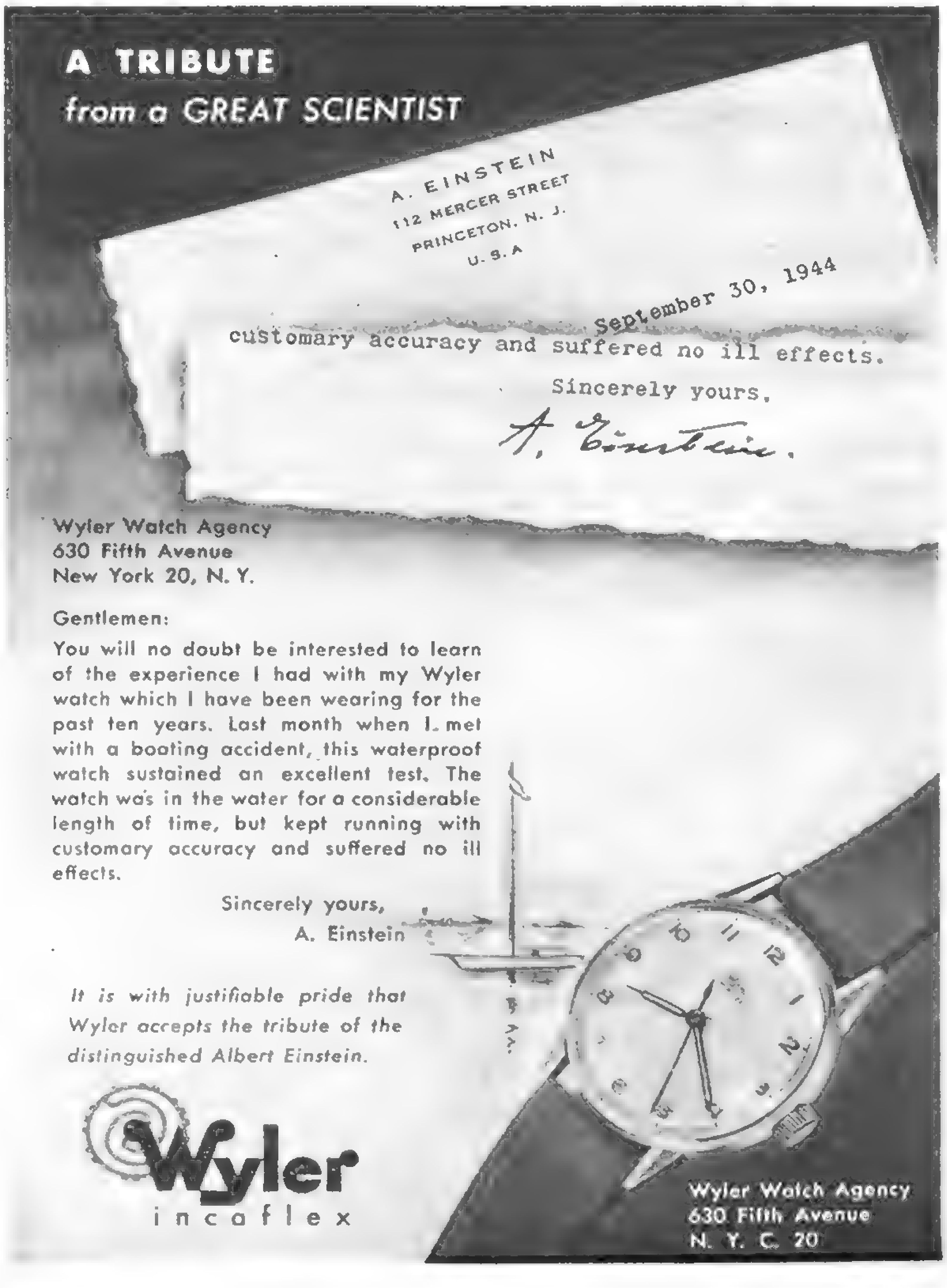
Peavis was mugged practicing with a mashie in the sports department.

Peavis was shown sleeping on a bed in the mattress department. Reading *Inside Asia* in the bookstore. Choosing a tie. Sampling cheddar cheese. Listening to a swing recording in the music shop.

You might ask me why Roderick Peavis stood for all this, and I will answer: aren't painters crazy? Peavis only objected to the swing recording. "If this is music," he said, "then the riveter who is busting the sidewalk on Eleventh Avenue is Beethoven. When do we get around to hanging my paintings?"

I patted the old boy gently. "As soon as we clear some space on the fifth floor," I said.

As the gag developed, Whorfle came up with an excellent twist. He suggested we give Peavis the run of the store for one day, right after the banquet, and let



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You will no doubt be interested to learn of the experience I had with my Wyler watch which I have been wearing for the past ten years. Last month when I met with a boating accident, this waterproof watch sustained an excellent test. The watch was in the water for a considerable length of time, but kept running with customary accuracy and suffered no ill effects.

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It is with justifiable pride that Wyler accepts the tribute of the distinguished Albert Einstein.

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EXTRA-DRY
Renault

BUY WAR BONDS

him pick out anything he wants without payment. I couldn't believe it was Whorfle talking. I said it might run into money.

"Oh, no," said Whorfle, "an old feller like Peavis wouldn't want much."

The day I released the news that Roddy Peavis had been selected as the oldest customer in the world, the phone rang. It was Nancy. I started to say, "Did you like those flamenco dancers at the Copacabana last night?"

But she cut me short.

"Joe," she said, and her voice was as tense as a mainspring in a watch. "A flash just came through from City News about a certain Peavis, and Whorfle's."

"Yeah," I said, "I decided to pull that stunt after all. I just finished writing the speech Peavis is going to deliver at the dinner."

I read her the speech over the phone. It started like this: "Friends of the E. T. Whorfle store. I am honored to be here as your guest. It is not as a formality that I call you friends. During the long and happy years of our relationship I have always found you to be cheerful and friendly, always placing foremost the service and welfare of the customer . . ."

There was a dead silence at the other end. "Hello," I said, "hello. Nancy?"

"You think this is clever, don't you?" she said.

"I wasn't the ghostwriter for State Senator Hubert A. Smeech for two years for nothing," I said modestly.

"Of course you realize Peavis lets you lead him around like a prize pig with a ring in its nose because he thinks Whorfle will buy his paintings?"

I tried to explain I had a job to do and was trying to do it as well as I could, but you know a woman when she gets excited.

"How do you think he'll feel when it dawns on him he's been the victim of a gag?" she was saying, very fast. "I thought you had dropped the whole idea. If I had any idea . . . Oh, it's mean, underhanded, dishonorable, and now I see why everybody on the desk has been making remarks about press agents since I started going with you."

No woman makes me apologize. No woman makes me eat dirt. I want to be loved for what I am. Take me or leave me, don't reform me. But I didn't say that to her. You can't explain complicated things over the phone.

"Listen," I said, "let's talk it over. I'll meet you by the water bubbler in Bryant Park in half an hour. We could take a walk and feed the pigeons."

"No," she said, "I'm busy. I've got an appointment to cut a throat, kick an old lady in the shins, take the pennies away from a blind man and steal candy from a baby. After that I'll be fit company for you." *Click!*

I tried to get Nancy all that evening at her home, but her mother said she was out, but the way her

Continued on page 170

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330 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

No Woman Can Tame Me

Continued from pages 63-167-169

mother said it I could see Nancy was in. I called her home in the morning. Finally, I called her at the *World-Mail*, but she wasn't in. I switched to McNulty and begged him to assign Nancy to cover the Peavis story.

Then I went back to the banquet room and started distributing copies of the speech. The photographers were setting up their cameras, plugging their flash bulbs in. The banquet table was filled with celebrities. The mayor, Eddie Cantor and some big shots from the Chamber of Commerce. Kate Smith was to open the festivities by singing *God Bless America.*

But I didn't relax till Nancy came in. She came in with Peavis and his sister. I could see her arguing with Peavis. She was trying to convince him to go home, to quit making a fool of himself, but he was smiling like a little peacock and marching over to the table. Nancy gave me a death-ray stare when I caught her eye.

I thought the dinner would never end, but it did, and Whorfle finished a lengthy introduction, and finally Roddy Peavis stood up and fumbled with his tie. A hush swept the room. I looked over to see Nancy gritting her teeth. Finally, he took out his speech.

"Friends of the E. T. Whorfle store," he began. I felt better.

"I am honored to be here as your guest," he said, "although I do not know why I, above all others, should have been selected for this recognition."

I could see Sidney Whorfle stiffening. That wasn't in the speech. He glared at me.

Peavis continued as follows: "It is true that for fifty years I have shopped at Whorfle's. But it is even more true that for fifty years I have suffered indescribable agonies while shopping at Whorfle's. Their clerks are rude, argumentative, and intent only on selling you a lot of merchandise you don't need at prices you can't afford. Their deliveries are always two to four days late, and it is as much as your life is worth to criticize one of the plug-uglies who deliver packages for Whorfle's. But what has disturbed me most through the years is the impossibility of exchanging purchases or gifts. I estimate the best years of my youth were spent trying to exchange Christmas ties at Whorfle's. But—"

The tension in the room was choking me.

"—let us give the devil his due. The best damn linseed oil in the world is sold at Whorfle's. I mean the kind of oil which painters use to mix their colors. And I should know whereof I speak. For am I not the greatest living painter in the world? And I will prove this to you . . ."

Peavis orated for a long time. He traced the history of art. He threw in some stuff about Impres-

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It's the Angostura in it that makes a cocktail an appetizer

"Who said heaven would protect the Working Girl?"

"You'd think a man in an office would be more considerate! But not him!

"Why doesn't that man use Mum!

"Does he think underarm odor is something that only happens to other people? *It can happen to anybody!*

"Or does he think that just because it doesn't offend him, it won't offend anyone else? *It does!*

"Well, it's time he learned that nice people guard against underarm odor with Mum! And he'd give a girl a chance to like him if *he* used Mum too!"

- **NOTE to that man (and you?)**

You can't count on showers to keep you from risk of offending.

But 30 seconds with Mum . . . a dab under each arm . . . will keep you safe all day or evening. Mum won't harm skin or shirt. Get a jar today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum helps a man to make the grade!

sionism and Post-Impressionism, told why he had been influenced by the later work of Cézanne, and praised the paintings of Picasso.

The reporters rushed over to interview Peavis, and Whorfle rushed over to interview me. His face was purple with rage. "Are you working for me or our competitors?" he barked. "I hire you to bring down a man to advertise the store, and what do I get? A lecture on Picasso."

Nancy was standing near. "This is wonderful, Joe," she said. "I'm going to phone the story right in. I guess Mr. Peavis wasn't as dumb as you figured, although it doesn't make you less a heel."

"Stacey," said Whorfle, "I will give you exactly two minutes notice—without pay."

I told Whorfle that the stunt wasn't over—this was the part where Roddy Peavis combed the store and took anything his little heart desired—for gratis.

Whorfle had fifty fits, but what could he do?—especially when Nancy pointed out the reporters would write nasty stories if Whorfle's backed out on its bargain.

We got Peavis and his sister in tow and started sacking the Whorfle store. I told him to take everything he wanted, but he said he wanted nothing except for his sister, who had suffered so many years on his behalf.

We thought of getting her some dresses, and Whorfle tried to steer us to the $2.95 frocks, but I got Sara two Valentina originals. Then we picked out a jacket of muted sables to match (she said mink was too common), a half dozen very fine hats and enough stockings to last a lifetime.

I kept insisting Roddy should take something for himself.

"Very well," Roddy said, "I will take twelve quarts of Whorfle number 9 Superior Linseed Oil." He turned to the crowd of reporters who had been following us all through the sacking of Whorfle's. "The best damn linseed oil in the U. S. is sold at Whorfle's. I ought to know. I'm--"

"—the greatest painter in the world," sneered Sidney Whorfle.

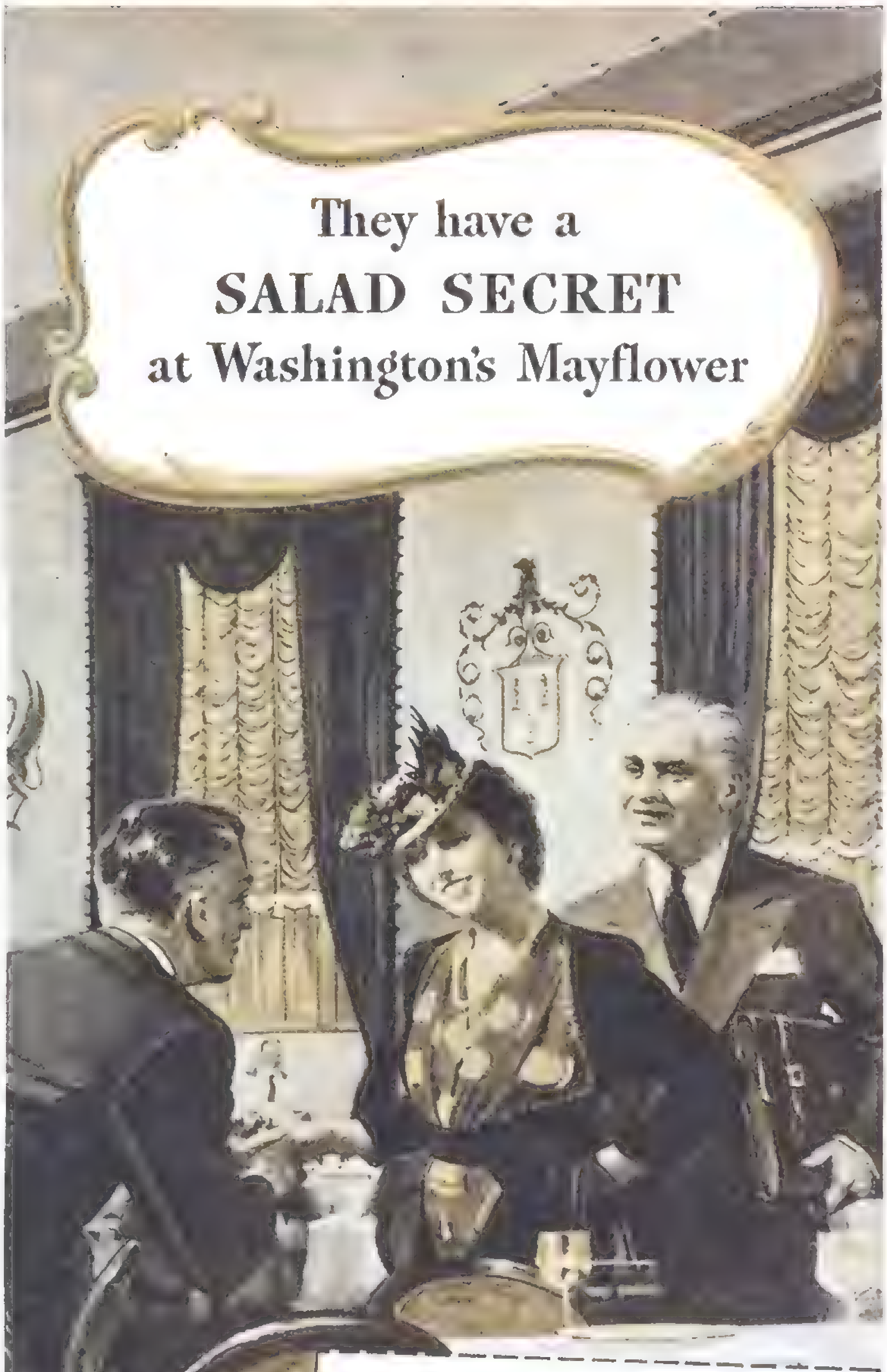
I could see that Nancy was a little happier about the way I had defied the wrath of Whorfle, but she was still a bit leary about press agents. I took her to the Stork for cocktails and watched her try to decide if I was a rat.

You'd think a girl as beautiful as Nancy wouldn't even bother with her mind.

Then I said that we ought to go over and call on Roddy and his sister, try to cheer them up. They would be feeling the awful letdown now that they were no longer nine-day wonders, and nobody asked them what they remember about the blizzard of '88, and they would have to slink back into obscurity. My suggestion made an impression on Nancy.

There was a crowd that overflowed the gutter outside the tenement where Peavis lived. The hallway was also jammed. I was puzzled by all this till I recognized

Continued on page 172



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6 ripe tomatoes
1½ cups crabmeat
½ cup olive oil
2 hardboiled eggs
1 tbs chopped relish
2 tbs. lemon juice
1 tbs Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon chopped chives
2 tbs Terragon vinegar mayonnaise
Chopped parsley

Place crabmeat in bowl Season with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, olive oil or salad oil, chives, vinegar, chopped hardboiled eggs and relish. Add salt and pepper, mix well but gently, refrigerate.

Peel tomatoes, scoop out centers and seeds, fill with chilled crabmeat mixture to which you have just added small amount of mayonnaise. Sprinkle tops with finely chopped hardboiled eggs and chopped parsley. Serve chilled.

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No Woman Can Tame Me

Continued from pages 63-167 169-171

a chap named Vyacheslav Botkin, who runs a big art gallery. Botkin flounced over and said, "Are you the frand of the great Peavis? I am anxious for to see him."

"Lay off," I said, "a joke's a joke."

"What joke? Deedn't you read the afternoon papers? Deedn't you see the reproduction of the Peavises they are preenting? Eet ees the beegest discovery since they find Gaugin's murals in the Samoan mud huts. I want to geev Peavis one-man show."

I said, "Who are all these people?"

Botkin frowned. "They are teefs from the ten-cent galleries. They want to cheat the great Peavis. I am his frand. Upstairs is Jacobson, the biggest teefing dealer in the country. He is talking with Peavis and the door is locked."

Well, it was true. There was actually a guy in Peavis' room buying paintings. "I'll give you 2,000 dollars for this one," Jacobson said, when we got in.

"You'll have to go a lot higher than that," I said.

"Who is this interloper?" the dealer said.

Peavis was nearly doubled up with laughter. "He? Why he is my Ambroise Vollard. He has done for me what Ambroise did for Cézanne, eh, nosy parker?"

Then he dug his elbow into my ribs and went off into gales of girlish laughter.

"What is the subject of this one?" Jacobson said, squinting at the canvas on the easel.

"Are you blind?" I said. "Can't you see it's a portrait of the lovely Sara Peavis?"

The dealer looked at Sara, then at the painting. "Hm," he said.

Nancy said, "It's a perfect day to feed the pigeons in Bryant Park. How about it, Joe?"

I looked at her, the pink happy flush on her cheeks, the blonde hair, the excitement in her eyes. I was lucky. I said, "I'd rather take a walk to City Hall Park, I hear they have more intelligent pigeons in City Hall Park."

"Of course," said Peavis, "and it is also convenient to a certain bureau of certain licenses, eh, nosy parker?"

Nancy was thinking it over.

I could have said something to make up her mind, but I didn't.

"I think," Nancy said, "I would prefer the pigeons in City Hall Park myself."

I was glad she said that because I would never have admitted to her that I called on Roddy Peavis the night before the stunt and tipped him off. No woman makes me do something I don't want to do. No woman makes me do something like staying up half the night to write a new speech for Peavis to deliver at the Fiftieth Anniversary banquet. ###

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"A PLACE *for* EVERYTHING":

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This smart new MEEKER Billfold not only has room for bills, checks, etc., (there's even a secret pocket) but its Removable Pass Case holds 8 passes, cards, etc. Yet it's sleek, thin, compact! Pass case may be carried in Billfold, or separately.

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This lovely MEEKER-MAID Billfold is of fine Morocco Grain leather. Black, brown, blue or red. Has secret pocket, removable coin purse, and removable case to hold 4 standard size passes.

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MEEKER MADE *Fine Leather Goods*

OLD ANGUS
BRAND

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
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Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
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NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

On Account of Darkness

Continued from top of page 51

wana sat grinning behind a rough table. Lefty explained that I was coach of the team. The glasses caught me and returned to Lefty.

"I wanted to explain a few things about the game, Sullivan." His English was perfect but it whistled on the way through his teeth. "Several admirals and generals of the Japanese Imperial Navy and Army will attend the contest. For security reasons I cannot give you their names, but they are among the most powerful and esteemed men in the Empire."

He was being very impressive.

"You did not tell me that this was to be any more than a camp game, Major," said Lefty.

"You are very fortunate that it is not merely a camp game as you call it. You will have a chance to demonstrate that if Americans cannot win battles they can at least play games."

Lefty reddened, but was silent.

"Needless to say," added Hawana, "I shall not play on the Imperial Team."

"You disappoint me," Lefty said quietly.

Hawana ignored the insinuation.

"One more thing, Sullivan. I have attended and played in several games in the United States where the rulings of the umpire were questioned by players. Such conduct will not be tolerated tomorrow. In Japan the umpire's word is the voice of the Emperor's Justice. That is all."

The sentry opened the door, but Lefty asked, "And who is to be the umpire?"

"I shall umpire the contest," answered Hawana.

We were conveniently out of the camp when the inspection took place, and when we returned from work we had to wait until early evening before it was the pleasure of the inspecting officers to watch our little game. Finally the bandy-legged ringers, who'd been practicing Saturday, ran on the field all decked out in poor imitations of the 1938 Red Sox uniform.

When the Sons of Heaven were all properly seated on palmetto bleachers which we had built, they let us out of the enclosure. I handled first base and it did my heart good to see old Lefty with his long, slow windup whip the ball to a kid named Hebert who'd backstopped a couple of years in the Southern Association.

I could see the spectators' heads bobbing as Lefty threw the ball right by the first three men up. They went down swinging, but the ball was on its way back from Hebert by the time they got the bat around.

Major Hawana, squatting behind the plate, did not look happy.

Unfortunately our boys were mostly high school players and couldn't do much with the roundhouse curves dished up by the

Continued on page 174

Diamond Dobby

Shirts by New Era

Hego
SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TEXTILES

How's crops? At least you can unearth your share of comfort in one of these New Era shirts. They're rayon broadcloths by Hego . . . accented by a tiny diamond-shaped dobby . . . made up in two important New Era styles. A sports shirt for days you dig into your hobbies, a dress shirt for days you dig into your job. And whichever it is, you'll reap a bumper crop of fit and comfort. At better stores everywhere, about $4.00 each.

NEW ERA SHIRT CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...delicious with soda

VSQ
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Paul Rand

They also serve ... who BUY and HOLD War Bonds
California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Manteca, Calif.

On Account of Darkness

Continued from pages 51-173

Nip pitcher. After five innings we bunched a couple of hits, and an error by the shortstop gave us the lead. As we ran to our positions I noticed the major speaking to the Nip coach.

From that time on there was considerable less swinging by the home team. They were on their second time around now and one or two managed to touch wood to the ball. Lefty began walking a man here and there in a crucial spot. I noticed Hebert was holding the ball quite awhile after some of the called balls.

"Some of those look pretty good to me," I mentioned to Lefty while we were at bat in the seventh.

"They're strikes in any league but this one," said Lefty. "I guess old Hawana can't afford to lose. He's sure doin' an awful job on the Emperor's Justice."

He looked at the sky.

"Maybe he can't see 'em so well in the dark."

By the middle of the eighth Hawana was becoming desperate. He must have passed the word that the Nips were not to lift the bat off their shoulders. They just stood there like statues and Lefty cut the plate in two. Hawana walked a couple on what should have been eight strikes. Our third baseman kicked a bunt and then threw it over my head. Score 1 to 1. We managed to get the side out without another run.

In our half of the ninth we did nothing. It was growing dark rapidly and it was almost impossible to see even the slow curves of the Nip pitcher against the dark jungle that ringed the outfield.

I went out to first base feeling pretty low.

Those monkeys dolled up in brass in the bleachers all knew what Hawana was doing. They would hand him a ceremonial knife if he let the Yankee dogs beat the Sons of Heaven in their presence. And they were all patting themselves on the back at the brand of the Emperor's Justice being dished up by Hawana. So long as they could pretend ignorance, it was just another chance to show up the Yankees.

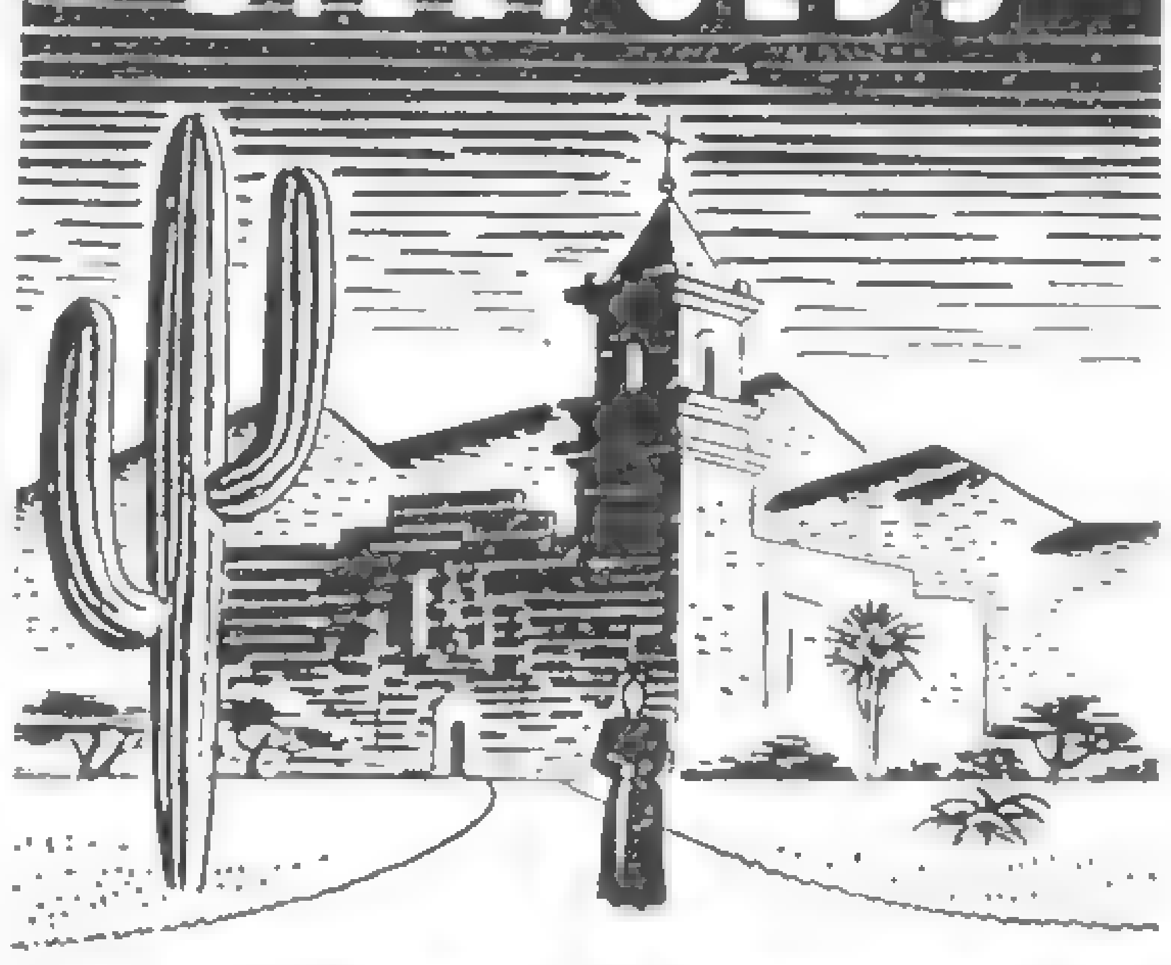
Sure enough the first and second men walked. The third bunted and was out on the sacrifice. The winning run was on third and they tried to squeeze. The bunt was right in front of the plate and even Hawana had to call the man coming in from third out at home.

Now it was really touch and go. Two outs and a man on third. Lefty threw eight balls that I could not see because of the darkness and Hawana called them all balls, the Nips standing motionless at the plate. I walked over to Lefty.

"Let's quit, Lefty."

The words were no more than out of my mouth when I wanted

For Father!
TexTan
BELTS, BILLFOLDS



TRUE TO THE TRADITIONS OF SPANISH MISSION DAYS IN TEXAS

TexTan Billfolds are Father's Day gifts rich in the lore of early day Texas ... modern descendants of the rich leather craftsmanship introduced by the Spanish padres. TexTan craftsmen in Yoakum, Texas, carry on the ancient tradition of high artistry and skill in creating these striking billfolds of fine leathers.

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The "Chuck Wagon"—handsomely embossed with laced edges ... four pockets, two celo envelopes $5.00*

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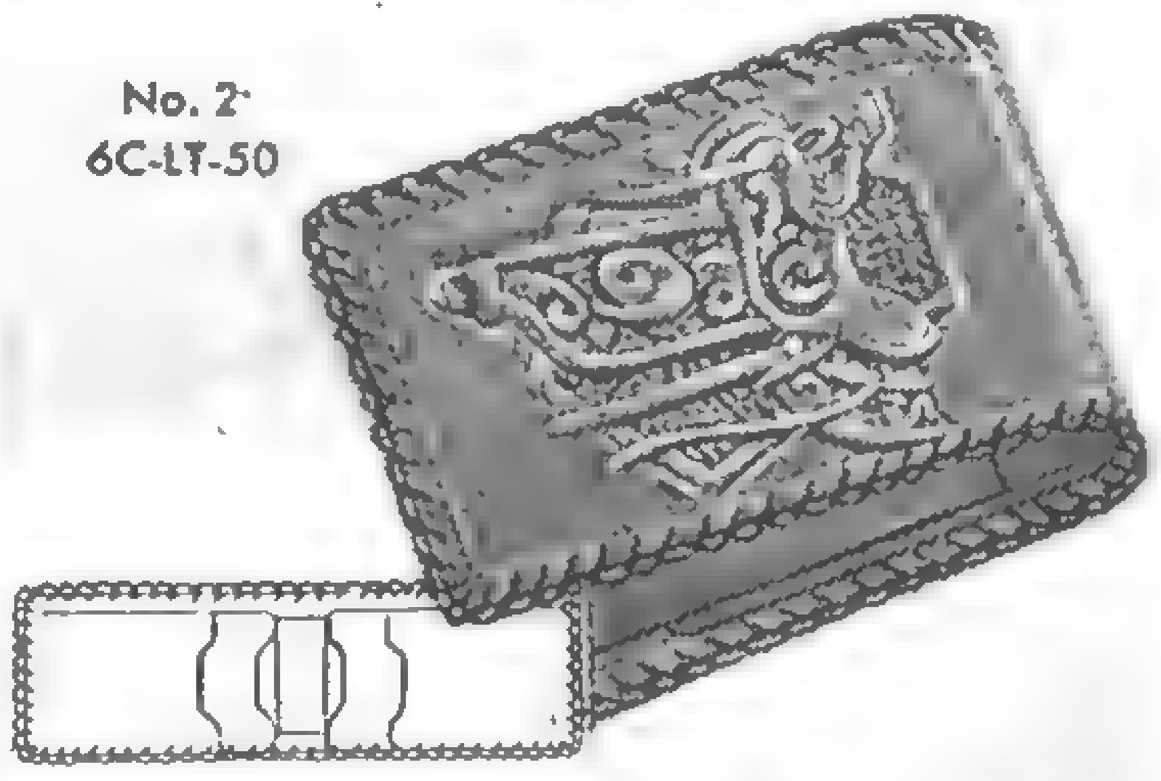

The "Hereford"—Hand tooled saddle, floral design. Laced edges, divided bill pocket ... 4 pockets, celo envelopes . . . $9.00*

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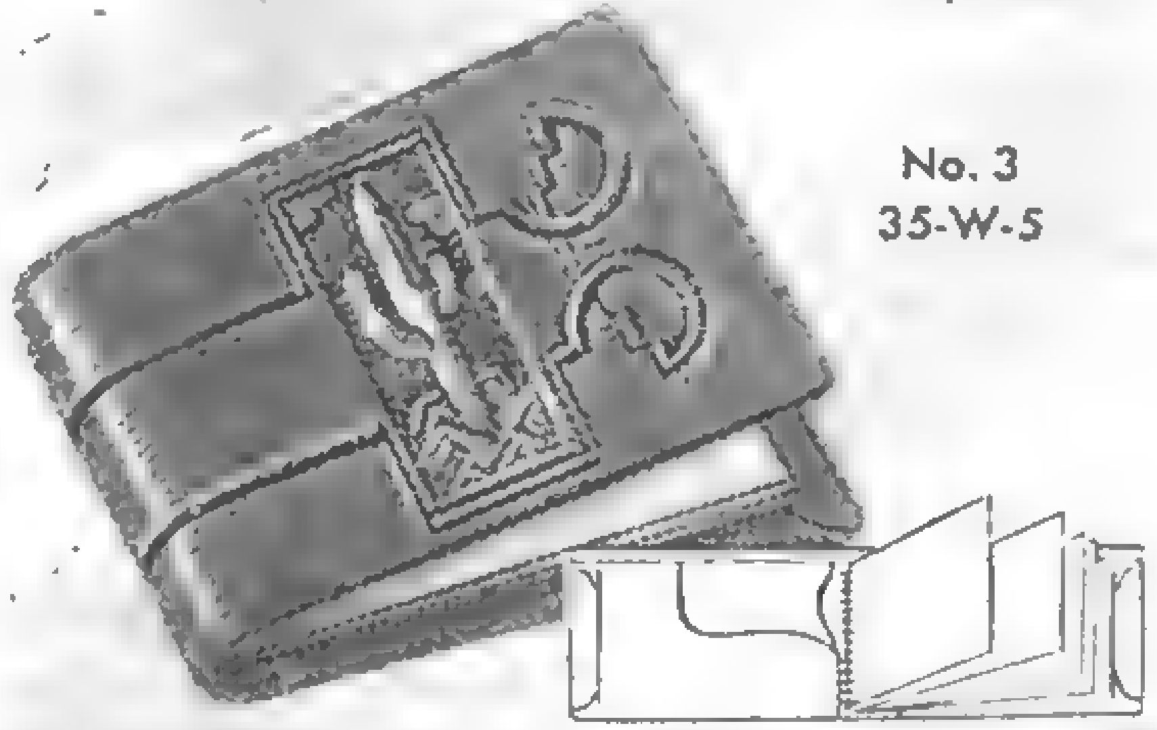

"The Cactus"—beautifully embossed. Folded edge bill pocket ... four pockets, spiral celo wings for cards . . . $3.50*

**Plus Federal Excise Tax.*

TEXAS RANGER
SADDLE CRAFT

by TexTan
of YOAKUM, TEXAS
YOAKUM MEANS FINE LEATHER

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

ON FATHER'S DAY!..what a welcome Westminsters will get from Dad! Give him Regulars or Shorts, he'll beam with pride—for Westminsters are always ***RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!***

SUMMER'S COOLEST CATCH! No "hot foot" for you in cool and colorful summer-weight Westminsters! Step out in their airy freshness today—looking ***RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!***

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

them back. The trap was sprung and we were in it. If we quit, the dirty Yanks were cowards. If we hung on, Hawana walked the next guy and we were licked. I went back to first without waiting for Lefty's reply.

He threw three more. Twice Hawana's left hand went up. I could almost see him licking his thick lips. He was going to work Lefty to three and two and then walk the batter, forcing in the winning run. It kept getting darker. For a foolish moment I considered asking to have the game called.

Lefty heaved in two more and sure enough the count was three and two.

Hawana took out his little brush and dusted off the plate.

Lefty called Hebert out. They conferred for a moment. Maybe they planned to have Hebert duck this last fast one and let Hawana have it, for I could see Hebert's grim smile and nod. Lefty went back to the mound with the ball in his hand, surveyed the infield, the outfield and the baserunners. Across the twenty feet between the mound and me, Lefty's chuckle was just audible.

He leaned forward from the rubber, peering at Hebert. He nodded and the great long arm made its arc, meeting the gloved hand and then whipped around behind his left leg. He fairly lunged toward the batter who stood motionless, his bat on his shoulder.

There was a loud smack from Hebert's glove.

Hawana's left arm shot up.

"Ball four, take your base."

As soon as the batter reached first, Lefty walked toward the bleachers where the Sons of Heaven were stirring in their seats, making ready to leave.

Hebert sauntered over, followed by Hawana.

The rest of us tagged along, sensing something unusual.

As Lefty approached the stands the Nips leaned forward. The medals hung from their uniforms.

Removing his hat, Lefty opened the glove on his right hand and displayed the shining white baseball that had not left his glove on that last fateful pitch. He tossed it into the dirt at Hawana's feet.

Before we turned to follow Lefty to the enclosure I could see the Sons of Heaven looking from Hawana to the ball at his feet and back again.

A few minutes passed and when I looked back I could hear them hissing at each other through the dark which had helped Lefty play the old hidden-ball trick.

I could just make out the shadowy form of the Emperor's umpire who stood with bowed shoulders before the Nip brass hats.

I looked for the glasses that had flashed so often in the sunlight and the fangs he used for teeth, but could make out only the outline of his head.

Somehow, in the darkness, Major Hawana had lost his face. ###

FOR *Father's Day* JUNE 17

Wrisley
spruce
FOR DAD....

Everything he needs for his daily "spruce-up" ...forest-fresh fragrance from a man's world of wind and northern pine—Wrisley Spruce.

Shaving Lotion
$1^{00}

Shaving Soap
$1^{00}

spruce
Shaving Soap, Lotion, Talcum
$3^{00}

spruce
Shaving Soap, Lotion
$2^{00}

spruce
Bath Soap
$1^{00}

Wrisley
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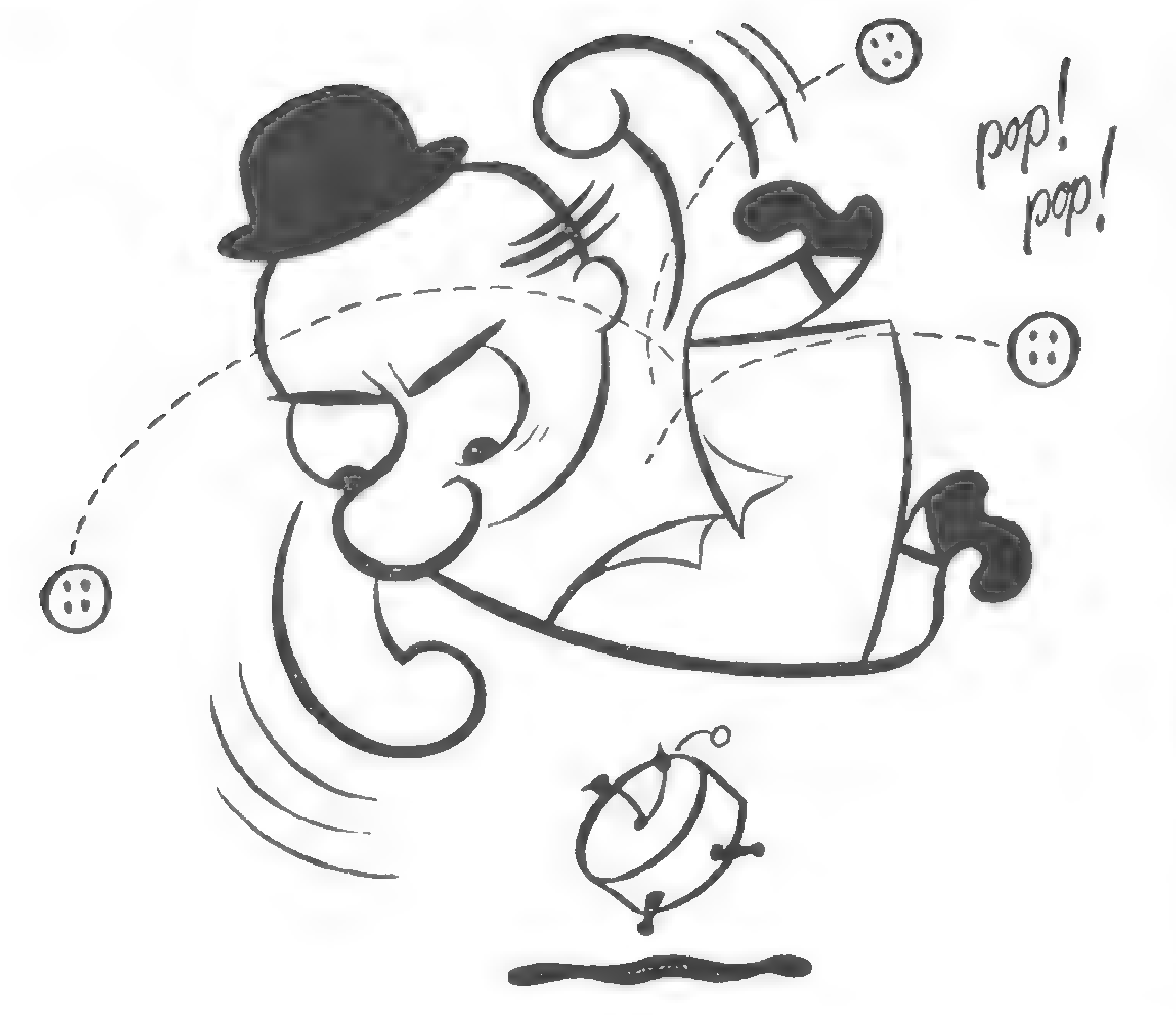


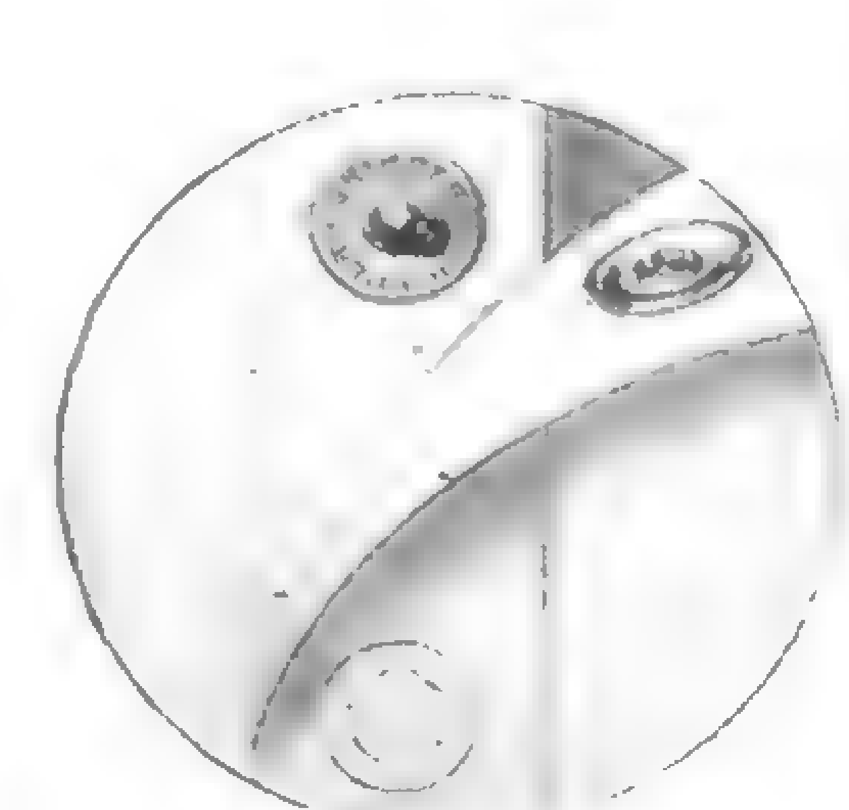
Hark to the tale of Alonzo M^c Plopp,
His temper went "bang" when his buttons went "pop."

He emitted shrill cries of dissatisfaction,
He pulled up his shorts and went into action . . .

Now he's buying Bonds, determined, we trust,
To get Yanks and Grippers back home, or bust!

LET'S KEEP PUNCHING! Our men and machines are still at work on a war. When that's over, Gripper fasteners, the fasteners that can't pop off, will be back on men's shorts and every kind of clothing that ever had Grippers. Plus some that did not. Until then, nothing really matters except to get those Yanks back, does it?

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*



MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

For the Love of Knowledge

Continued from pages 39-177

you feel about it now, Hopkins?"

Arthur Hopkins felt very tired. "I don't know what we can do about his grade," he said.

"How about a re-examination, Hopkins? The boy's here in my office now. He's eager for another chance. Shall I send him over, Hopkins?"

"Yes," Arthur Hopkins said. "Send him over."

"Fine!" Dean Whitman said. "We'll get this little snarl straightened out after all."

The boy walked in five minutes later. His fat face was as expressionless as it had been the day before. They stood facing each other a moment, neither making any pretense of friendliness.

"Sit down, Conklin," Arthur Hopkins said. "This is going to be an oral examination."

It took half an hour beginning with "Who wrote *The Prelude*?" and ending with "Identify Milton." When it was over, Arthur Hopkins felt physically ill. Such complete ignorance appalled him. He turned his back on the boy.

"Is that all?" Conklin asked.

"Yes."

"Did I pass?"

"Go away, Conklin," Arthur Hopkins said without turning around.

He sat for a moment in the hot, silent office. Then he reached forward and picked up the phone.

"Connect me with Dean Whitman, please."

He waited, knowing now what he would say, impatient to get it said and then to go to his room and pack and catch the train.

"Hello."

"This is Arthur Hopkins, Dean Whitman."

"Oh, yes, Hopkins. Finished so soon? What's the verdict?" The Dean sounded a little nervous.

"It was amazing," Arthur Hopkins said briskly.

"You mean he passed?"

"Passed? Why, he deserves a B!" Arthur Hopkins said, his voice loud and clear. "At least a B, Dean Whitman!"

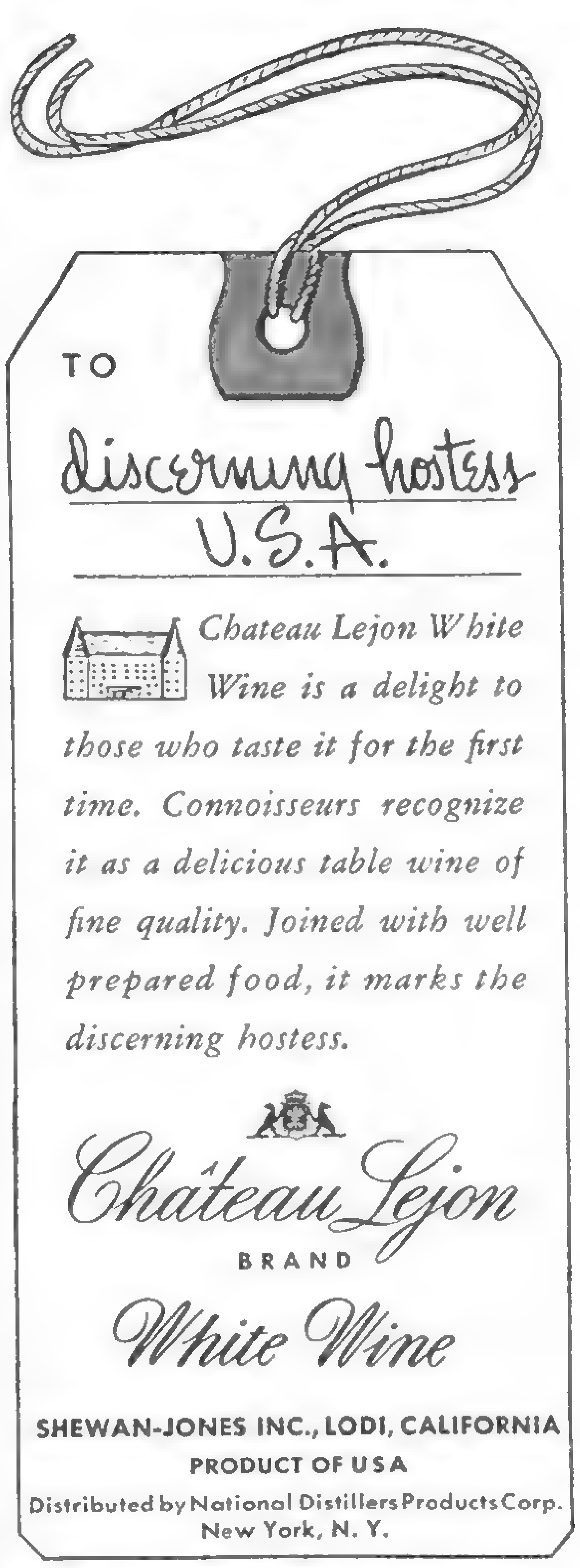
"Well, well," Dean Whitman said weakly. "That's fine, isn't it?" He cleared his throat. "Yes, sir, that's fine! Thank you, Hopkins. I'm very grateful for your co-operation in this case. I knew we'd get the boy through. Good boy, you know, really."

"Fine family!" Hopkins said.

"What? Oh, yes. Yes, indeed." The Dean was hurrying now. "Well, thank you again, Hopkins. Have a good holiday. Good-bye."

Arthur Hopkins replaced the phone on its cradle. He spoke loudly to the empty office.

"Give him an A," Arthur Hopkins said. "And a Phi Beta Kappa key. And summa cum laude. Sure. Why not? He's a great boy, that Conklin. All the Conklins are fine people." ⧺



TO
discerning hostess
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Chateau Lejon White Wine is a delight to those who taste it for the first time. Connoisseurs recognize it as a delicious table wine of fine quality. Joined with well prepared food, it marks the discerning hostess.

Château Lejon
BRAND
White Wine

SHEWAN-JONES INC., LODI, CALIFORNIA
PRODUCT OF USA
Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp.
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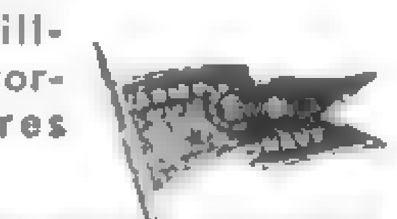
"Believe Me, HARLEY-DAVIDSONS Are Tops!"

"In the Southwest Pacific"—writes Cpl. Frank S. L. — "I have charge of a number of Harley-Davidson 45's, and *believe me, they are tops.* Outside the usual maintenance, not one of them gives me a moment's trouble. We are equipped to do 3rd and 4th echelon work or repair, but very seldom do we have to do it."

That's the kind of dependable performance for which Harley-Davidsons have *always* been famous, Cpl. Frank S. L. You and all your buddies can count on the same dependability in the new war-proved Harley-Davidsons you're going to ride in the happy motorcycling years after Victory!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycle pictures and stories.



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WIKIES, more than ever, are America's finest! Water-repellent poplins . . South Pacific prints . . wool knit WIKIES, at better stores everywhere. Gantner & Mattern, Dept. E, San Francisco, New York.

Pipedom's Aristocrat

The **Jobey** *De Luxe*

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

$15

In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

An artfully handcrafted pipe, distinguished for its many exclusive features.

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR . . $7.50
the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00
and the JOBEY PLUM $5.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet D

Norwalk Pipe Co., 218 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

Romance in a Fly Box

Continued from page 87

about 1910. The havoc these patterns wrought among the large trout in our streams is known from coast to coast. Today, bucktail patterns are so varied that to list them would be an impossibility. But they all stem from these two original patterns.

The streamer fly, without question, is another angling innovation that can be attributed to Edward R. Hewitt, perhaps as resourceful an angler as ever lived. Hewitt tied these flies originally with a small number twelve hook and a long, wiggly wing, three or four times the length of the hook itself. Reasoning that a trout usually strikes a minnow at its head, Hewitt used the short hook, and the number of fish he caught with these early patterns seems to uphold his conclusions. Streamer flies, as we have them today, with long-shanked hooks and rather stiff wings, bear little relation to Hewitt's early patterns. But the records that such flies as the Dark and Light Edson and the Mickey Finn have hung up are impressive. They spread across the country like wildfire. Bill Edson's memorable trip throughout New England and Canada, during which he caught every variety of fresh-water game fish, is a story in itself, well worth repeating did space permit. The debut of the Mickey Finn, launched through the medium of an article in one of the outdoor magazines and the New York Sportsmen's Show in 1938, is indeed an astonishing saga. The demand for this fly was so great that by actual count 200,000 of them were sold during the first three days of the show. Two fly-tying companies, on the verge of bankruptcy, were able to take a new lease on life, filling orders for Mickey Finns, and the nation's largest fly manufacturing company, devoting its entire facilities to the production of Mickey Finns, was from three to six weeks behind in its orders for three or four months, just with that fly alone. Who can say that a fly box does not hold its share of romance?

Today, the angler who does not tie his own flies is the exception rather than the rule. Thus, it is not surprising that new and different patterns are being turned out annually by the thousands. Some of these new ones are killers—most of them are not. And through this welter of design and color combination, the old reliable standard patterns manage to hold their own and continue to deliver the goods. There is a reason for this. The tried and true patterns were not developed hastily; almost all of them are the outcome of a great deal of care, study and experimentation on the part of experienced anglers. Even today, with thousands upon thousands of patterns, there are only a few *good* flies. ⵌ

Phil Spitalny says:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, EVELYN"

with flowers by wire . . .

On Evelyn's birthday, Phil Spitalny was in one town. Evelyn, star violinist and concert mistress of Phil's orchestra, was in another town . . . miles away. But that was no problem—Phil telegraphed flowers!

To Evelyn
Birthday Flowers
from Phil

In any event—wire Flowers

When someone dear to you
—in another town—has a birthday, or
any event you want to remember—wire flowers.

It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive the flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

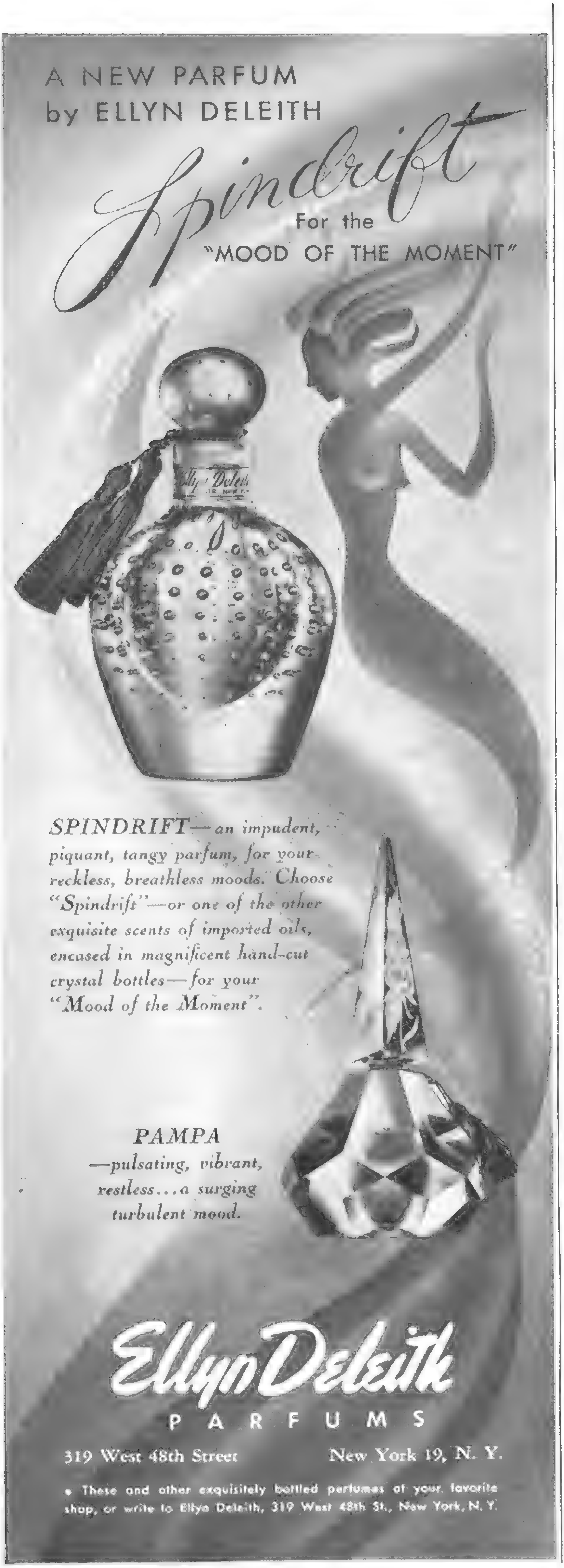
2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Evelyn and her Magic Violin is featured with Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra on the General Electric "Hour of Charm." (NBC, Sunday night, 10:00 P.M. EWT)



A NEW PARFUM
by ELLYN DELEITH

Spindrift
For the
"MOOD OF THE MOMENT"

SPINDRIFT—an impudent, piquant, tangy parfum, for your reckless, breathless moods. Choose "Spindrift"—or one of the other exquisite scents of imported oils, encased in magnificent hand-cut crystal bottles—for your "Mood of the Moment".

PAMPA
—pulsating, vibrant, restless . . . a surging turbulent mood.

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PARFUMS
319 West 48th Street New York 19, N. Y.

• These and other exquisitely bottled perfumes at your favorite shop, or write to Ellyn Deleith, 319 West 48th St., New York, N. Y.

This Man's World

Continued from page 61

when they deliver those little sales messages from their sponsors.

The other evening, during the Red Cross drive, I went on a couple of news programs to talk a few minutes for the Red Cross. We sat in a little glass cubbyhole; just the newscaster, the mike and myself. The guy was reasonably calm while he told of the disintegration of the German forces before the Rhine, and the bitter, inching battle of the Marines on Iwo, when all of a sudden he parked the news and launched into his sales message.

I thought I would fall right off my chair. You'd have supposed he was running for office. His hair stood on end, his tie was loosened from his collar, and his voice began to quiver with emotion. But the gestures! Talk about shadow boxing! They were really something magnificent. As quietly as I could, I moved my chair out of distance because I was a sure thing to get clipped square on the kisser if I was within range.

There was the fist, tightly clenched for emphasis, the full arm sweep, denoting honesty and generosity, the hand opened, fingers bent, quivering and pleading, the single digit, waved admonishingly, the two paws, clasped in supplication, and finally, full body-English at the climax. Sweat ran down his brow and dampened his collar; the guy was really giving his all. I forgot what he was selling—it was either peanuts or toothpaste, but I know that I have not been so moved and stirred for years.

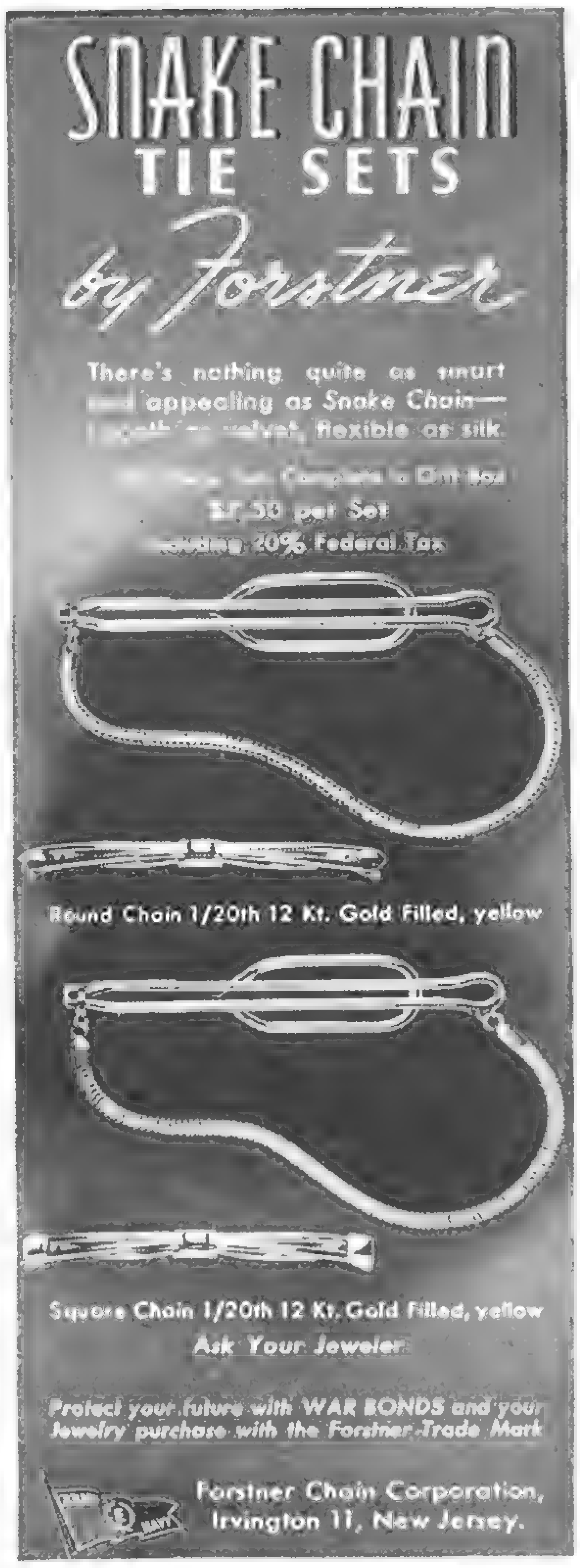
During this performance, a conducted tour of rubberneckers appeared in the corridor outside and flattened their noses against the glass, their eyes staring as they watched with a kind of horrid fascination as the little guy at the microphone tore his hair and waved his arms in what from their sound-proof vantage point must have looked like the ultimate in an impassioned plea for decency, justice and an end to all the ills that bedevil mankind.

The commercial ended. The flurry subsided. The man picked up his newsscript and covered the situation on the home front and Washington in refined and modulated tones and the rubberneckers released from the spell moved away down the hall, convinced that at the very least they had witnessed nothing less than the broadcasting of the final demand for the millenium.

Honestly, you're missing things. I can hardly wait for television.

Home, Sweet Home

The national midnight curfew invented by Jimmy Byrnes to bring a little war consciousness to certain components of the home front is no longer news, but its impact upon a queer group loosely



SNAKE CHAIN
TIE SETS
by Forstner

There's nothing quite as smart and appealing as Snake Chain—smooth as velvet, flexible as silk.

[illegible] Set Complete in Gift Box
$7.50 per Set
Including 20% Federal Tax

Round Chain 1/20th 12 Kt. Gold Filled, yellow

Square Chain 1/20th 12 Kt. Gold Filled, yellow
Ask Your Jeweler

Protect your future with WAR BONDS and your Jewelry purchase with the Forstner Trade Mark

Forstner Chain Corporation,
Irvington 11, New Jersey.

Which man is getting places?

a Cool
PORTIS STRAW
gives you a head start
because you'll look important,
. . . well dressed, successful!
$2.50 to $10
See your hatter or write
PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. CHICAGO 10

2 inches longer
1 inch wider
for an EXTRA MEASURE of style
KING SIZE
Cravats by Spur
5 INCHES WIDE
48 INCHES LONG TIP TO TIP

AMERICA'S newest tie ...Spur-designed for Sportswear, Business Wear, 2-way Collars, Long-pointed Collars, and Windsor Knots. Handsomely patterned...hand-tailored.

SOLD IN NEW YORK AT SAKS 34th
and leading stores throughout the country
HEWES AND POTTER, INC.
65 Bedford Street, Boston 11, Mass.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller originated bloomers, which were named for their sponsor—Amelia Bloomer

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
PAL
HOLLOW PAL

4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

DOUBLE AND SINGLE EDGE

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
RAZOR BLADES

labeled Café Society is still interesting and in some aspects baffling. It has compelled people to go home. And how they hate it.

And this is precisely what puzzles me, because, on the average, the citizens who used to spend night after night drifting from one club to another are wealthy and possessors of luxurious homes.

They are spacious homes, whole houses, or large and roomy apartments, suites of no less than nine or a dozen rooms on which thousands of dollars have been lavished to make them livable and comfortable. Many of them have fine libraries, comfortable studies with fireplaces, leather easy chairs, exquisite paintings on the walls, glistening period furniture. But for some reason I do not yet quite understand, the proprietors would not be found dead in them.

Instead, they prefer to sit on highly uncomfortable, half-size straight-back chairs, or narrow leather wall seats, jammed one against the other at tiny tables which will not hold a third of the freight designed for them, and which, after an hour of eating, smoking and drinking, become filthy. The rooms are airless, noisy and smoky, the food mediocre and the service doubtful.

Now, all of the fine homes owned by the patrons of these traps are stocked with supplies of liquor, soda water and ice-making refrigerators. If it's a drink a man wants at one o'clock in the morning, he can get it quicker and cleaner out of his own stock and be sure of what he is getting. He can let in fresh air when he wants it, regulate the temperature to suit himself, and sit in a comfortable chair.

Is it grub he requires in the wee small hours? His own icebox will yield fresh eggs, milk, cheese, left-over snacks from the roast. In fifteen minutes one can concoct a better midnight repast than is provided by the most expensive night club in the world, plus the fun of doing it.

People? Friends? Most of the regular café bums go to the boites to see their friends and be seen by them. Night after night they see and greet the same people. From bistro to bistro they are followed by the same faces. They could invite them into their homes and enjoy the added fillip of exclusivity. They might even be able to talk to them, for most of New York's exclusive joints discourage "table-hopping," so the most one can do when one sees a friend some six tables removed is wave to him or her. Some people just spend their whole lives, night after night, waving to others.

One can roll up the rug and dance in the living room. A half a dozen radio stations play recorded music of the country's best bands all through the night.

True there is one apparently vital delight which would appear to be cut off with the closing of the late night traps, and that is the thrill of having the Broadway columnists of the stamp of the

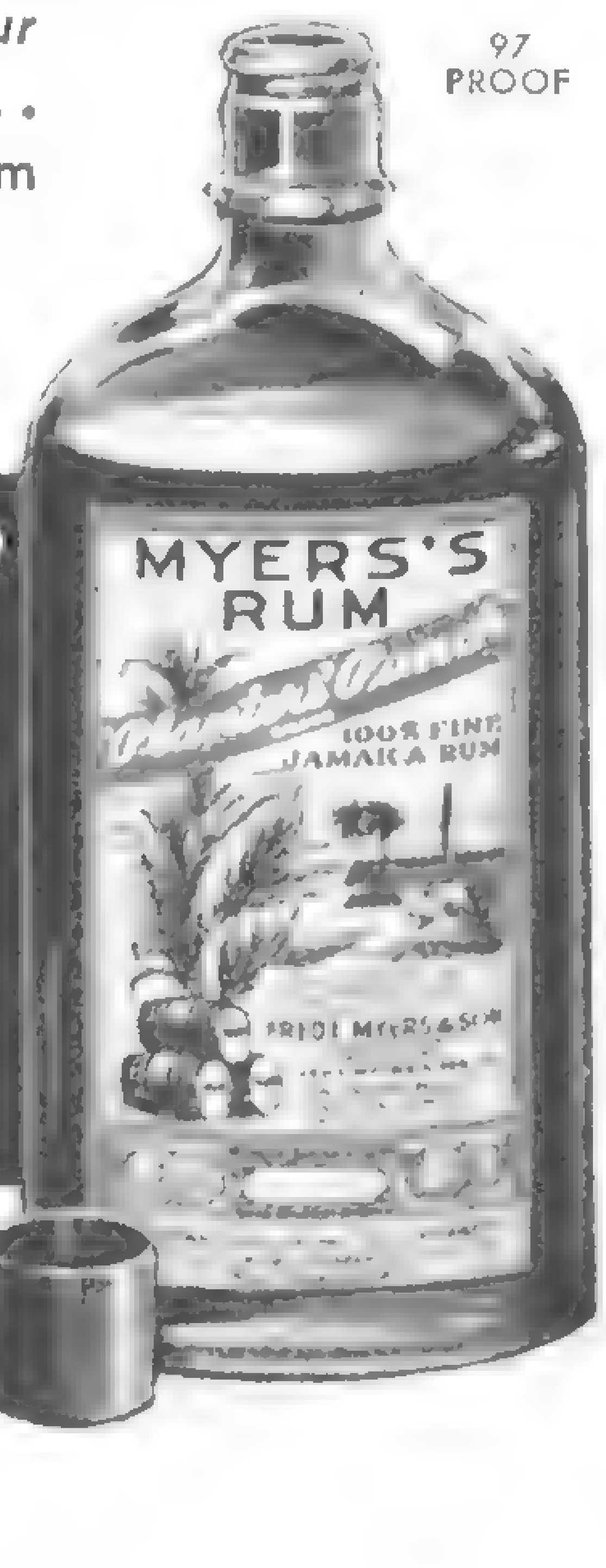
Continued on page 182

WANTED: *A man with imagination*

like this man. You can tell by his keen, alert eyes and his broad, full forehead that he has a creative and resourceful mind. Plenty of imagination and curiosity. He would enjoy trying new rum drinks and would insist upon using MYERS'S Jamaica Rum. Its *smoother-blending* quality . . . the *fuller flavour* it gives to cocktails and punches . . . would make it *his choice* for a rum Old-Fashioned made with . . .

MYERS'S
Fine Mellow Jamaica Rum

97 PROOF



MYERS'S RUM OLD-FASHIONED

Place in an Old-Fashioned glass one lump sugar, a dash of Angostura Bitters, two tsps. water. Crush and dissolve sugar; add a couple of ice cubes, and a jigger of Meyers's Jamaica Rum.* Decorate with a maraschino cherry, slice of orange, slice of lemon, and serve.

*Remember: For best results, the Rum Must Be Myers's.

Write for free recipe book to:

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HE LOST HIS TEMPER
GOT OUT OF SORTS
'CAUSE BUTTONS WERE MISSING
FROM HIS SHORTS
NOW HE THINKS
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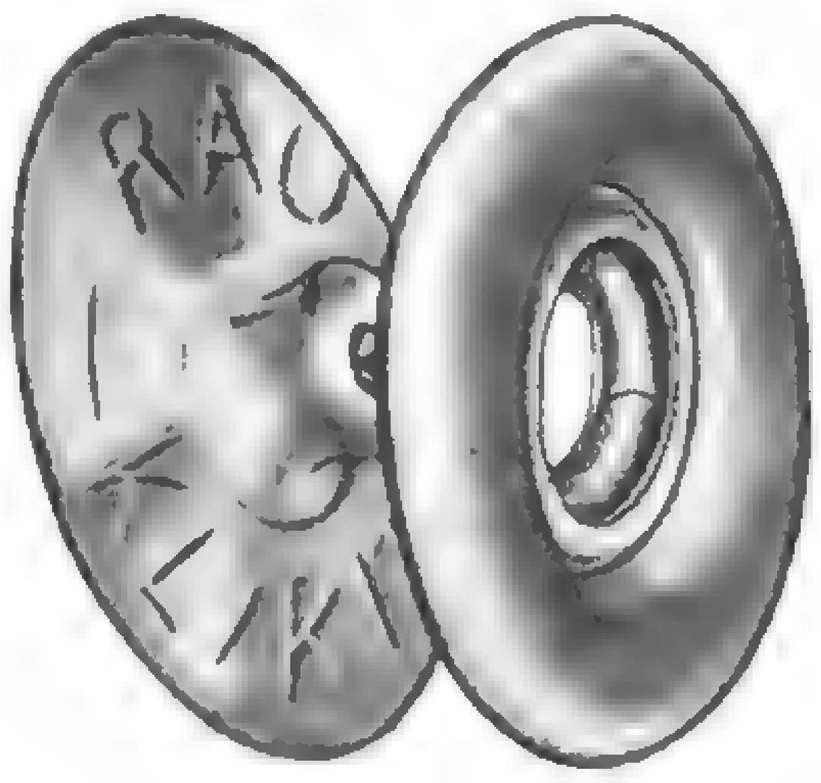

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This Man's World

Continued from pages 61-181

Messrs. Winchell, Lyons, Sobol and Wilson park for a few moments at one's table. But these interesting reporters could be furnished a schedule of various parties in the home where celebrities have been invited to foregather and could thus visit from one to another in their quest for tidbits of gossip.

There remains only the problem of entertainment, the one o'clock floor show, which I submit is pure hooey, and no problem at all, because no member of Café Society, to my knowledge, ever looks at a floor show while it is taking place. Addicts of that queer night fraternity are quite the rudest audience in the world, and no sooner does a performer appear on the floor when they begin to yell and to scream at one another and tell jokes, or get into arguments, spoiling the fun for the people who came to see the show.

Well, as I say, I just don't get it. I mean if they lived in caves or in hovels or camped out in shacks, it would be nice to go into a glittery night club and taste what passes for luxury, but here we know they have homes which for real comfort make any café look cheap and vulgar. Why those people don't even like to eat at home, but prefer to dine in some restaurant where they have to fee a headwaiter for something the house pays him to do, which is to come over and take their order, and where they cannot choose the company that dines at the table next them. Does it seem a little screwy to you, too?

Anyway, it looks now as though members of this strange sect are about to be introduced to their own homes and restricted to their own company. I hope and pray for the sake of national unity that they will be able to bear it.

Introduction to Sport

Do you live anywhere near the seacoast, Atlantic or Pacific, or within easy reach of the breakers either by bus or train? Like to fish? Want to have some fun? Take up surf casting. For pure sport, enjoyment, exercise and satisfaction, there's nothing like it. I've tried nearly every kind of fishing there is, and I'll make surf casting tops in my book.

In the first place, it doesn't take any dough once you've acquired a reasonably good casting rod, reel and tackle. And even those outfits are much more reasonable than most sea tackle. And after that, no boat to pay, no guide—you can even catch fish without buying bait, because at certain times of the year the run will strike at lead squids.

Reasonable mastery of the cast can be acquired in a short time. The surf fisherman is a fraternal chap. He will teach you enough about slinging the long distance

you'll find me only on fine Handkerchiefs

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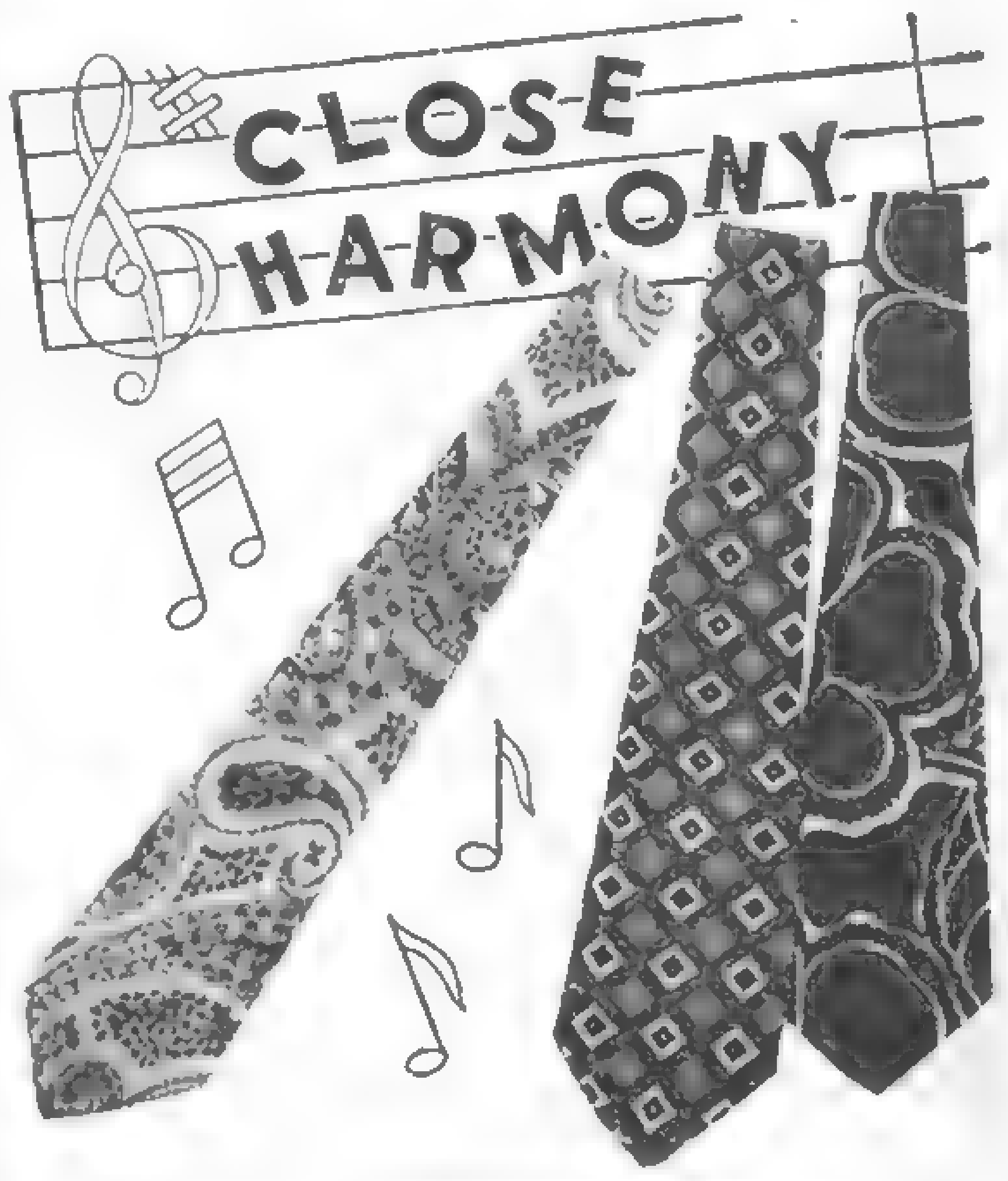
BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES



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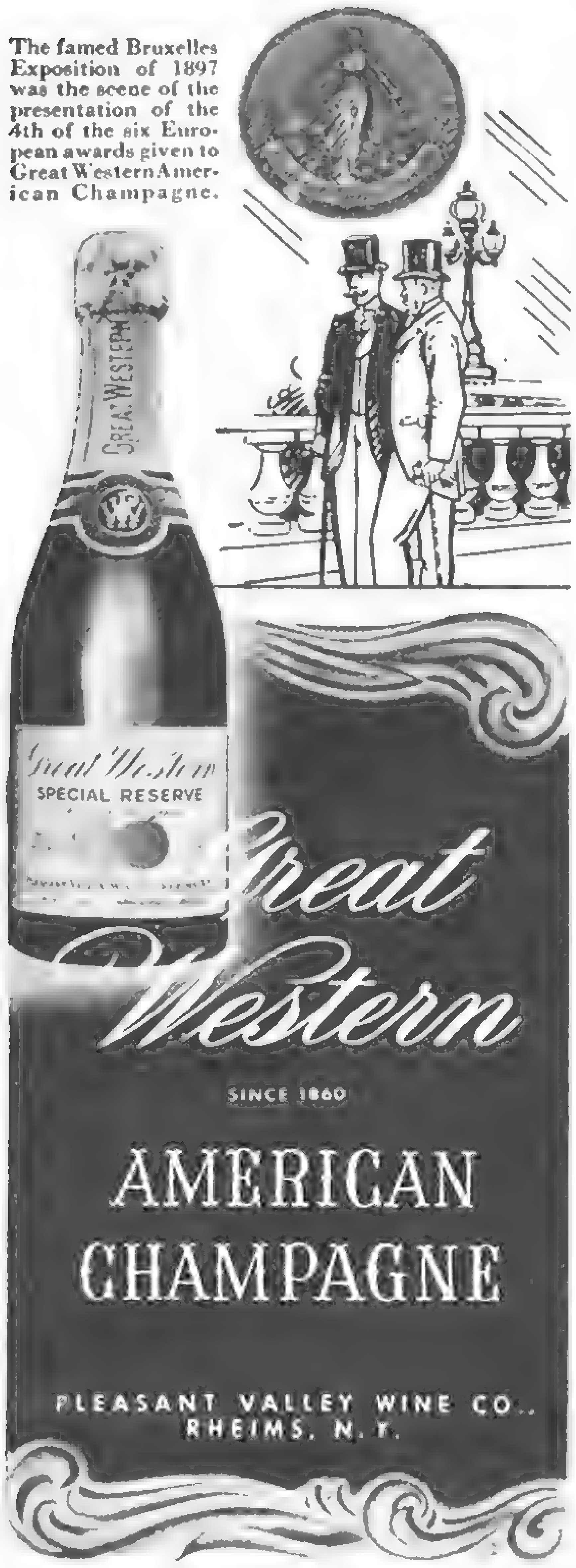

The famed Bruxelles Exposition of 1897 was the scene of the presentation of the 4th of the six European awards given to Great Western American Champagne.

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lead, your first day on the beach, to give you the idea and enable you to get out beyond the first line of breakers and have some fun. Thereafter working for perfection, greater distance and the perfect cast will become a religion with you.

The joy in surf casting comes not alone from the fishing, but from the mastery of the art and the sweet satisfaction that comes from a perfect cast that flies like a rocket out past the second and third lines of surf with the reel running sweetly under the steady guide of your thumb, culminating in the distant splash of the bait into waters where you are certain the best fish are lurking.

Even if your master cast of the day is not rewarded by a strike, and it is rare that you do not pick up something if you get far enough out, the perfection of the cast is sufficient reward unto itself. It swells out your chest and makes you feel wonderful.

Then comes the excitement and thrilling tension of waiting for your strike, fingering your line, watching your reel for the first touch of the mysterious something swimming unseen, the super-alertness needed to hit the fish at just the right moment to hook him, the hair-trigger reaction required to let him run when he feels the hook.

And the battle to bring him in. It's all your own. It calls for skill and know-how to beach a fish in a running surf and many an addict has brought his silvery prey close enough to see, only to lose him in the last moment.

For sheer excitement, I don't know any type of fishing that beats that moment in surf casting where you have your quarry hooked and swimming in the shallow water close to shore. Your line is taut, and cuts a little wake in the water as the fighting fish makes its last attempts to escape. What is it? How big is it? A few seconds more and for the first time you will actually see that which you have been fighting blind.

As you learn the lore of surf fishing, you will come to study the strip of beach at low tide and learn where the holes are, the sand bars, the little inlets where the fish come to feed, scouting and casing the territory so that when the tide is right and you begin to cast you will begin to haul in fish right under the noses of other casters with less patience for detail, working to the left and the right of you. Or if the fish aren't there you will know of a "better 'ole" and move off to try your luck there.

But always you are on your own, completely mobile, free to go where you please until you find the fish, free to learn and profit by the signs of the sea that the fish are running, and dependent upon nothing but your own skill at whipping that hissing lead out into the breakers. In sunshine or in rain, in wind or calm, there is no more rewarding and healthful sport than surf fishing. ###

Peter Arno

"I think my form's improving since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

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Start off your day right. Shave with a genuine Gem Blade. Then you *know* you're neat and smooth—free from "5 o'clock Shadow." Gem is thicker, sturdier, keener. Its deep wedge-edge gets whiskers at the base.

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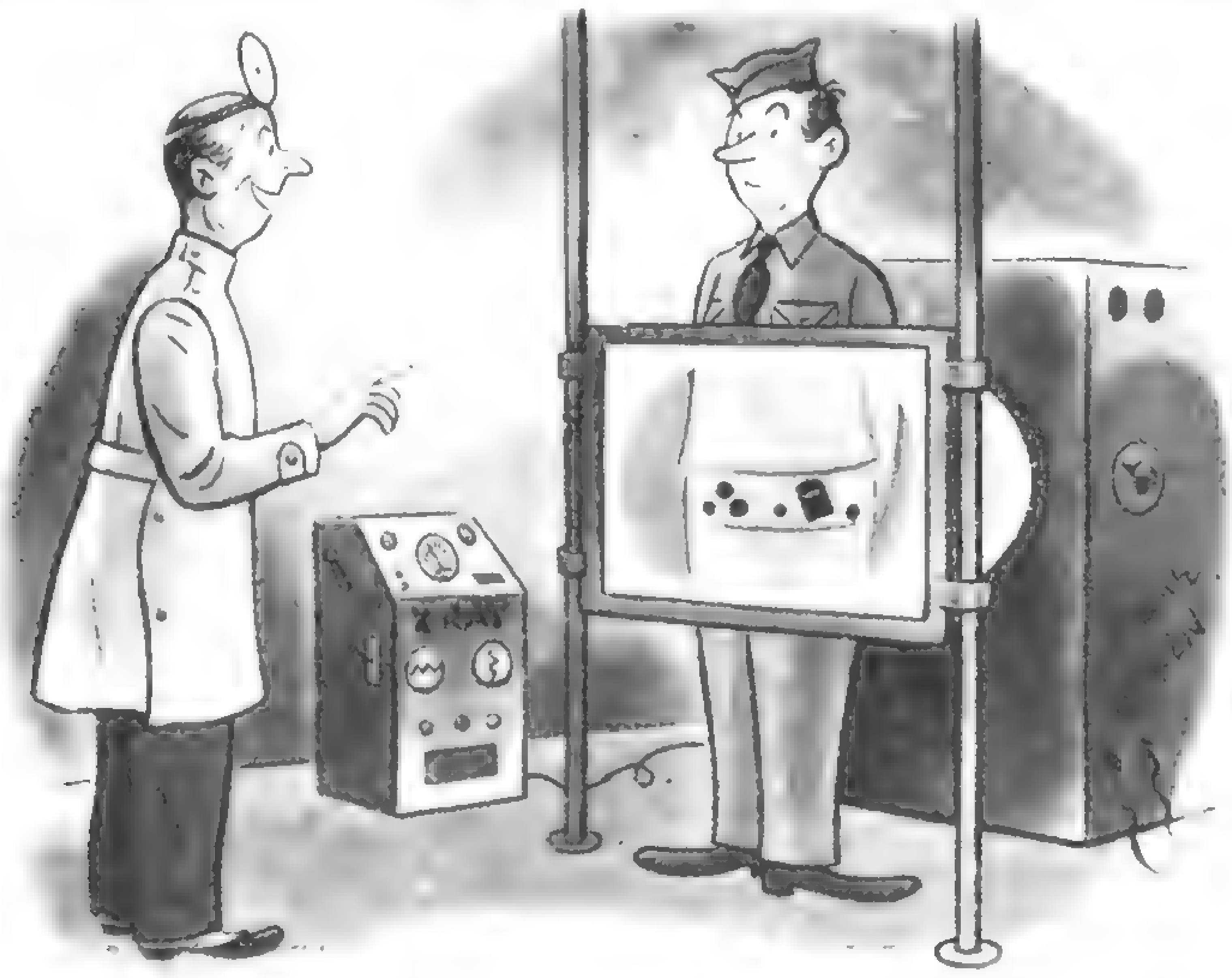

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It's hard to keep a ZIPPO, but it's harder to get one, except on the fighting fronts or ship's stores. That's why black market, and inferior imitations are being represented as "ZIPPO" or "ZIPPO-TYPE." BEWARE—they may not function or may soon fall apart. So wait a little while longer for a genuine ZIPPO Windproof Lighter. ZIPPO is neither sold under any other name, nor do we make any lighter by any other name.

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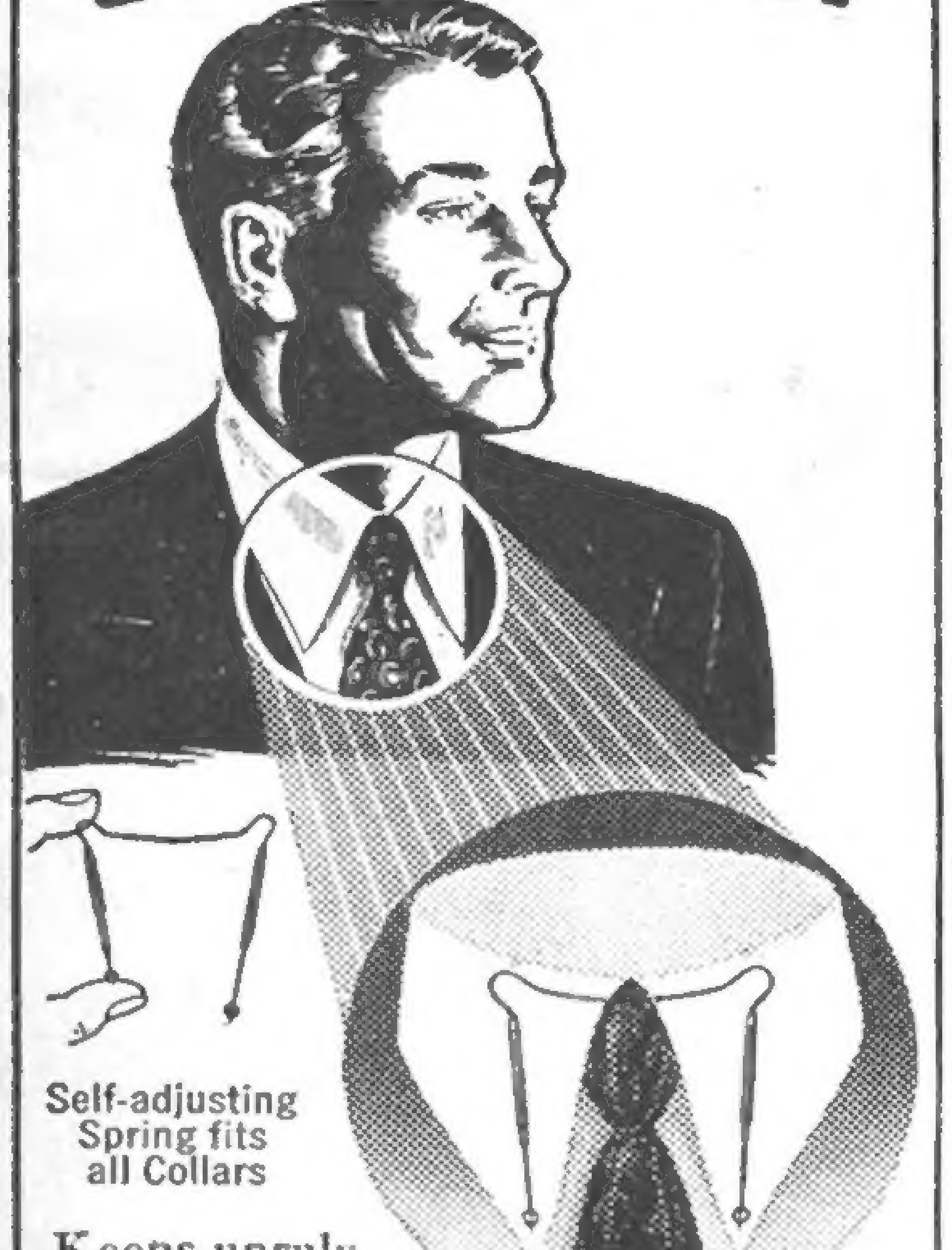

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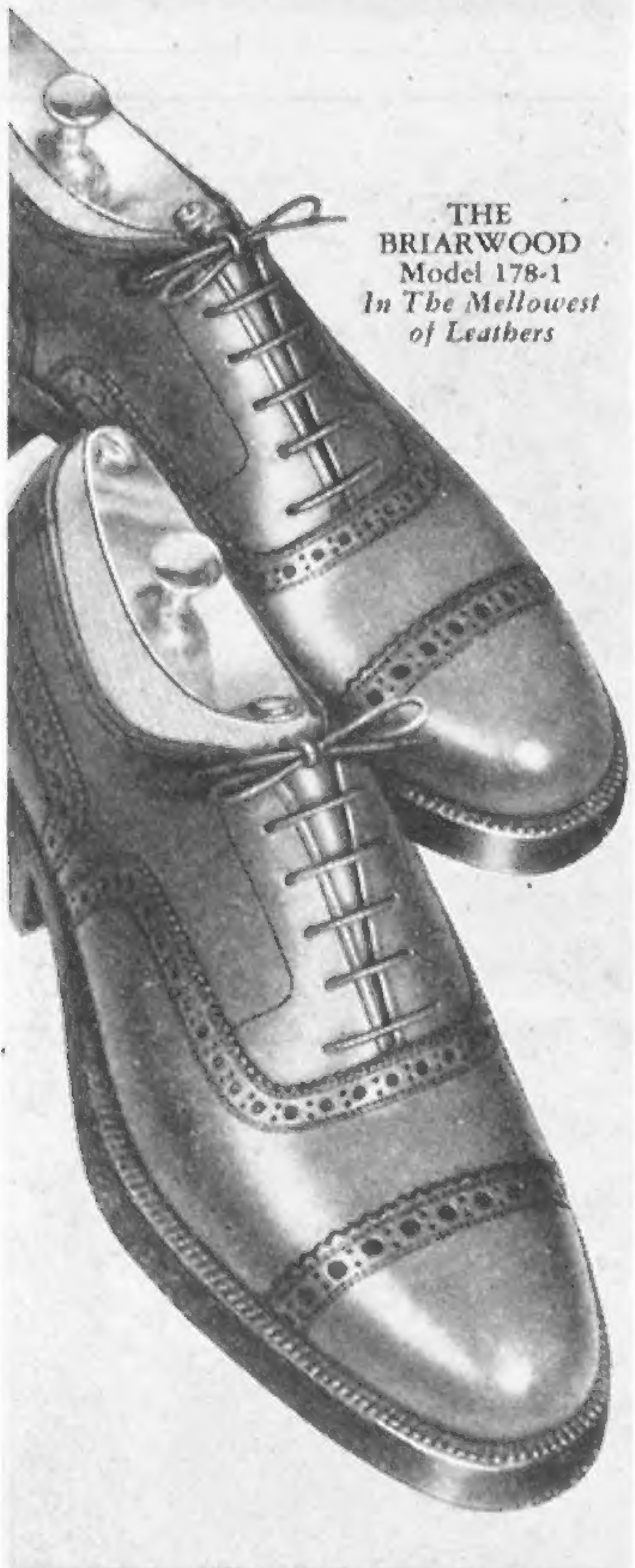
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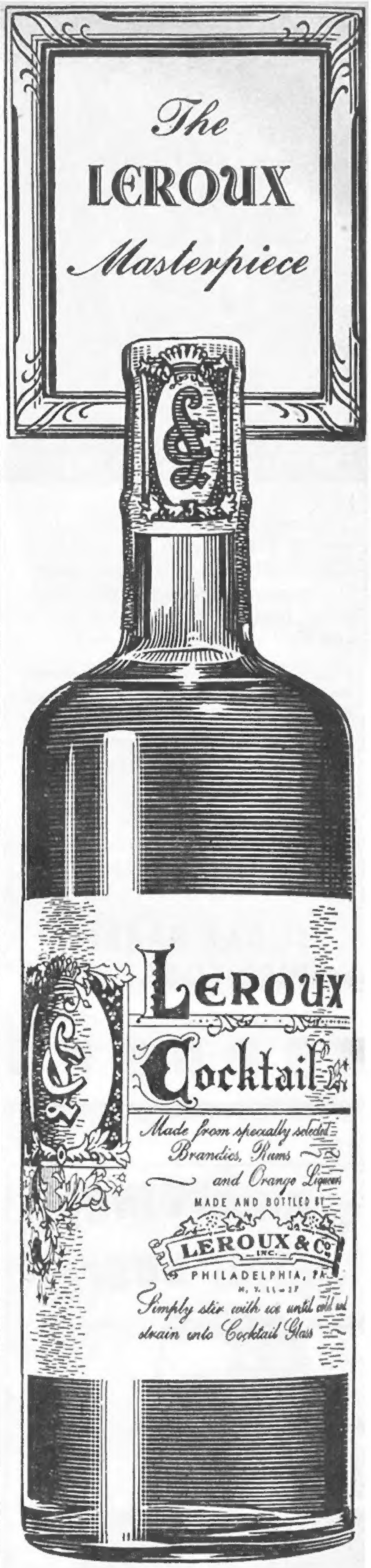
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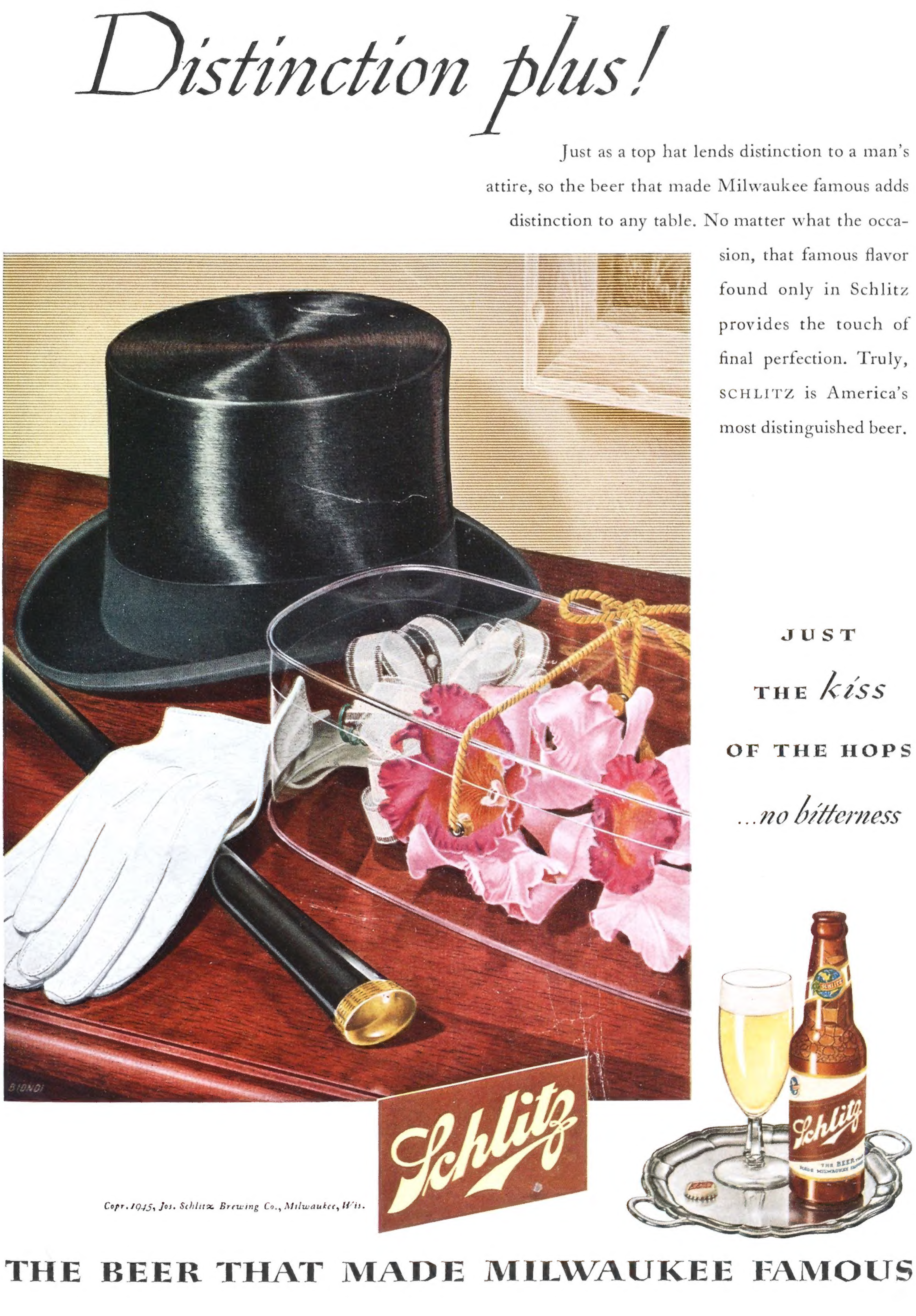

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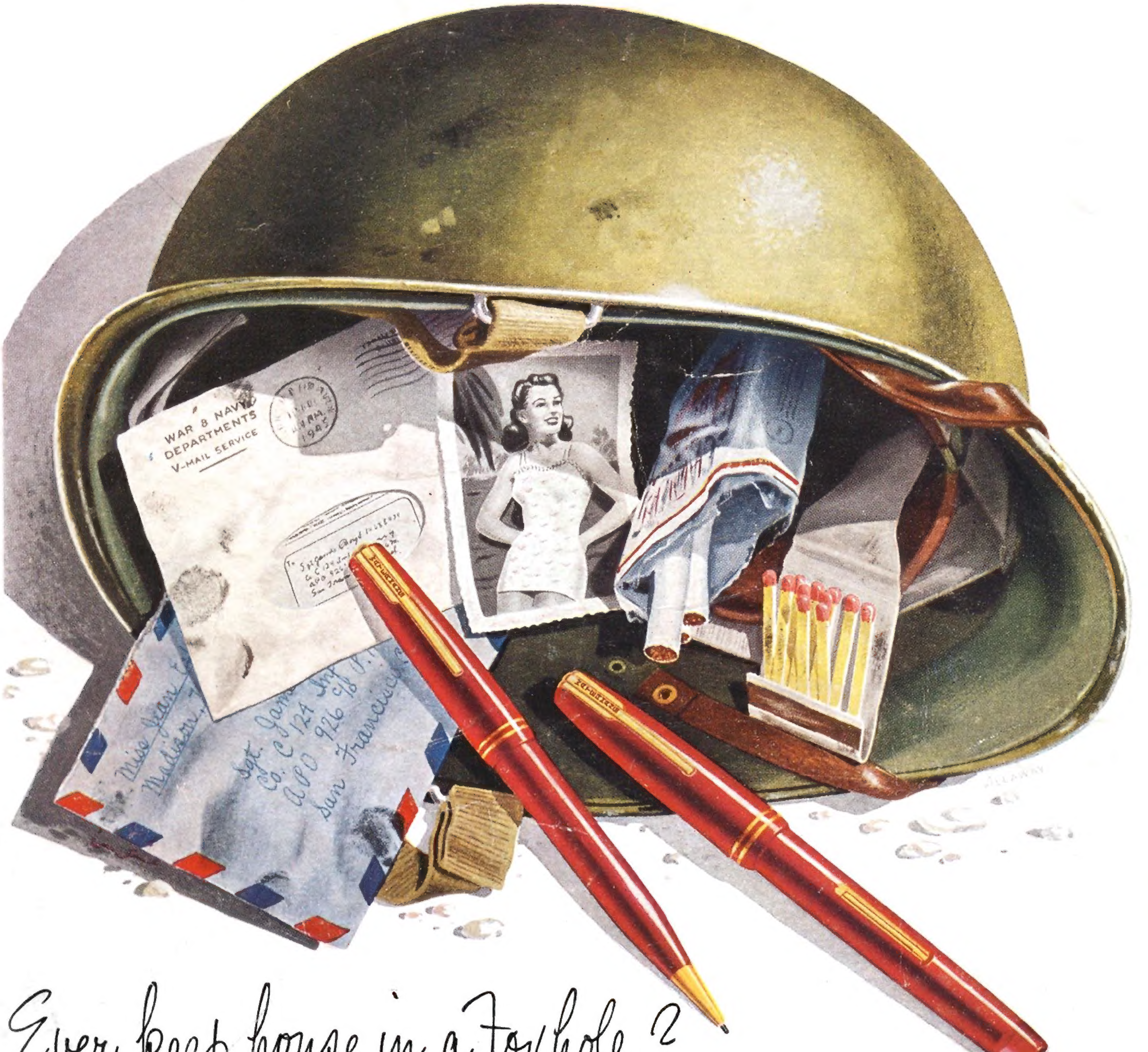

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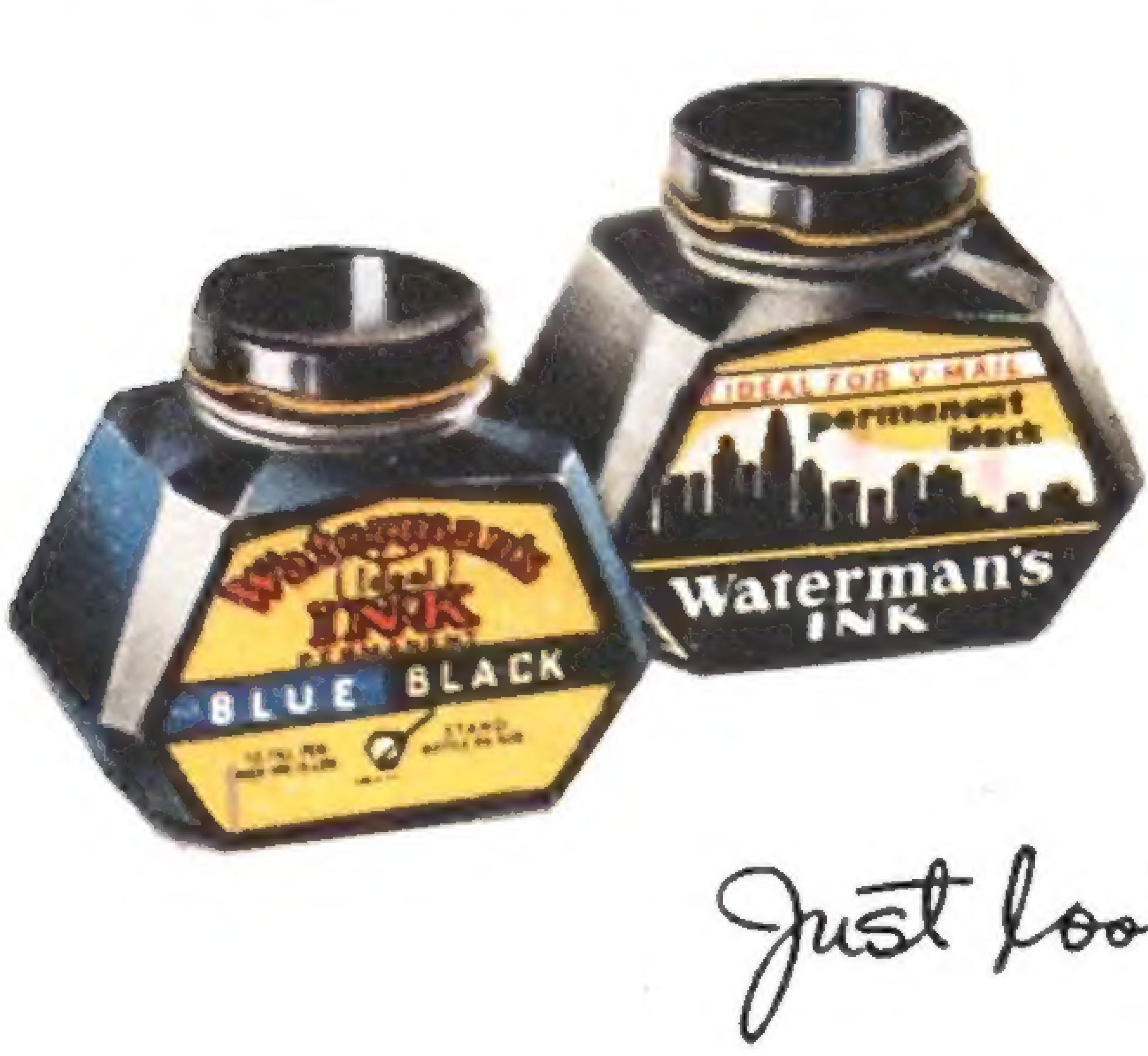

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